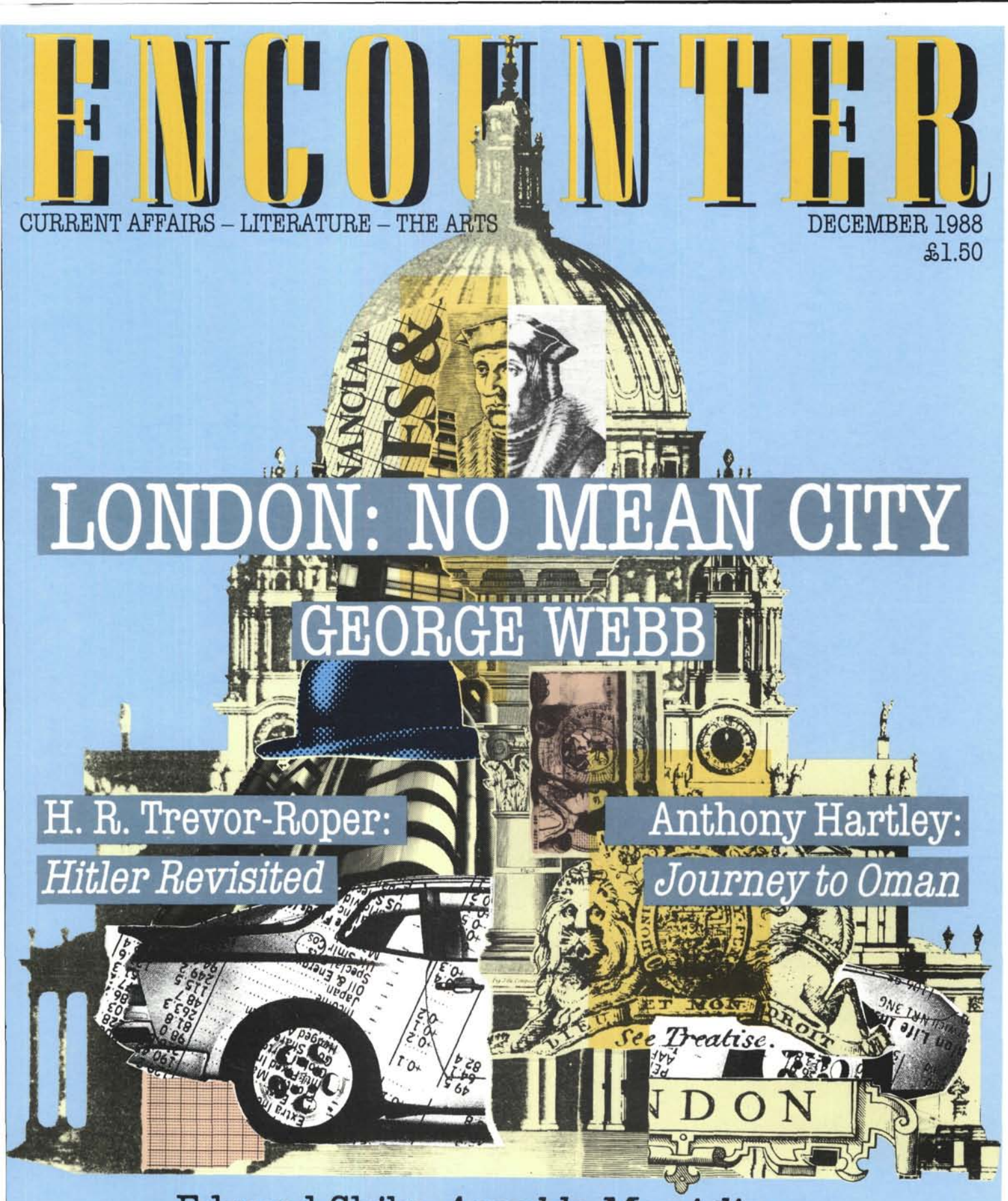
ENCOUNTER

CURRENT AFFAIRS – LITERATURE – THE ARTS

DECEMBER 1988

£1.50



LONDON: NO MEAN CITY

GEORGE WEBB

H. R. Trevor-Roper:
Hitler Revisited

Anthony Hartley:
Journey to Oman

Edward Shils: *Arnaldo Momigliano*

The Shadow of Keynes

David Glasner

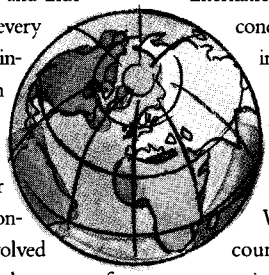
Alfred Sherman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR VIEW OF THE WORLD

Over the past decade the rapid growth of new markets and new financial products has provided institutions and individuals alike with a wider choice of opportunities than ever before. To evaluate and compare these opportunities, investors must rely on the support and comprehensive services offered by an investment house with an international network of offices providing execution capability.

James Capel is an active and independent participant in every major market. From Edinburgh to Seoul and from Paris to Auckland, we have branches, offices or affiliated companies in the major financial centres on four continents. We have been involved in these markets for longer than most of our competitors and we believe there is no substitute for experience when it comes to judging different market conditions.



Our original research reflects the detailed analysis of the constant interplay of economic and investment information. But the value of research is limited without a closely integrated distribution network and efficient execution.

Our distribution capability, like our research, is international. Our experience in settling business in all securities and currencies is of significant benefit to those investors moving into unfamiliar markets for the first time. We trade Philippine stocks for Germans, Australian stocks for Scandinavians, French stocks for Americans and Japanese stocks for the Japanese. We also have the largest share of client business in the UK stock market.

The basis of our strength is to be found in the quality of our research.

We have been consistently voted the top international research house in surveys conducted by leading financial information services and magazines such as Extel, Euromoney, Institutional Investor and the Sunday Times, to name but a few. With over 100 analysts in 11 countries our international coverage is respected throughout the world for its level of detail, its insight and its objectivity.

Amidst the changes brought about by the deregulation of financial markets, many investors still want and need the services of a broker who is primarily an agent rather than a market maker. In our experience, this allows us to give our clients the single-minded attention they need.

Service is more than just a slogan at James Capel, it is the foundation of our business.

James Capel®

THE GLOBAL INVESTMENT HOUSE

James Capel & Co., James Capel House, P.O. Box 551, 6 Bevis Marks, London EC3A 7JQ
Telephone: 01-621 0011. Telex: 888866. Fax: 01-621 0496.

Member of The Securities Association. Member of The International Stock Exchange.

® James Capel refers to a group of companies based in London, England which provides investment services in a variety of markets.

AMSTERDAM AUCKLAND DUBLIN EDINBURGH FRANKFURT GIBRALTAR
GUERNSEY HONG KONG HOUSTON JERSEY LONDON LOS ANGELES MANILA MONACO NEW YORK
PARIS SEOUL SINGAPORE SYDNEY TAIPEI TOKYO TORONTO

member: HongkongBank *group*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORS
Melvin J. Lasky
Richard Mayne
Anthony Hartley

EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER
Anthony Robinson

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Bryan Healing

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Jacqui Lewis

EDITORIAL CONSULTANTS
Margot Walmsley
J. C. Hall

ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR
Antony Pullen

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISING
Anne Loukes

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER
Rebecca Penrose

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Sue Walker

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Pat Savage

CHIEF ACCOUNTANT
Pat Shutler

ACCOUNTS ASSISTANT
Shirley Lewis

RECEPTION
Alison Loomes

ADVISORY BOARD
Maurice Cranston
D. J. Enright
Gerald Frost
Anthony Hartley
Leo Labedz
Edward Shils
Anthony Thwaite
George Urban
John Weightman

PUBLISHING ADVISERS
Lord Ardwick
Blouke Carus
Lord Cudlipp
Leon Levy
Julio Nunez
Julia Robinson
Jack Watmough
Gary Bogard (chairman)

COVER
David Costa

ENCOUNTER

DECEMBER 1988 VOL. LXXI No. 5 ISSN 0013-7073

CONTENTS

The Old Square Mile	*George Webb*	3
Julia & the Damned (*story*)	*Michael Worton*	10
Hitler Revisited	*H. R. Trevor-Roper*	17
Economic Doctrines, Political Dilemmas	*Alfred Sherman*	20
Column	*M*	25

POEMS

Peter Forbes 16, Frank Redpath 28, Steve Anthony 35, Stephen Knight 40, Val Warner 55, Stephen Wade 65

MEN & IDEAS

Evaluating the French Revolution	*Geoffrey Best*	30

NOTES & TOPICS

Paris Notebook	*Jean-François Revel*	36
Making It New	*Colin Style*	38

BOOKS AND WRITERS

Destruction & Guilt	*Stephen Wilson*	43
The Music Makers	*Jeremy Siepmann*	49
Viler Bodies, Stronger Drugs	*Anthony Gardner*	53
Books Encountered	*R.M.*	56

ECONOMICS

Where Keynes Went Wrong	*David Glasner*	57

MEMOIR

The Community of Learning	*Edward Shils*	66

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Oman	*Anthony Hartley*	72

THEATRE

As We Like It	*Edward Pearce*	76

BOXES

High Fliers & Broken Wings (*Richard Thomson, Roland Rudd*) 7

LETTERS 78 AUTHORS 80

© 1988 by Encounter Ltd. *Ten issues a year (July-August and September-October are single issues). Per copy: UK £1.50: USA $3.50. Back numbers £2.50 ($5.00). Postage/packaging: 75p ($2.00). Annual subscriptions: UK £18.00: USA & Canada $39.00 air-freight: India £20.00 by air. Elsewhere £19.00. Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 44 Great Windmill Street, London W1V 7PA (01-434 3063): UK Trade Distributors: Cutlerglen, 13 Newington Industrial Estate, Crampton Street, London SE17 3AZ (01-708 1308). Second-class postage paid at Rahway, NJ. US Postmaster: send address corrections to Encounter, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd Inc., 10B Engelhard Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001.*

Manuscripts are returned only if accompanied by s.a.e. (English stamp) or sufficient International Reply Coupons.

PROQUEST.COM.NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Giving youngsters a sporting chance.

The Esso Youth Sports Programme has now been running for 15 years.

Each year about 1.5 million young tigers aged 8-18 take part in events all over the UK. And they compete on tracks, pitches, courses and in pools.

The financial support we give them is channelled through the sports controlling bodies.

This enables teachers to enter teams and individuals for all kinds of events and championships.

The AAA 5-Star Scheme is a typical example, comprising some 36 athletic disciplines including pentathlon, decathlon, and cross-country.

It is from such vigorous programmes that future Crams, Christies and Sandersons will emerge.

But the high-flyers are not the only ones to benefit. Physically handicapped children join in too and over 1 million 5-Star Scheme certificates are issued every year.

Soccer, rugby, cricket, golf, swimming and karting all benefit in the Esso Youth Sports Programme, giving pleasure to competitors and spectators.

We take pride in their achievements and roar them on.

ESSO CENTENARY 1888-1988

Esso

Quality at work for Britain for 100 years.

A MEMBER OF THE EXXON GROUP.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Webb

The Old Square Mile

Change in the City of London

A SINGLE square mile, amid 600 others, forms the ancient core of Greater London. Visually (to an uninformed observer), its full antiquity is not at once apparent, although labelled traces of a Roman wall provide a muted clue. It is, of course, "the City". There, down-river from Westminster, crowded with 100 churches and some 40,000 people, was the capital and major port of medieval England. In that same cramped space, with offices now displacing houses while much of the growing population moved out of the centre, there gradually emerged through the centuries of European expansion, the focus of a global system of banking and investment, shipping, exports, and insurance. Though the causes of that past supremacy have vanished, the City survives, a surprising dynamo of worldwide business. Thanks not to Britain's modest GNP, more to luck and its own staying-power, this riverside square mile, buried in London's urban sprawl, contrives to rank with Tokyo and New York in the financiers' "golden triangle".

It cannot be the mystique of past pre-eminence which sustains it at this level, although legend lingers on. For now, in global markets—electronically driven, with prices exposed on every trader's screen—only performance counts. Can the City continue to compete with foreign centres, some of them with lower costs and less oppressive rules? If not, it must subside to second rank; and a long *tour de force* will end.

The City's durability has been remarkable, but adaptation to recent change has taken a toll, and a long-prevailing way of life has been utterly transformed. Forty years ago its major institutions ran on comfortably traditional lines, with homogeneous British management under the Bank of England's informal supervision. Twenty years later an infusion of outsiders, many of them trading in the new Euromarket, could be perceived and be ignored. But the ancient landmarks mostly stood: word was bond, hours were short, lunches long. A few score middle-aged men, whom the envious might stigmatise as an introverted peer-group in old school ties, were thought to run the City; comparing notes at clubs or Livery dinners, they themselves plausibly supposed that they did.

Today all is change. The contrast is pronounced; gone is the club atmosphere, cosmopolitanism rules. Even among the British, well-mannered competition has been replaced by conduct formerly unbecoming—a banker's bare-faced purchase of a rival's staff, a broker's cynical sale of minor clients. The old fiduciary relationship of customers and banks is dead, depersonalised by computers. Dealers' and analysts' phones are routinely tapped by surveillance staff, trawling transcripts for evidence of a new offence—insider dealing. Throughout the City, one burdensome effect of the new Financial Services Act (1986) is, by creating more crimes, inevitably to create more criminals. As the old ditty had it:

I'm the Parliamentary Draftsman: I write the country's laws.
Of half the litigation I am proud to be the cause.

In turnover terms, despite the severe shock of October 1987, the City prospers, but many who work there find the tempo frantic. How long can it be sustained? Thanks to "market forces", young dealers can earn more than their directors, but the stress is such that they know they will "burn out". And, curiously, today's longer hours and more hectic work have failed to enhance the City's wider reputation. Whether or not the public grudgingly admired the older, idler image, they have certainly tired of City scandals. Does a foreign exchange trader behind his battery of screens and phones, or a futures dealer tic-tacking on his "open outcry" floor, create anything beyond transient gain for one firm out of transient loss by another? In national terms, a persuasive reply is wanting.

Of course, the City has never lacked detractors. For William Cobbett, two centuries ago, merchant bankers—"dealers in funds and paper"—were parasites. When *The Times* called Francis Baring "a pillar of the City", Cobbett retorted:

> "I look upon his life . . . as being of no more, if so much, value to England, as that of any of your apprentices or ploughboys."

GEORGE WEBB *was in the Colonial Service from 1953-63, and served in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office from 1963-85. He is now Director of the Management Development Centre of the City University Business School in London. His book "The Bigger Bang: Growth of a Financial Revolution" was published in 1987 by Waterlow.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not only radicals have found the City's complacency infuriating. Distance lends disenchantment; to provincials or expatriates abroad doing more tangible business, money-market manipulators do not commend themselves. Rudyard Kipling, in Japan in 1892, speaking for British businessmen abroad, called the City "egoistical" and "provincial":

> "That big slack-water . . . esteems itself the open sea because the waves of all the oceans break on her borders. To those in her midst she is terribly imposing, but they forget that there is more than one kind of imposition."

"The City", for many in Britain, remains a synonym for greedy capitalists—the label too often attaches to whatever is being disparaged for avarice or graft. When the press smells crash or scandal, or industrial giants joust for a takeover, the City gets the blame. Rival predators attract a certain glamour, their consultant bankers never. It is unfair that such stereotypes should stick; but the frenetic pace of City business contributes to the unattractive image.

And, truly, it needs little sensitivity to feel cultural disquiet about an ethos, an apparent want of altruism, which seems to tempt so many able people (including the brightest graduate entrants to the oldest City firms) to succumb to the rush for money. Remember Guizot's unedifying Parisian slogan of the 1840s, *enrichissez-vous*? To earn rewards which they are embarrassed to admit to less well-salaried friends, intelligent men and women enslave themselves to office technology; jostle for profits not in palpable commodities but in figures flickering on eye-fatiguing screens; take perverse pride in longer hours and more exacting stress. Shelley wrote of the squalor of his day: "Hell is a city much like London." A modern Bosch, seeking infernal symbols, might find them in the tireless VDUs of London dealing rooms, or the bankers' Gadarene rush to expand consumer credit.

Still, the denizens of the City—unlike those of Hell—are not forced to remain there. Many find stimulus in the pressure of their work, and in the uncharted opportunities which the new fluidity offers now that deregulation has blurred the roles of banks, brokers and investment houses, building societies, estate agents, and insurance firms. Above all, any who care can see that the City's invisible earnings remain crucial to the prosperity of Britain.

TO LABEL the whole financial industry "the City", however, is to overlook the country firms, the provincial branches, the regional stock exchanges, and the financial firms of Edinburgh (the next largest centre for investment in the European Community). . . . Even in London, more screen trading, less face-to-face, encourages migration from the City proper, to Docklands, or elsewhere: some firms, still City-oriented, have moved for lower rents and less congestion, compensating by fax and screen for physical proximity. Nevertheless, the core of Britain's financial services, and a huge foreign representation, stays on in that old square mile. The surge of new City building—despite rents at twice what prevails not far away, and at many times provincial rates—suggests it will remain there. From Tower to Fleet Street, Thames to Clerkenwell, the dusty demolition of the scarcely old is pressing on apace. Grander piles thrust upward, adapted to the new imperatives of air-conditioning, electronics, fibre optics, and parking space. At least they betoken confidence.

Well for the economy that they do. For 200 years, Britain's private invisible exports have invariably made a profit. The £13.6 bn surplus for 1987 went far to offset that year's overall balance-of-payments deficit; most of it came from financial institutions, principally banking and insurance. With British manufacturing in decline, the City's contribution has been indispensable—and significant in employment terms. Between 1976 and 1987, while the percentage of workers in industry fell from 32.3 to 23.9, those in financial services rose from 6.7 to 10.7, to number over two millions. This underpinning of trade and of employment sufficiently explains the Government's twofold urgency: that the City be modernised to stay competitive; that the City be reformed to ensure security for the new small investor, harbinger of a future without socialism.

THE 19th century marked the City's apogee, but as building work proceeds, mechanical diggers expose fragments of a more ancient past. Roman Londinium developed for good reason, a prime port facing the continent from a sheltered estuary; on its local gravel bed a wider, shallower Thames was fordable at low tide. Above the marshy flats, on higher ground—now Cornhill and St Paul's—in time arose the appurtenances of a city, docks and walls and barracks, Mint and Treasury, temples and amphitheatre, and dwellings for up to 50,000 folk. The Roman bridge outlasted the Romans: its destruction as late as 1014 evoked the nursery rhyme, "London Bridge is broken down".

Londinium's 330 acres, half the area of the present City, contained in the 4th century more people than London would have again until the 14th—or any other English town until the 18th. A "dark age", or at least a blank in London's written annals, followed Rome's withdrawal in 410. Historians who claim that the site reverted to wilderness adduce the disappearance of the Roman street plan in the medieval city. Yet when Augustine brought Christianity to England in 597, the papal assumption was an Archbishopric in London; only the resistance of Londoners to the continental ideology diverted it to Canterbury. Seventh-century London was a busy port: Bede called it a "mart of many peoples". In the 9th century, Alfred liberated it from a Danish occupation, inaugurating a new period of growth; by 1066 its population may have reached 15,000.

After the Conquest, London steadily expanded into a significant European entrepot, and grew rich. Since kings of England always needed money, a balance tended to exist between the monarch without the City walls and the burgesses within. He pressed them for funds; in return, they exacted a large degree of administrative independence. The early instruments of self-regulation, of which dim records back to Saxon times survive, were the guilds—craft fraternities initially serving religious, charitable, and social ends. Slowly, over centuries, they developed into formal Livery Companies—the craft cartels which wielded real power, and were enabled by royal

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charter to impose elaborate rules on trade and industry. Originally they stood for a high ideal, a pursuit of excellence grounded in medieval principles: that value for money should not be *gained* but *given*, that competition was unworthy of a brotherhood, and that restraint of trade was for the sake of quality, not profit. Profit accrued, however, and with it wealth, royal favour, and a corrupting taste for pomp.

By the 17th century the Livery Companies were sclerotic, resistant as much to domestic innovation as to foreign rivalry. They lived on as an anachronism, ill-matched with that renaissance world where Chartered Companies were venturing capital to inaugurate trade with new-found lands. Commerce had been transformed by the novel instruments of banks and credit, and as communication ramified, the competitive techniques of foreign rivals—even of English craftsmen in provincial towns—could no longer be excluded by royal monopoly, whose very exercise was now provocative. During the 18th and 19th centuries most of the splendid Companies withered into insignificance: no new ones were created. Only their irrelevance to the new mercantilism with its global competition, its production by machines, saved them from formal abolition.

The apparent revival of Livery Companies today, and their expansion to include the new professions, reflects mere fashion, not function. These modern Companies serve charitable, social, and ceremonial ends—even political ones if sceptics are persuaded that the antique bodies which elect the City's officers are actually alive. It is a far cry from their centuries of greatness as the embodiment of the City, indispensable to the King's Treasury, and a factor in foreign policy. Richard Whittington's *beau geste* to Henry V's Queen, at a Mercers' banquet in 1420, is legendary. To express the City's loyalty he sent for the bond of Henry's £60,000 of debts, which had financed the wars in France, and tossed it into the fire. (*Si non e vero, e ben trovato*.)

THOUGH THE OLD ORDER gave place to new, change came imperceptibly—unlike the tumbled untried ideas and hasty legislation of today. The imperatives now were worldwide trade and technical innovation, but the institutions that they generated took ages to mature. Commodity and stock exchanges grew only gradually from piecemeal markets, banks from goldsmiths' shops, merchant banks from business partnerships, building societies from savings clubs, Lloyd's from a wharfside coffee-room where news of ships blew in. There was no presumption, such as deludes us now, that London by natural right would assume a lead in that emerging world. Stuart England, of secondary military rank, with a small population, dubiously strengthened by uneasy union with impoverished Scotland, was prey to political and religious instability. Even her most loyal inhabitants hardly envisaged her overtaking the economic strength of France, the far-flung empires of Portugal and Spain, the financial expertise of Holland.

What brought this off-shore island to the fore in the 18th century was talent, enterprise, and luck. Talent in seafaring; enterprise in gaining trading posts abroad, so that when the Americans revolted the foundations of wider expansion were already laid; luck in being an island, soundly enough governed to avoid a political revolution, richly enough endowed to lead an industrial one. There were, of course, problems in plenty—French invasion threats, Jacobite insurrection, parliamentary faction, urban squalor, rural depression and repeated expectations of commercial eclipse. But indefeasible confidence pulled the country through twenty wearing years of war with France. Waterloo, beyond its military and political dénouement, set a seal on emergent economic realities. Stimulated by new industries, the prospects for commerce were now immeasurable. Since trade was sea-borne, Britain's maritime supremacy and empire, quickened by the explosion of population and uprush of technology, made her the commercial focus of the world.

IN 1815 THE CITY, whose international operations had helped to finance and win the war, entered on its greatest century. Though many conspicuous manifestations of the new industrial era—mills, mines, shipyards, factories, and slums—lay outside London, the commercial leverage of the metropolis was enormous. From imperial, maritime and manufacturing dominance grew expanding markets in shipping, freight, insurance, commodities, futures, gilts and equities, lubricated by new and flexible instruments of banking, credit and investment. The City was the world's financial capital, and Sterling—linked to the Gold Standard—the international currency.

After 1914, nothing could be the same, but a century's momentum rolled on awhile, and was not spent till 1945. Thereafter, to attribute the City's survival as a global centre to its past greatness is to miss the point. Certainly war-torn Europe and Japan were at first uncompetitive, while America had much to learn. Britain's diminished status was disguised by its retention of an Empire, but the City would undoubtedly have slipped down the rankings had it not retained certain priceless assets, including English as its language, political stability, a high reputation, and many experienced financial operators. As telecommunications improved, the providential gift of its "time-zone" became apparent: in one long day, London can speak in turn to the far east, to Europe, and to the far west.

The chief attraction was freedom from oppressive regulation, legacy of a Victorian heyday when financial institutions largely ran themselves—a consequence less of *laissez-faire* than of the City's homogeneity, small size, and tradition of probity and independence. Ominously, the present countertendency to over-regulate may eventually drive some mobile markets off to less exacting climes; but in fiscal terms there is little discrimination against foreign firms, and from the 1950s these were drawn to London as to a magnet. This was the start of the "Euromarket" Boom, a phenomenon as crucial for the post-War City as the Big Bang of the 1980s.

The small beginnings of the "Eurodollar" are traceable to 1950, when American dollars banked in Europe, and thus immune from US exchange and interest controls, were found to command a regular market value. They, and later other

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Eurocurrencies" (pounds, francs, etc., all essentially held outside the country issuing them), being instantly exchangeable, resembled "bearer" bonds. From simple currency units —convenient for short-term lending, including the novel concept of inter-bank loans—flexible credit instruments developed; a worldwide multi-billion-dollar market grew up, and, fortunately for the City, centred there.

It proved an asset indeed, though statistics of its invisible earnings are lacking. But its presence was due to luck, not policy: London was attractively free from regulation. The Euromarket was long ignored by the Bank of England, and if mentioned in City circles was termed "the alternative market". Even the press overlooked it until 1960 when, the market having trebled in 1959, *The Times* spoke of a "conspiracy of silence". Thereafter the Euromarket took off, notably in the 1970s when controls on currencies that had been pegged since Bretton Woods were relaxed at last. The conspicuous result for the City was an invasion by foreign banks—100 by the mid-1960s, over 500 by the mid '80s—making London the world's focus for foreign exchange and banking business.

That great windfall apart, the 1970s were financially cheerless. A Conservative Chancellor's now notorious "dash for growth" collapsed, sterling declined, oil prices soared, inflation was rampant, the City was shaken by crashes and scandals, rival financial centres came to prominence, domestic manufactures shrank, traditional trade partners fell away, and union militancy threatened the government. Though expectations of Mrs Thatcher were not extravagant, her election in 1979 encouraged the City, as did a crucial measure in that year: the abolition of exchange control, which, by permitting oil revenues and invisible surpluses to be invested abroad, would elevate Britain in the 1980s to the quite unforeseeable ranking of first creditor nation after Japan. That, however, was in the future, and meanwhile the London Stock Exchange, a cartel at the core of the City structure, was demonstrably stagnant, no longer competitive (even in UK stocks) with its New York counterpart which had been toned up by deregulation in 1975. In a world of new dynamics, politically shifting towards lowered financial barriers, technologically reaching to new horizons of instantaneous global dealing, the Stock Exchange was sadly static.

The structural reforms of the 1980s—misleadingly called "Big Bang", as though they came about simultaneously to create a new world—stemmed from two governmental impulses to which a doubting City found itself exposed. One was a drive to modernise the Stock Exchange; the other an urge to protect from corporate inefficiency or fraud the small investor, the potential Tory voter. A sequence of events that ended in Big Bang can with hindsight be listed, but the sequence was unplanned. No one can claim foresight: no one saw how it would turn out. Simply, from fortuitous beginnings, a causal chain emerged. The same twin stimuli are evident throughout—international competitiveness and domestic protection.

The first step came in 1978, under Labour, when a corporate investor complained to the Department of Trade about the level of fixed (or "minimum") commissions charged by stockbrokers in the equities market under Stock Exchange Rules. The Office of Fair Trading was instructed to examine whether grounds to prosecute the Stock Exchange for a Restrictive Practice would exist. Prolonged investigation ensued, and a trial case seemed likely, even though in 1979 the newly-elected Conservatives had doubts about proceeding. Impetus for prosecution was fortuitously strengthened in 1981, after the collapse of Norton Warburg and some other licensed dealers in securities; these firms were not Stock Exchange members, and the scale of loss was moderate, but political outcry against the City was intense. The Conservatives, beleaguered by inflation and unemployment, laid emphasis on "investor protection", and commissioned a legal authority, Professor Jim Gower, to report on the subject. His labours eventually bore legislative fruit in the controversial Financial Services Act. When fully implemented in 1988, it provided the main regulatory framework in which the financial industry would operate.

"The small investor", whose "protection" had these far-reaching consequences, was no chimera. He did exist, though the Tory dream of "wider share-ownership" has demographically had but limited success. In nine years, British shareowners have indeed multiplied threefold, to some nine millions, but as a percentage of all adults they remain fewer than in Japan or the USA; half of them hold shares only in their employing firm, or else on a small scale in the newly privatised concerns. Their political potential as voters outweighs their economic clout as investors. On the Stock Exchange, they count for little: whereas 50 years ago private investors owned three quarters of traded equities and gilts, that boot today is on the corporate foot. (Ironically, the urge to protect the small investor led to such a plethora of rules that brokers' costs have risen, and with them the commissions earned on small deals.)

In 1983, when the Stock Exchange and the Government mutually agreed to settle out of court, there was a sole condition: fixed commissions were to be abolished by the end of 1986. This set off the fuse that ended in Big Bang, though no one could guess as much until three consequences of the settlement emerged.

First, a case was made by brokers. They had seen commissions fall in New York after a similar deregulatory step in 1975. Now they demanded, as a corollary of lower commissions, that the rigid British barrier between the broker (as agent) and the jobber (as market-maker) be abolished also. Jobbers, increasingly under-capitalised to handle ever-larger deals for corporate investors, did not resist the argument for this merger of role, the switch from "single capacity" to "dual" which brokers and jobbers now realised would be most effective if both were taken over by a corporate entity. Dual capacity was approved by the Stock Exchange, on one condition. If a client's broker and jobber were members of one firm, any "conflict of interest" should be avoided, and the client assured of "best execution", the most favourable price then obtainable.

The *second* consequence stemmed from the first. The key to demonstrating "best execution" lay in the new technology. Only by electronic data-base and networked screens could

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all prices in all stocks be disseminated instantaneously to all parties, with all deals provable by print-out as the best available when made. Since the Stock Exchange was beginning to develop an Automated Quotations system (SEAQ), brokers realised the time was imminent to abandon the Exchange's traditional "floor", and operate from computers in their offices.

This realisation effectively triggered the *third* consequence. Most brokers and jobbers soon calculated that as private partnerships they could never raise the capital for the necessary costly electronics, and with unlimited liability could hardly face the risks of future trading. The time had come, as in New York in 1970, to let individual members of the Stock Exchange be bought up by the big corporations. This too being duly approved, the remarkable "gold rush", followed: between 1984 and 1986 most City brokers and jobbers were taken over by more highly capitalised banks.

To these three direct consequences of the settlement out of court can be added others. As the position shifted through many small adjustments, or "Little Bangs", towards the climax in October 1986 when the main changes were to be finalised, increased momentum was provided by two other innovations. One was the Bank of England's total reform of the Gilt-Edged market of the Stock Exchange, which was even more restrictive than the equities market. It had become a small cartel with inadequate jobbers' capital to guarantee Government liquidity, so it was opened to a large influx of licensed market-makers. The other innovation, the enactment of the Financial Services Act in late 1986, imposed on the entire financial industry a revolutionary structure of oversight and control. It could not have been pushed through with such drastic effect had not the sweeping Stock Exchange reform alerted the City to the need for wider changes. With hindsight, Big Bang can be seen as merely one stage in a wide process of change, involving *de*-regulation (of old barriers) and *re*-regulation (by new Rules). An astonishing new fluidity has ensued, with formerly rigid concepts, such as the definable attributes of a bank, blurred out of all previous recognition.

HOWEVER ILLOGICAL the phrase, "Big Bang" is useful shorthand for the series of structural reforms which began with the out-of-court settlement of 1983, climaxed with the desertion of the Stock Exchange floor in 1986 and the enactment of the Financial Services Act, and still continue with the laborious establishment of a new bureaucracy of Self-Regulatory Organisations, and the implementation of their Rule Books. The City has adapted reluctantly, and was lucky to have twelve months of bullish prices for the electronic systems to run in, before the shattering market shock of October 1987. It may be years before the City fully adjusts to all the new constraints and opportunities. Meanwhile the Open European Market of 1992 looms; its implications, structural, legal and cultural, are daunting and not yet grasped. If the City's resilience in the face of yet more upheaval proves inadequate, the financial leadership of Europe could shift

High Fliers & Broken Wings

BANKERS AND CITY *executives are still enjoying the biggest salary rises in the country, in spite of last year's stock market crash. Annual pay rises of more than 25% are still commonplace although financial companies are laying off large numbers of employees to save costs.*

The increases were disclosed in a survey of executive pay by Noble Lowndes Executive Compensation Consultants, an employee services company in the City. The report says the average salary for chief executives of financial companies is £119,106, a rise of 23.4% on last year's average of £96,503.

Some salaries this year go as high as £213,000, including perks such as company cars and subsidised mortgages. Company Secretaries have done even better. Their pay has risen by 29.7% to an average of £67,164, while credit managers have seen their pay rise 31.4% to £32,007.

To put this in perspective, executive pay in the rest of British industry has been going up at about 9% a year during 1988.

WHILE THE **high flyers have never had it so good, the merely-average and the not-so-good have been dismissed. More than 5,000 City workers have lost their jobs since the crash as falling turnover in financial markets has depressed the profits of many firms. Financial companies have been clearing out all their excess staff in a desperate attempt to cut costs.**

But firms have gone to greater and greater lengths to hold on to their star employees. Hence the continuing upward spiral in salaries for those who still have a job in the City.

The survey destroys the myth of the Porsche as the ultimate symbol of City affluence. The true symbol is, apparently, a Jaguar Sovereign.

Richard Thomson
in THE TIMES (*London*)

CITY INSTITUTIONS **are not just tough on competitive firms but are ruthless in dealing with their own staff, according to a report, "Sharp Practice in the City", published yesterday. Companies were found to have disregarded disciplinary procedures by dismissing staff without any regard for their dignity, in a series of cases handled by the Banking, Insurance and Finance Union.**

The problem is so severe that the union's executive yesterday considered introducing lunch-time surgeries once a week to give on-the-spot legal advice. A new City of London recruitment campaign will be launched on October 10 aimed at advising and assisting individuals faced with dismissal or redundancy.

The union mentions individuals learning of their dismissal by a letter hand-delivered to their home in the middle of the night, which tells them not to return to work except to discuss their leaving.

Other examples are of female staff being dismissed while on statutory maternity leave and of employees being dismissed just before they qualify to take complaints of unfair dismissal to a tribunal.

Roland Rudd
in THE TIMES (*London*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elsewhere, with the alarming facility that electronics now make feasible.

The City has weathered years of change. In absorbing first the Euromarket and then the sweeping reformation of the 1980s, it has shown adaptability. Strategy, foresight, a coherent plan—these have all been in doubt, and mere luck has been an indispensable ingredient. But the City's continuing vitality and sheer skill are not to be denied, and are now more than ever needed. The fatal response to 1992 would be insular complacency, a familiar British posture in the past. The unreformed old club reeked of it, but the cosmopolitan new City, where performance counts more than pedigree, is better poised for the changes that lie ahead. Those changes will not affect the principle that invisible earnings are crucial to the country. In that fundamental regard, the City's success or failure after 1992 will be as critical as ever.

Yet, though demonstrably vital to the economy, the City cannot claim, in popular perception, to be either understood or liked. A possible analogy may here be drawn with the indifferent or equivocal attitude which the British used to display towards their colonies. The Empire, regarded with envy by foreign powers, brought the British great prestige and trade, but apart from a brief period in the late 19th century it held a limited place in the affection or attention of the people. To be sure, it afforded attractive employment for many of the middle class; but for the country at large the details, even the trends, of colonial policy lacked interest—apart from fuelling in some quarters an uninformed unease about possessing colonies at all. A parallel with the City today is plausible: its financial operations underpin Britain's prosperity and status, but outside a narrow circle are commonly misunderstood, or viewed with disapproval or *ennui*.

For this the City ought to take some blame. The financial services industry is too preoccupied with business, too disparate in structure, too insensitive to laymen's prejudices, too wedded to its appalling jargon, to project itself reassuringly. Because it stands for Capital, its champion—*faute de mieux*—is the Conservative Party, so its image is blighted by the invidious polarity of politics. Even the Conservatives, in reforming the City's institutions, by implication criticised them. In urging protection of investors, they conceded that protection was needed. This indeed has been self-evident: malpractice has been too common, with miserably distracting effect. Thus, though Lloyd's of London, the acknowledged hub of world insurance, is our largest exporter of invisibles, an unwitting public finds such facts less memorable than certain lurid scandals that have tarnished the name of Lloyd's.

In any case, the arid technicality of so much City work—the analyst's projection, the actuary's table, the esoteric vocabulary of broking, banking, insurance and accountancy, the endlessly disputed abstractions of fiscal economics—are daunting to the curious outsider. Few practitioners are able to explain their trade in simple English. Nor does the press convincingly bridge that gap. The financial pages of serious papers are aimed at *cognoscenti*: the frivolous organs prefer sensation to financial fact, where fact is indeed often arcane and intricate. The result is a cultural blank; those outside the financial industry look in with uncomprehending eyes. This is profoundly regrettable; the City is too important to be left entirely to its inmates. One example of this blank can be found in Peter Jenkins's recent book, *Mrs Thatcher's Revolution* (1987), a solid, not unscholarly review of recent British politics. In all its bulk, few references to the City are to be found, and none to the massive changes engineered by Mrs Thatcher's government. The dominating scale of financial services presumably eludes the writer's grasp, eliciting but a token mention:

> "The financial services offered by the City of London were a major export industry but in general the British were not exactly famed for the standard of service in hotels, restaurants, banks and railway ticket offices."

A very considerable piece of Thatcherite reforming legislation is simply left out of the record. This national attitude to the City reveals more than a gap in understanding—there is a marked lack of confidence, respect, and liking. Partly this is regional: "the north/south divide" is real, and provincial mistrust of London's centralised power runs deep. Partly it is natural envy: exorbitant City salaries drain talent from elsewhere and drive up the price of housing all over the south-east. Partly it is a revulsion of taste: a tiny but conspicuous proportion of highly-paid, young City people project a style that observers find obnoxious—ostentatious in expenditure, arrogant in demeanour, uncouth in recreation, lending a whiff of disrepute to the very sports cars that they favour and the wine-bars that they patronise. These tiresome persons are in their way as socially divisive as football hooligans. To a public sceptical of the reality of their qualifications and of the validity of the work they do, they seem greedy, cynical and opportunistic. Ages ago it was sufficient to be "something in the City": mystery and privilege were rendered palatable by professional restraint, social decorum, and stereotyped assumptions about class. Those assumptions are no longer entertained, and the insensitive conduct of a minority within an over-rewarded category adds an unappealing facet to the City's all-too-vulnerable ethos.

What people and institutions are thought to be has become more potent than what they are: perceptions of worth are meretriciously warped by "image". The City's "public relations" are grievously defective. In all the adaptation it has undergone, it has failed to reveal itself to an ill-informed country as an indispensable asset. The City was never more valuable to the country than today—nor more naked to hostile scrutiny.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You are living in an era of incredible possibilities.

National boundaries are vanishing under the pressure of a global economy. And opportunities extend far beyond the edge of yesterday's perception.

To seize today's global opportunities, you need the knowledge required to compete, the relevant intelligence to pursue and the insights that can turn vision into reality.

Good reason to know Dow Jones & Company, Inc.

We publish The Wall Street Journal, America's most respected daily.

And The Asian Wall Street Journal, the Hong Kong-based business daily that provides essential reading to the most important business and government leaders to nations throughout Asia.

And The Asian Journal Weekly, America's prime source of useful and timely information about business in the world's fastest growing economic region.

And The Wall Street Journal/Europe which is read by an elite audience of the most important people in business and government throughout the Common Market and the Mideast.

Beyond these publications and others —we provide instant access to the world's largest most comprehensive database of business information through Dow Jones News Retrieval Service; and, in joint venture with Associated Press, provide media with business and economic news through the AP-DJ News Service.

When the world looks for business and economic news, there's but one conclusion you can make.

Dow Jones & Company.

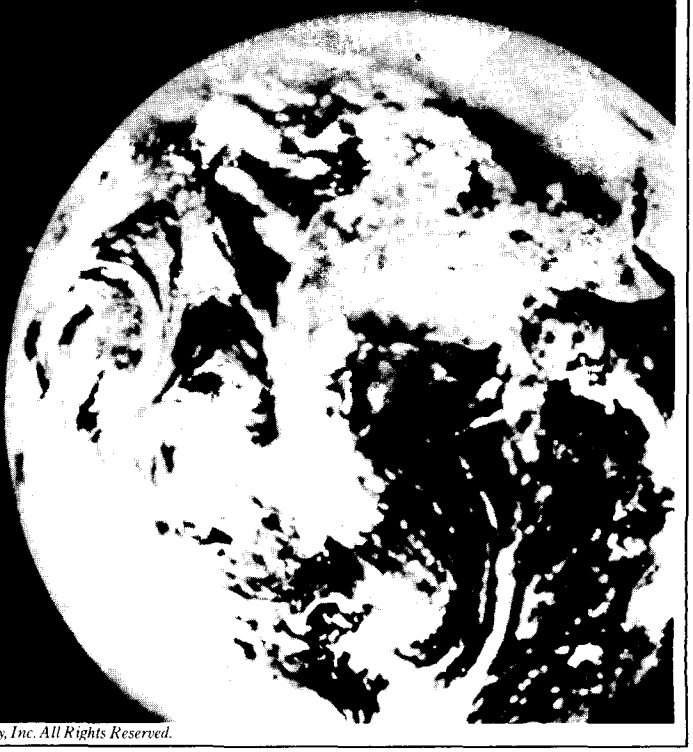
Information. Intelligence. Insights.

And all the news you need to compete in today's business world.

Dow Jones & Company, Inc.

In the emerging world of global business, the competitive advantage will be timely information, relevant intelligence and useful insights.

Precisely why Dow Jones may be the most significant company on the face of the earth.



Copyright 1987, Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Worton

Julia & the Damned

JULIA WAS HAPPY. The quartet from *Rigoletto* was on the radio, the hills and the fields of Auvergne were slipping greenly past, and she had three good rolls of film in her bag. The day in the church at Saint-Nectaire had been a successful one: she had photographed all the capitals during the lunch hour, and the watchful *curé* had revealed himself to be both enthusiastic and knowledgeable once he had realised that Julia was a serious scholar and not just a rapacious tourist. She had balanced on the makeshift scaffolding they had constructed from prie-dieus and tables pulled in from the sacristy (musing, as she bent precariously to photograph a detail of the "Damned" capital, that they might have been more prepared for her visit), she had persuaded the *curé* to allow the use of all the overpowerful spotlights she had hurriedly hired in Paris, and she had been able to take upward vertical shots by lying on the floor. She smiled as she thought that it was just as well that trousers were now acceptable attire for women in churches. Yes, all had gone well until 2 p.m. when the doors were opened to the tourists and a group of Germans had rushed in, speeding first to the postcard-stall and then racing round the church, punctuating their progress with choruses of *Schön, Ach ja, so schön.*

"And what do they think beauty is? It's not what the guidebook prescribes, it's what you see—for yourself. And it's got nothing to do with time or the past, it's about seeing *now*."

"You are right, Madame. But the people who come to Saint-Nectaire come because it is an important Romanesque church: they do not want to see the church, but a stage on their itinerary. They do not want, of course, to pray. So they bring their cameras—for souvenirs, for the *clichés* of their visit, to show their friends that they have been in Auvergne. So you must stop photographing, I beg you, for if not, they will all want to photograph—and it is forbidden here."

Julia had spoken her thoughts aloud and the *curé* had replied, this time in English, reminding Julia that she should stop—and that she had an eccentric tendency of muttering to herself. She packed up dutifully and changed into a dress in the sacristy, but before leaving the church, she looked back and, despite the Heath Robinsonesque scaffolding, the clean lines of the edifice bore in on her.

"They should be pleased", she was thinking as she swung her small black Corsa round a sharp bend; "I've got wonderful photographs and I know how to write about Romanesque carving." Her publishers had been keen on her idea of a new book on the Auvergne churches which would focus on internal carving work and the borrowings from pagan legend, but her advance had been enough only to permit her a ten-day whistle-stop tour. So the days had to be used fully—and tourists did get in the way! But Saint-Nectaire was done, tomorrow was Issoire and the Paschal capitals, the sun was shining on the heavy-headed sunflowers and every bend of the narrow country road revealed a new vista of serenely bald hills and red-roofed villages nestling in the cracks of the valley.

Ogni saggezza chiudesi, nel gaudio e nell'amore. The Duke had just admitted to Maddalena that he was a libertine and was pressing his suit with confident passion. Julia sniffed, as she always did at this point of the opera. "So the end of all wisdom lies in the joy of loving, does it? Gilda and I know better." Her hands tightened on the steering-wheel, and across the screen of the valley of the Couze floated an image, her image, her created image of Philip. A Philip remembered through the filter of literature and painting: Philip with locks like the raven, with eyes that could gaze an eagle blind. Philip laughing in his brave beard. A Philip forgotten, a husband lost.

He had never really understood that images were important to her and that they helped her to focus a life that had skewed away from her when their son Roland had died. Roland, her child Roland. *Her* Roland. Had he been the reason for the collapse of her marriage . . . no, not he, but his death? For when he had died, suddenly, of meningitis, she had turned from Philip and from life.

FOR THREE MONTHS, she had spoken to virtually no one. She had used the excuse of the heavy sedation initially prescribed by the doctor to quit their bedroom and had moved into Roland's room which she then rarely left, staring at his books, reading his school compositions and fingering, though never tidying, his clothes. For hours she would play with the laces of the football boots they had given him the day before he was rushed to hospital. He had worn them

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only once—to show them off at supper. One Tuesday, Philip had come in and gently tried to persuade her to go for a walk with him.

"Julia, he's dead, he's gone. We must live on somehow. And sitting here won't help. A walk on the Common will do you good." She had said nothing. "Julia darling, you must *try*. It's not good for you to spend all day cooped up here, surrounded by Roland's things. You need to get out and start a life without him. A new life, a different life. Come for a walk with me." Philip had always been strong, but he could do nothing against the wall of silence that was Julia. "Please, Julia. Please. For me. I need you." She had heard his words, but they were only snatches from another room, from another world. She had continued to brood, slipping the laces through her fingers, winding Roland back into presence. "Julia!" Sharply, angrily, jealously, Philip had snapped: "And do stop playing with those damned laces. Please. You're becoming obsessive."

That had been the end. The end of her dry-eyed mourning and also of her marriage. She had thrown the boots at Philip, screamed "Get out. *Now*!", and broken into sobs which wracked her for what seemed an eternity. Eventually, she had looked up, noticing the boots with their trailing, careless laces snared round the base of the door, and she had begun to tidy Roland's room. The scattered clothes were picked up and folded, the toys packed into boxes, the desk arranged. Comics, school books, magazines; all were neatly stacked. Then she had opened a copy of his *Children's Encyclopaedia* and seen the picture that changed her life. Having decided finally to tidy away her child's life, she had seen him again as he looked up at her from a painting. She saw a widow's peak of russet curls, black, questioning eyes, a tucked-in nose, rosy cheeks, and, especially, a left arm raised to pull on his mother's veil—just as Roland used to tug at her hair whenever she set him on her lap.

"*The Virgin of the Grapes*; Pierre Mignard; 1619-1695", she had read. The name meant nothing. But the half-smiling, knowing look of the infant Jesus did: she recognised that look, it was Roland's when he was little, and she thought, or decided, that if she was ever to smile again, she had to learn to know.

That day, she had finished tidying the room, twisted a scarf round her hair, badly buttoned on a coat and rushed out to the library. No Mignard there, nor in the National Gallery, nor in the Westminster Library. And it did matter: she had to know who Mignard was and who his model for the Jesus was. That evening she had returned late, exhausted after her pursuit, and had cursorily replied to Philip's interrogations: "I've found a picture of Roland. Well, not of him, but of a child who looks like him. And I want to find out who he is." Without further explanation, she had mounted the stairs two by two, intent on checking back numbers of the *Children's Encyclopaedia* for information about Mignard.

Nothing. Not even a picture of him.

The next day she had dressed early, pulled her hair back with the clasp Roland had given her one Christmas, and set out for the National Gallery once more. And this time she had found a Roland. Not in the Mignard painting, but, adult now with firmed features, in Caravaggio's *The Supper at Emmaus*. As she scanned the picture, she felt close to Roland and suddenly she knew what to do. She had to find out who these models were, because that knowledge might somehow help her to cope with Roland's death. So she had marched out of the Gallery, found Birkbeck College in Malet Street, and asked to enrol for a degree in History of Art.

Philip had not understood, but she had been ready for this. And even when he attempted, gently as ever, to point out that she was becoming as obsessive about these pictures as she had been about Roland's possessions, she replied, simply, that a degree would take her mind off it all.

THAT WAS HOW it had begun. As a quest for her Roland and for the models who had pre-incarnated him. But for Julia, brought up to be a wife and mother, trained to play the woman's role with conviction, it had been an extraordinary liberation. As the years passed and she realised that she could and must speak in tutorials, Mignard and Caravaggio became part of a tapestry woven by her readings and her visits to galleries—and Roland slowly became dead. She worked hard and when she graduated, she knew she had to go on. Roland was dead, and Philip was just a portrait of a husband. Not one she could identify and analyse, but a portrait none the less. One evening, he quietly said that he had met someone else and that he wanted to live with her. She had not been hurt, merely a little surprised. Did people *really* care about each other? Was sex so important that it could make you break a convenient routine?

So Philip had gone, almost imperceptibly, after ensuring that Julia had a reasonable settlement—and she had been left to get on with her researches. Her years at College had led her away from Mignard and Caravaggio and, thanks to a tutor, William Makepeace, she had become fascinated by French Romanesque art. Now she was in Auvergne, preparing her second book and feeling that she was at last, for the first time, mistress of her destiny.

"Oh! Philip. I'm sorry." And she was truly sorry for Philip, though not for what she had done. "*Philippe, mon beau. Philippe le Bel.* Philip whom I could never love as he needed. Philip closing the door after I'd thrown the boots." Julia saw him like a transfer on the windscreen and smiled—not with regret or bitterness, merely with an aesthetic pleasure at the remembered lines and planes of his face.

Yes, she had learned much at Birkbeck College, and especially she had learned that images are important for what they are, for what they show and say, that they

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teach us to look forward, and not only backward. She had never found out who the models were for Mignard and Caravaggio (although she was sure that Caravaggio's Christ was a self-portrait), and this had not, surprisingly, mattered: because she had discovered another world, a world in which she had a voice. Roland had gradually become real as her dead child of whom she could sometimes talk, and she did have a new life—though she continued to wear a locket containing both Roland's photograph and the *Virgin and Child* cut out of the *Children's Encyclopaedia.*

SHE HAD INTENDED to drive on to Issoire that afternoon, but she was beginning to feel tired and as she swung into Champeix with its valley walls of vines, she decided to stay there for the night. "Vine-clad mountains", she thought as she hauled her bag out of the boot; "that's Wordsworth, but what?" She walked sedately, a galleon in full sail in her Laura Ashley smock, to the Hotel de la Poste and rang the bell on the desk.

"Of course, *Julia and Vaudracourt*, his Auvergne love story. That's it."

"*Comment, Madame?*"

"*Excusez-moi, je parlais à moi-même.*" A brief laugh with no embarrassment. "*Je voudrais une chambre, s'il vous plaît.*"

"*Oui, bien sûr, Madame. Et vous resterez dîner ce soir?*"

She had, naturally, dined there, scrutinising the postcards she had bought at Saint-Nectaire as she ate her soup, *riz de veau*, trout and stuffed cabbage, *clafoutis aux prunes*. It was a good meal (she asked for the recipe of the stuffed cabbage), and yet she began to worry as she looked at the figures on the "Damned" capital: they were not being tortured, there was no suffering in their faces, merely a strangely wide-eyed melancholy. "A peculiar vision of damnation", she thought, "but an interesting one." The faces continued to preoccupy her as she left to walk round the town and look at the ruined castle that watched over the carelessly strewn streets of Champeix. Her Michelin guide had been little help: she knew only that the castle was called "Le Marchidial" and that the locals thought it was haunted. It did look worth a visit, though.

Julia walked away from the brightly-lit main street and almost immediately found herself in a different world: while puddles of light reminded her that people were talking and laughing over terrace tables, she hardly noticed, concentrating on the shadows darkening on the white-washed, shuttered façades. "To be in Auvergne", she thought, "and yet to feel that one's in an Arab village. Now that would be something to write about." She was seeing the town as she could not have seen it a few years ago; she saw it through the filter of her studying, and she was slowly learning that the joy of discovery is an amalgam of alienation and presence. She felt strange, an outsider, in these *ruelles* which flaunted their closure, yet also had a curious sensation of being where she should be. So she wandered on and up until the leaning walls gave way to goose-pens and then to the geometry of private vineyards. She stopped, looked down on the town and breathed in deeply, deeply, greedily. She was here in France, in Auvergne, in Champeix, because she had something to do. "I have a project to finish", she said aloud. "And I am here for me and for no one else. This night is for me, because I have been able to come here." She fell silent. Her voice had grown as she spoke, striving to fill the space she so desired to make her own, and she now heard the silence of uncertainty. No reply. No comment. Nothing.

She was in foreign territory. Not because the alleys evoked a North Africa she had never visited, but because it was night and all was changing. She looked at the tower of the castle and saw its wrought-iron campanile etched neatly on to the trout-grey sky. "Just like the postcard Annie sent me from Provence", she thought, "but this is Auvergne. I really am here. Here and nowhere else."

"*Eh! Madame. Il fait nuit noire et vous êtes sur mes terrains.*"

A burly shape condensed itself from the twilight and came towards her, shaping itself into a grim face settled on a barrel of flesh. Unafraid of this strangely solid wraith, she moved forward, hand outstretched, bade him *Bonsoir*, and then asked him about the town and the castle. Her questions were those of a tourist, but she spoke so earnestly that the smallholder responded with cordiality. And as the clouds figured themselves above, he talked about the place he had never left, enthusing about the history of the region, lamenting the dryness of the summer which meant that the plums and the grapes were already old and wrinkled without ever having been firmly ripe, and then bowing when she asked him about Le Marchidial.

"*Il se fait tard. Je dois rentrer. Bonsoir, Madame. Bonsoir.*"

This discreet reaction of superstition amused her; still she obediently turned and dived back down into the warren of alleys, disconcerted only when her path was blocked by another goose-pen shaken by some highly territorial and mobile white ganders. This was France for her, a France ignored by the guidebooks, and she wandered back to the neon-lit street where sage chestnut trees looked from their darkness across to the beer-drinkers circled round their rocky tables. Yes, she did like this town, but she had to see Le Marchidial, and so she followed some flaking, hand-painted signs that pointed a way to the tower which was now darkly, heavily, leaning against the sky.

"This is the way", she murmured as she entered another alley, a sombre, closed alley like the others but obviously leading upwards. She climbed eagerly, regretting only that she had not changed her shoes, noticing the crumbling stonework on the houses—and all the cats. There were cats everywhere: on every door-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

step, on every sill, crouching in every shadowy corner and occasionally darting across her path. This luxury of cats astonished her, though like the rest of the town's inhabitants they were quiet and rarely seemed to notice her presence. She climbed on, turning always, it seemed, to the left as in a maze, until the tarmacadam gave way to a rough, pebbled track that split into two paths, one leading off into a warren of alleys, the other mounting through darkness to an arch chiselled against the shifting water-silk patterns of the sky.

Julia started up this path, looking up intermittently at the campanile's iron arms, through which she could see the clouds only as dark pools in the stream of sky. "Dali's key women; that's what the campanile resembles", Julia muttered to herself as she plodded on up the path. As she passed through a dark tunnel of rocks, she forgot about painting and concentrated on keeping steady on the pebbles.

SUDDENLY, she found herself under the gateway and was faced again with a choice of paths. She chose to go to the left, simply because her sinister pilgrimage had led her to this gate, guarded by two stone-eyed dogs which leered down at her. She shivered, and then tramped on, noticing the berry-heavy bushes, but continuing to think. "Maybe that's why I work on Romanesque architecture; it's so clean, so open, so light. Is that why I chose it? As an escape from dark towers and from Roland? No. That way madness lies. Let's just see what lies ahead."

She marched on until the inward-leaning walls stopped and gave her admission on to a green terrace. The grass was springy—and short. This puzzled Julia, for she could not imagine anyone being willing to haul a lawn-mower up to this castle which in all other respects was untended and clearly had been so for many years, even centuries. She frowned, unable to solve the mystery, and then smiled, rather pleased at this addition to the enigma of Le Marchidial, and crossed the lawn to look down on Champeix, lambent round the main road, darkening to black as the alleys straggled up into the inky coombs above.

Julia was imagining the life of the feudal dukes who had lived there, when a noise startled her. She turned, tentatively, to see a great black goat staring at her from the arch at the other end of the terrace. She dared not move. In any case, there was nowhere to go, since if she were to step back, she would fall 50 feet into she knew not what and she was sure that the goat would reach the other arch before her if she tried to escape that way. Cold sweat trickled down her spine while a flush spread over her neck and face, and she had to force herself not to clench and unclench her hands as she usually did when nervous.

"It's only a goat, for God's sake, Julia. It's probably more afraid of you than you are of it." Her self-encouragement did no good; she was still afraid, irrationally afraid, and the goat was still staring balefully at her. Both were immobile, but Julia knew she had to do something. "Throw a stone at it and run? No, I'd be bound to miss and just make it angry. March straight up to it? Good God, no! Wait till it decides to go away? That could be all night, and I can't stay here much longer." She was becoming more and more agitated and a wind was beginning to gust over the terrace. Julia was no longer the brisk art -historian; she was a frightened woman, alone on this terrace with fears she had not known existed within her. She felt not only alone, but lonely. If anything should happen to her, no one would miss her. Except Philip—if he ever found out. She tried to visualise him, but could find no image. Instead, memories tumbled through her mind, memories of Philip hugging her, squeezing her hand at the opera, stroking her hips in the morning, rocking gently with her as they made love, catching her round the waist as she stood at the stove, surprising her in the bath and lightly caressing her breasts before going back to his typewriter. Yes, Philip had loved her, she had been important to him—and she had betrayed his love. "You're becoming sentimental, Julia", she said sternly to herself, and yet she was comforted somehow by her memories of Philip.

But Philip was in England with the wife she had never met and with the twins whose names she could not remember, and the goat was here, glaring at her with burning eyes under whelked horns. She was on her own, and she was afraid. However, she had always been resourceful, even Philip had recognised that, and she was not going to be driven over the edge by a mere goat. She turned her head very slowly to the right: at the end of the terrace stood the squat tower she had wanted to see. Squarely set on a raised circle of turf atop the outer curtain of the castle, it seemed to have escaped or mysteriously to have ignored the ravages of time and stood solid, intact, a massy contradiction of her floating fears. The wall facing her was windowless, but there was a door, a great oak door with a heavy iron handle. "If I get in there", thought Julia, "I'll be able to wait until that blasted goat goes away." It was the only possibility she could see of escaping, and the tower was certainly nearer than the arch. Having made her decision, she felt calmer, her hands seemed drier and she stopped shaking. "But don't run, Julia. Remember that weak men must fall."

She pulled her eyes back to check on the goat which was still observing her. It had not moved; this emboldened Julia who began slowly to edge her way towards the tower, keeping her gaze fixed on the vitreous eyes of the goat. One foot, two feet, a yard, two, three—and the goat had not moved. She continued her inching progress, desperate to make a run for the door and yet realising that the door might conceivably be locked. So she must take no risks, merely ("merely!", she snorted to herself) crab her way to the tower. Time had stopped for her. She had always laughed at such statements in novels, as she had always contemptuously dismissed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

irrational fears as primitive desires for the excitement people failed to find in their real lives. Now she found herself revising her views as academic.

"But this is ridiculous. Don't be such an idiot, Julia. You've never been afraid of bulls in fields, so why should you be afraid of a goat which is here only to keep the grass down?" At the last second, she stifled an impulse to laugh at herself and resolved to walk briskly to the arch and thence down the path to the sanity of the illuminated town. But as soon as she began to move across the turf the goat advanced, not towards her but laterally towards her escape route. It seemed to know what she planned to do and was going to cut her off. Sweat beaded on her spine again and she froze. Her attempt at rationality had failed and she was once more a frightened, lonely woman, a woman near to terror who wanted to scream her fear and yet who knew that she must keep silent even if she could not remain calm. The goat lowered its head, scraped the ground with one spindly leg and . . . Julia flew to the tower. She pulled on the door handle. It would not turn, it would not turn! She looked back—and saw the goat ambling away under the arch where it had first appeared.

"It's gone." Her chest heaving with relief, Julia laughed silently and attempted to regain composure by reminding herself of the irony of the situation. To no avail. She was exhausted and she slipped down the rough surface of the door, glad to feel her hair catching on splinters of wood, glad that there was some solidity, glad above all that the damned beast had left her alone. Slumped on the stone flag, she breathed freely, furiously, trying to reconstitute the self she had lost in the previous minutes. It was over, whatever "it" might have been, and she could now relax back into her life. She cradled her head against the seamed panelling of the door and rested almost voluptuously in the feeling of safety.

THE TERRACE seemed strangely empty and still: the wind had dropped, and the parapet and the thorn bushes were once more reassuringly solid, framing the valley of the Couze beyond, which was dissolving into the dark of the night. Julia did not move, she simply looked out over the scene of her terror and smiled wryly at the image she must be creating. "Like a Hardy heroine, cowed, crouching in a doorway. Or a Greuze figure of melodramatic distress." Too tired to stand up, she lolled back, pondering her capacity for double-thinking: now, as always when calm, she was relying on images from literature and painting which enabled her to collate her own experience with the reality others had lived. She was also thinking about Philip. She had been uneducated when she married him. Well, she had remedied that. The art historian had supplanted the woman; she had won her freedom and she had lost Philip.

She lay against the door and concentrated on breathing deeply, for there was still a fear in her. The sky was now covered, and a wide extinguisher of cloud seemed to settle on the parapet, shutting out the moon. Darkness installed itself within the ruined walls of the castle. Julia licked away a tear that had drifted down to the right side of her mouth.

Her ear was lying against the uneven wood surface of the door and she became aware of fast breathing inside the tower. The terrace was bare, it was quiet, it was still. The goat had gone, and with it had departed her superstitious fears. The panting she heard must be blood thumping at her temples. But no; it was undoubtedly breathing that she heard and the urgent pulsations were coming from behind the door. She listened, telling herself that it must be an owl strutting about. She had almost believed in ghosts only once before, when she had arrived at midnight at her friend Claudine's château at Saint Cyr and had had to camp in the games-room. She had been unable to sleep because she heard footsteps coming towards her and yet each time she switched on the light, the room was empty. Julia knew that this had been the grandmother Mémé's favourite room, and so she had been (almost) convinced that it was Mémé treading the floorboards she had laid fifty years before. The next morning when she had laughingly told Claudine of her nocturnal fantasies, Claudine had pulled her up the turret stairs into the attic and shown her a carpet of owl pellets.

"You see, my dear Julia, what you heard wasn't Mémé-la-Terreur, but just our owls wandering about. I'd have thought you were too much the cynic to believe in supernatural manifestations."

She was indeed a cynic, an unbeliever, and yet she was afraid of what was in the tower. She had to look inside. But the door would still not open, and the only window was set high in the north-facing wall. No possibility, then, of peering in. She walked round the tower, noticing the opposition between its squareness and the circularity of its green turf bed, yet unable fully to wrench her thoughts from speculation to aesthetics. The tour done, she was in front of the door again and she grasped the handle once more, in the hope that this time it might yield to her. No. It would not budge. However, Julia was now in control of herself and of her willed desires, so she yanked and twisted and fought the handle, which suddenly pivoted as she jerked it clockwise. The iron tongue lifted out of metal jaws and the door swung inwards into blackness. Julia was determined to enter, but before she could take a step, a projectile struck her leg and a man's voice bawled obscenities at her. There was an indistinct flurry of white, and she thought she saw a woman's form in a corner, luminous in the dark of the tower. She stared, immobile, unable to think or feel, a child witnessing the primal scene. Then another object cannoned into her stomach and she turned and ran. Terrified to look back, she tore across the terrace, fell through the goat's arch and plunged onwards, scarcely noticing the thorns that clawed at her smock. She ran and ran, down

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crumbling steps, round lost walls, along overgrown paths until her course was blocked by a high palisade. A gate was set into it—and the gate was securely padlocked!

Panting heavily, she endeavoured to rediscover the composed Julia she had become since Philip had left her. "Take deep breaths, Julia. It was just a trysting couple. *You* frightened *them*. Get a grip on yourself and go back to the hotel. Leave them to their pleasures." One part of her knew that she would never have been frightened had it not been for the fact that it was dark, that she was alone in a ruined castle and that she was tired; yet she kept seeing the black goat and the white agitation in the tower. After a few minutes, she pulled the damp cotton of her dress from her thighs, repinned her hair, and urged herself to laugh aloud. This willed self-irony had always helped in the past; she had trained herself, moulded herself, become a severe decipherer of myths and legends, a demystificator of superstitions. She was the author of *Pagan and Christian: Chimeras of Truth in Art*, she had devoted the last five years to demonstrating that the supernatural has no ontological status and is interesting only for its aesthetic potential; she was 20th-century woman, divorced, educated, rational. And she was afraid of shadows, afraid of her memories, afraid.

If only she had stayed in the hotel and worked on her monograph on Romanesque carving, if only she had not come to this castle with its shadow-pictures of her sterility, if only. . . . For the second time, she chided herself for her sentimentality and she moved down the palisade in search of an exit. The fence stopped at the edge of a great drop: no escape there, but at least she could see the lights of a garage and realised that there was humdrum life nearby.

She would have to leave by another route, but she could not face the prospect of seeing that tower again, and so she began an exploration of the castle, not for itself but for its exits. As she walked deliberately, consciously slowly, through the remains of the feudal edifice, passing from level to level, from outer ward to inner ward, into the orchard, and repeatedly into the barbican, she tried to notice architectural features. To no avail, for she was becoming increasingly possessed by the idea that it was a labyrinth in which she was doomed to wander. A labyrinth, the labyrinth of the Minotaur. And this labyrinth was real to her: it was not the surrogate pilgrimage invented by medieval architects that she had examined in her article on Chartres Cathedral, it was a maze of emotion and of memory in which she was entrapped. Minos, Pasiphae, perversity, illicit love, repressed sexuality, quest for the inner self: she had discussed all these in another article on the iconography of mazes and now she was lost in a substantial labyrinth, seeking an exit and, she realised, seeking the womanhood she had denied when Roland died. And the myth did seem to make sense. It was an opening, not a closure. Perhaps Jung was right after all, she thought, perturbed by the idea and yet comforted by the fact that her thoughts were returning to the firm ground of scholarship.

She no longer wandered, she strode through the castle enclosure and finally found a passage that led on to the alleys of Champeix. Julia was herself again, and as she felt tarmacadam safely, solidly, underfoot, she rethought the evening and her reactions. It had been a bizarre interlude in the carefully composed symphony of her life, and she was, she *was*, going to write the rest of her life carefully and deliberately. She walked on, certain that she would soon turn and return to the poppy-splashed walls and the rough linen of the hotel room, where she would find her file of notes, her reels of film, her postcards, her Michelin guides, her camera and tripod—where she would find her identity again. Her walk was now a promenade through an undocumented French town, and she mused that she might dash off a quick article on the charms of Champeix for one of the Sunday papers. All was well, all was regulated.

The Champeix alleys now harboured no silent, spectating cats: every doorway, every shadowed corner was inhabited by a dog which leapt out at her, barking thunder on her, as she passed ever more rapidly. She wished that she were deaf, that she could neither hear nor see these chained curs that howled so impotently—and portentously—at her. For the third time that night, she began to run, telling herself that Cerberus guarded the third circle, that of the Gluttons, not that of the Lustful, and that she could not possibly be a candidate for Hell. She had done nothing, nothing, nothing. Her feet slipped on wet leaves as she ran on, her mind sliding from the shadowed lovers to Philip to Roland to Philip. Myths, poems, paintings, memories splashed at her conscious: kaleidoscopic and refusing to stabilise into a pattern of knowing, beating out the refrain "Cruel Julia, cruel Julia", and insistently casting up images of a naked man, strong-boned, softly, loosely, fleshed round the waist, a body without a face. And she had no need of the face; she knew that it was Philip's body, in a way she had never fully recognised Roland in the icons of Mignard and Caravaggio.

She ran on, a middle-aged woman haunted by thoughts of lost nights and lost embraces, her diaphragm muscles throbbing at the clinging smock, yet oblivious to her body, noting only the snatching dogs and her long-forgotten aching for Philip. Philip whom she had banished when he had needed and wanted her. Philip who had been constant.

Her thoughts slowed as her legs refused to run any more, and she saw lights ahead splaying into a square where water was plashing over a weir to calm in a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laundry-pool. "Picturesque Auvergne again", she thought with a curious mingling of relief and disappointment. "Let's have a look." Three sulphureous lamps lit the square, obliquely catching the green weed that waved gently down through transparent water into the washing-trough. "Clarity betrays", she mused, watching with objective calm a man peeing into the conduit where tomorrow's women would wash and rinse their men's clothes. "I must get back to the hotel."

She turned and looked for a path leading to the solid lights of the town centre, choosing the street that seemed to point most directly back to the main road. It was paved, and it was comfortingly silent, empty of dogs. For the past ten years, Julia had taken strength from her capacity for judging others, and she now reasserted her self-image by reviewing her foolish reactions in the castle: Julia judging Julia was Julia once more. *La donna è mobile*, she hummed, smiling at how appropriately that remark could be applied to her earlier lapse into fear and nostalgia, certain that she had been fickle to herself for the last time. "It's back to work, old girl. You can dash off some paragraphs on the Saint-Nectaire capitals before going to bed, and then tomorrow we'll see just how remarkable the Issoire capitals really are." Lifted by the rhythms of Verdi's melody, she quickened her pace, following the street's dextrous drift and exploring the thesaurus of her mind for felicitous phrases to describe Champeix. The street-lights had been planted fortuitously, as if by a Surrealist town-planner (Delvaux, she decided), and as she turned a corner, she found herself in a darkened valley of wall lit only by the milky beams of moonlight which fell from a now cloudless sky.

She looked up, and saw the tower, dark, heavy, above her. It was inescapably *there*, triumphing over her attempts to consign it to a past of memory and mythology, and illuminated from within by the flickers of a candle. The single window facing her was open and, framed by the slabs of crusted stone, there were two figures. Julia stared at them, amnesiac to their role in the Gothic drama of her evening stroll through Champeix, seeing only their eyes, their remote eyes. She had seen them before, that she knew. The girl was leaning on the sill, propping her chin on a canescent left hand wrinkled at the wrist, and behind her stood the man, sculpted, solid, his face half-hidden in thrusting shadow. Both were wide-eyed, gazing out over Julia at some distant darkness; on both mouths was pressed a smile, yet for Julia they were icons of melancholy.

"Oh Christ", she said involuntarily, "the Damned." She had spoken loudly, and the eyes dropped to look at her without, however, losing their blankness—and the mouths continued to hold their smile. Julia stared, glad that the tower was separated from her by a moss-covered wall and a brambled garden, for this distance permitted her to key herself back into her composed mode of being. "Post-coital depression: that's why they look so strangely absent. That or drugs. In any case, it's nothing to do with me. Let them have their secret fun, and let them suffer afterwards. Thank God I'm past all that. Back to the hotel, old girl, and back to the book."

She knew the way to go: left, but not sinister—from now on, emblematic speculation would be reserved for her articles. She had been frightened in the castle and her emotions had slewed her, but she had determinedly found the road back to herself, to the candid tower of certainty.

A laugh rang out.

A laugh tolled.

Julia walked resolutely back towards the light and the hotel.

In a Clearing

Vienna, London, Israel made a faun
Who shrank from browsing much beyond the forest,
Where lions sported with the unicorn
And never put their vigour to the test.

Your world took colour from a stained-glass window,
And Rackham's tendrils twined around your head;
The Decadence put out its febrile glow,
And brambles kept the suitors from your bed.

Then one appeared: a man, a famished Christ,
Who stumbled on a clearing and enticed
The mythic creatures from their *mille-fleur* pen.

Now flesh and fancy fertilise your mind;
The horn is stiff, his chivalry refined:
The ghetto walls are toppled once again.

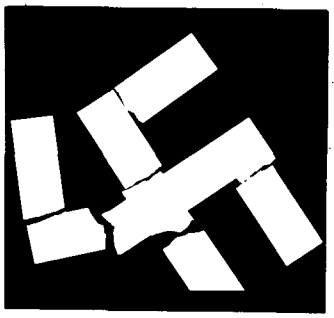
Peter Forbes

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

H. R. Trevor-Roper

Hitler Revisited

A Retrospective



THE Last Days of Hitler was written in 1946. It arose out of a personal experience. In September 1945 I had been ordered, as an army officer in the Intelligence Service, to discover what had become of Hitler. For Hitler—it is difficult to realise it now—had been missing for five months. As far as we know, he had last been seen alive, in Berlin, on 22 April. On 1 May the Russians had taken Berlin, but he was not there. He had disappeared, it seemed, into thin air. For five months there had been speculation, and by September the speculation had become embarrassing.

Clearly the Russians were in the best position to establish the facts. But the Russians seemed more inclined to deepen than to solve the mystery. Early hints of Hitler's death given by them in Berlin were hastily retracted and Stalin, in Moscow, repeatedly declared that Hitler was alive, in Spain or Argentina. Then, in the autumn, the Russian authorities in Berlin accused the British of keeping Hitler alive in their Zone, for sinister purposes. It was then that the British chief of Intelligence in Germany decided that the mystery must be solved and invited me to solve it.

I began my enquiry at once. By questioning those who had left the Chancellery in the last planes before the city was cut off, and who had then been captured at Berchtesgaden, I built up a list of those whom they had left behind, and managed to trace a number of them. From them, and from a few documents seized with the "Doenitz Government" in Ploen, I was able to establish the essential facts; and on 1 November 1945 I made a formal report to the Four Power Intelligence Committee in Berlin. This was generally held to have settled the question. Hitler was not, like Martin Bormann (who had also disappeared), indicted *in absentia* at Nuremberg. But the Russians, who had ignored all requests for cooperation in my enquiry, remained obstinately non-committal. "Very interesting" was their only comment on my report.

At that time I had no idea of writing a book on the subject. Indeed, I considered that I was debarred from doing so, for I had merely carried out a military order. However, the following year, my commanding officer positively urged me to write the book and himself secured the necessary permission. So I wrote it, and dedicated it to him.

I shall not deny that I welcomed the suggestion. The enquiry had been exciting. I felt that I had lived through an historic moment. My wartime work had given me some qualifications. Since making my report, there had been new discoveries, in which I had played a part. I had traced, and finally discovered, some important documents, including two copies of Hitler's political and personal testaments, which had been smuggled out of the Bunker; the machinery of enquiry which I had mobilised had continued to produce evidence; and I had attended the Nuremberg Trials. But above all I was attracted by the extraordinary opportunity: the opportunity to write a book of contemporary history which I believed, if properly done, might last.

MOST WORKS of contemporary history do not—cannot—last long. The material available is necessarily incomplete. New documents will emerge and invalidate first deductions, and the context, and therefore the significance, of events may be transformed. But here the circumstances were special, even unique. Hitler's last days were spent enclosed in a beleaguered underground bunker. The witnesses were finite, the primary documents very few. Theoretically at least, the facts could be reconstructed without fear of later revision. Certain witnesses had indeed eluded me. Two, to my knowledge, were in Russian hands. So, no doubt, were others, but it was vain to hope for help there. However, I believed that, even without such witnesses, I had established the facts. The missing witnesses, if they should turn up, might add decorative detail. They would not alter the story.

So much for the facts; what of the presentation? Even during my enquiry, I was struck by the dramatic character of the story. Here was the leader of a revolutionary régime

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER *has often contributed to the pages of* ENCOUNTER. *Among his articles which provoked widespread discussion are: "Arnold Toynbee's Millennium" (June 1957), "A. J. P. Taylor, Hitler and the War" (July 1961) and "Witches and Witchcraft" (May and June 1967). The present article was part of a symposium of "personal re-evaluation" by European historians organised by the "Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung". Lord Dacre, as he now is, recently retired as Master of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, now lives in Oxfordshire.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Economics titles from the New
HARVESTER·WHEATSHEAF

The Retreat of the State
Deregulation and Privatisation in the UK and USA
DENNIS SWANN
'A most useful compendium of information and ideas, bringing together a mass of material which I have not seen so well-handled elsewhere. Students, journalists, financial writers and the casual reader will all find something of interest; and courses in industrial economics should have it on their reading lists.' *Len Shackleton*
368pp *Pb* 0 7450 1157 8 £10.95
Hb 0 7450 0152 1 £30.00 *Available*

The International Economic Order
Essays on Financial Crises and International Public Goods
CHARLES P. KINDLEBERGER
Bringing together a collection of Charles Kindleberger's most recent papers and essays (many of which are unavailable elsewhere) this book covers financial crises from 1720 to October 1987, and beyond.
256pp *Hb* 0 7450 0519 5 £25.00 *Available*

European Community Economics
T. HITIRIS
An up-to-date and comprehensive introduction to the policies of the EC, from CAP to the implications of 1992.
256pp *Hb* 0 7450 0366 4 £28.50 *Available*

Managing World Debt
STEPHANY GRIFFITH-JONES (ed.)
This book will be essential reading for all students, scholars and policy makers concerned with the international debt crisis, as well as those concerned with development economics, international economics and Latin America studies.
416pp *Hb* 0 7450 0327 3 £35.00 *Available*

Monopoly, Competition and the Law
The Regulation of Business Activity in Britain, Europe and America
TIM FRAZER
'This is an essential text for all students of business and competition policy, and a very useful reference for commercial lawyers and businessmen. Students on business degrees will find it particularly relevant, and it should stimulate interest in the problems created by market power, and the methods used in its control.' *John Agnew, Times Higher Education Supplement*
288pp *Hb* 0 7450 0444 X £39.95 *Available*

The Global Political Economy:
Perspectives, Problems and Policies
STEPEHN GILL/DAVID LAW
This comprehensive and innovative text will be essential reading for scholars and students working in international relations, internation economics, development studies, as well as international political economy.
356pp *Pb* 0 7450 0265 X £12.95
Hb 0 7450 0121 X £30.00 *Available*

66 Wood Lane End, Hemel Hempstead,
Hertfordshire HP2 4RG, England, UK

which had nearly conquered all Europe and seemed likely, at one time, to establish a new world-empire, reduced to a subterranean cell, awaiting final ruin, and yet still vaporising about victory, putting out proclamations, ordering phantom armies, and dictating "political testaments" which called for even greater sacrifices, preached eternal war against "World Jewry", and boasted—supreme effrontery—of his "twelve-year service" to the nation which he had ruined. Outside the Bunker, no one heeded these orders; and yet within that closed world he was still undisputed master. If he ordered men to be shot, they were shot. He prescribed his own funeral rites, and amid bombs and shell-fire they were punctually carried out. The situation was itself so dramatic, indeed bizarre, that it needed no rhetoric: it merely had to be set out, clearly, objectively, economically. Tacitus was my model: I would follow him.

Finally, there were judgments to be made, or implied. In time of war, passions are high and judgment is affected by them. As I was vain enough, and young enough, to believe that I could write a book that would be both immediate and historical, I resolved to view the events, though immediate and dramatic, from a detached, historical point of view. For this I believed that I had some preparation. After the Munich Agreement of 1938 I had read *Mein Kampf* in German ("the beginning of wisdom in international affairs", as Sir Robert Ensor had then written), and formed my own view of Hitler. I had had time to consider him in his historical context; I did not accept the current orthodoxy, or demonology; and I believed that my war-time experience had given me some insight into Nazism. For these reasons I pleased myself with the thought, the arrogant thought, perhaps the illusion, that I could write a book that would last, that would be read forty years later. This I resolved consciously to do.

Forty years later I look back on that book and that ambition with detachment. How far did I succeed in my aims of accuracy, of presentation, of judgment?

As far as accuracy of fact is concerned, I believe that the book stands firm. No new fact of any significance concerning those last ten days has emerged and no statement of fact by me has, I think, been refuted. After Stalin's death, his German prisoners were released from their Russian captivity. They included some of the witnesses whom I had sought in vain in 1945. Some other witnesses have also emerged from protective obscurity. I questioned several of these witnesses, and others have published their experiences, but none of them has modified the story as I told it. The only new conclusion that I drew from their evidence concerned the actions not of Hitler but of Stalin.

For it is now clear that the Russians had established the fact of Hitler's suicide long before their deliberately false accusations had caused me to duplicate their research in order to disprove them. Indeed, their commander-in-chief, Marshal Zhukov, had almost let the cat out of the bag when a sharp word from Moscow obliged him to shove it back and tighten the string. This history I recounted in the long introduction

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which I added to the third edition of my book in 1956, and which has appeared in all later editions. In retrospect I can see how inconvenient my enquiry had been to the Russian authorities in Germany and can understand their unwillingness to cooperate or comment. They knew the truth, but they had been ordered to suppress it and maintain a lie, which was now rebounding on them.

Questions of presentation are for others to assess, but I naturally ask myself whether I stand by my judgments. Judgments are more vulnerable than facts, and some of mine were thought novel at the time. On the whole, I am not dissatisfied with them, but there are reservations to be made.

My picture of Hitler's rule as not "totalitarian" but a jungle of satrapies is, I think, now allowed. I have been accused of having exalted Hitler, of having created a public image of him as the genius of National Socialism: indeed of being the prime author of that myth, almost the post-War successor of Dr Goebbels. This does not greatly disturb me. The orthodoxy of that time was that Hitler was a mere adventurer, an opportunist without any coherent philosophy, who had bamboozled his way to power and, for a time, victory. This doctrine was acceptable at the time, in both Britain and Germany, for different reasons. I consciously opposed it, nor can I change my opinion now. However criminal his methods, however barbarous his aims, however hard and vulgar his mind, it cannot be denied that Hitler, unlike any previous revolutionary dictator, commanded every stage of his revolution and controlled it from beginning to end. Without him the Nazi dictatorship is inconceivable. He gave it a consistent purpose and direction. If he had won his war—and he very nearly did—it is chastening to think how he would feature in the orthodox historiography of today. He cannot be written down. Criminality, barbarism, meanness of spirit are not incompatible with political genius. Political genius is not, in itself, an admirable quality.

It has also been said that I was seduced by Albert Speer. This charge, to some extent, I admit. In 1945 I interrogated several men who had served Hitler in his years of power, with slavish devotion. I found most of them despicable. In defeat, all human dignity (if they ever had any) had deserted them. How shall I ever forget the fawning, servile Dr Morell, the *Führer*'s personal physician, or the snivelling, cringing Dr Keppler, head of the *Freundeskreis des RfSS*, fund-raisers for Heinrich Himmler? And then I was faced by Speer, an educated man of obvious intelligence, who did not cringe or wring his hands or disown his past, but spoke rationally, clearly, openly, as if defeat and victory were mere accidents by which individual personality is not to be judged—as indeed, *per se*, they are. Speer attracted me by his apparent ability to look honestly on events, and on himself, and to measure, and admit, his own responsibility—or at least a large part of it.

Afterwards, as the evidence grew and I came to know Speer better, I was forced to modify my view of him. I then saw him as a highly intelligent man in whom the moral sense was atrophied by the fascination of tasted power. This appears, involuntarily, even in his own apologetic writings. It also came out in conversation with him after his release from Spandau. How, I asked myself, could this civilised man have endured to share a platform with Goebbels in the Berlin *Sportpalast* on 28 February 1943, to applaud that horrible rant against the Jews, and then to sit quietly with him in his home discussing, as professionals, his oratorical technique? In his memoirs, Speer mentions this episode but does not quote Goebbels's speech. After a day spent with him in Munich, I went to the *Institut für Zeitgeschichte* and read it as it was published at the time. I was nauseated by it. And there are worse things to which Speer turned a deaf ear, or a blind eye: the concentration camps, the slave labour, the Final Solution. However, I cannot go quite as far in revision as Herr Matthias Schmidt who, in his book *Albert Speer, das Ende eines Mythos*, allows his victim no extenuating qualities. *Corruptio optimi pessima*, and I did, after all, describe Speer, precisely because of this moral blindness, as "the real criminal of Nazi Germany".

With Himmler I feel on firmer ground. In the public orthodoxy of 1945, Himmler was a sadistic ogre. My portrait of him as an indecisive crackpot mystic, ruled by astrologers and masseurs, caused surprise. Sir Lewis Namier, an historian whom I admired, wrote to me that he was perplexed by it: ". . . if he was really as you describe him, the thing is even more horrible than if he had been a downright sadist. . . ." I think that later evidence has shown that he was indeed really as I described him. But Namier's other comment—that I had accepted Hermann Rauschning's statements too readily—was fair. Herr Wolfgang Hänel's searching criticism of Rauschning[1] has convinced me that I should have been more cautious in citing him.

Looking back on that book I see many incidental blemishes, but as they are incidental, I have not sought to remove them in later editions. Any book carries the signs of its date, with which it is a mistake to tinker: once published, let it take its chance. Finality of judgment is unattainable and revision merely distorts the form and may perhaps deaden the original freshness. Besides, who can ever say the last word on the Nazi experience? We can recount the facts, but there is a frightening mystery at the heart of it. My aim was to solve a particular problem, not that larger mystery, which will continue, perhaps usefully, to haunt us.

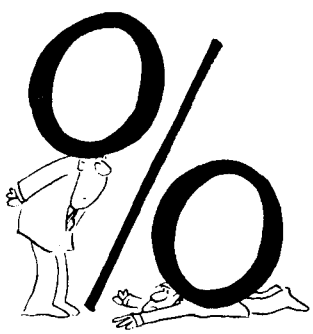
[1] Wolfgang Hänel, *Hermann Rauschnings Gespräche mit Hitler, eine Geschichtsfälschung* (Ingolstadt, 1984).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alfred Sherman

Economic Doctrines, Political Dilemmas

The Roots of the New Inflation



BRITAIN'S current monetary crisis caught participants and observers by surprise, not least those who had been compulsively and hopefully predicting a crisis of one sort or another for as long as one can remember. When it eventually came, it deceived again. For it was not "the crisis of Thatcherism" which had been predicted in apocalyptic terms even if the putative shape was very vague. On the contrary, the current crisis bears a marked family resemblance to earlier crises which have plagued post-War governments ever since bipartisan acceptance of the 1944 White Paper, which pledged government to maintain high and stable levels of employment without prior consideration of that undertaking's meanings and implications.

A variant of the familiar neo-Keynesian treadmill has reappeared. Interest rates, money supply, domestic prices, and trade deficit chase each other upward. That this chain-reaction should have gone unanticipated serves as a reminder that the outcome of economic theory cannot justify the certainties of its contemporary devotees and practitioners.

The first overt harbinger of crisis, the dispute between Prime Minister and Chancellor over interest-rate policy, was not understood as an indicator that the Government found itself in a dilemma, of which each protagonist perceived one horn only. Instead, Nigel Lawson's differences with Mrs Thatcher over interest-rate and exchange-rate policy attracted comment for their political piquancy, but it was at the expense of their much deeper implications for the economic philosophy which underlies this Government's policy. The most significant aspect is that, in spite of Mrs Thatcher's admonition that "You can't buck the market" and Mr Lawson's previous self-definition as "monetarist", both sides in the dispute rested their case on the common ground of orthodox Keynesian doctrine.[1]

SIR ALFRED SHERMAN *was closely associated with "the Thatcherite revolution" at its inception in the mid-'70s, and is an independent critical commentator.*

This raises crucial policy issues. Is it possible to speak and think in Keynesian terminology and doctrine without being plagued by the constraints and dilemmas bound up with them, and eventually being drawn to the expedients towards which they point? One may be sceptical regarding the epistemological validity of economic theory and its empirical justification. But so long as policy-makers and other decision-makers are moved by doctrines, whether explicit or implicit, we must go through the maze with them if we are to find a way out.

Number 10 argued for higher interest rates in order to curb inflation. This has been a staple of Keynesian "demand management" since the late 1940s, an indispensable element in what came to be known as "stop-go" (though it would be more accurately described as "go-stop"). Number 11 rested its case on the equally Keynesian thesis that high interest rates, however intrinsically desirable for their counter-inflationary properties, were ruled out because they would raise the value of sterling, thereby decreasing exports, increasing imports, and thus creating unemployment.

So both wrestled with one horn of the dilemma; and therefore both were equally right in their critique of the other's arguments. For their dilemma cannot be resolved within the terms of Keynesian analysis and policy, for reasons which were once common ground between Mrs Thatcher and Mr Lawson. First, the Keynesian analysis is flawed *ab initio*; secondly, no monetary policy can succeed in facilitating growth and employment unless the State's appropriation of resources is cut back. In other words, the exclusively monetary option is out—if indeed it was ever in.

I must remind readers that what is commonly called "the Thatcher Revolution" owes its intellectual and political origins to calling into question interest-rate manipulation, and the Keynesian demand-management of which it was a staple. At that time, those who dared to do so were vehemently denounced as "monetarists". That epithet, too, must be called into question as part of neo-Keynesian agit-prop.

The term "monetarism" was originally coined by Karl Brun-

[1] In respect for historical accuracy and in fairness to the late Keynes, it should be called "neo-Keynesian", since large parts were added after his death, and his caveats have been compulsively ignored. But similar objections might be raised to the use of terms like "Christian . . . Marxist . . . Buddhist . . .", etc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ner to distinguish Milton Friedman from Maynard Keynes, on the grounds that Keynes gave primacy to the demand for money and Friedman to its supply. Brunner's logic was flawed, since both gave primacy to money. Indeed, in so far as "monetarism" can be taken to mean excessive emphasis on the role of money in economic theory and policy, putting money in the centre of the frame, Lord Keynes was the father of modern monetarism, and Professor Friedman a dissenting second-generation monetarist.

The misnomer caught on for psycho-political reasons. It was seized on and brandished by addicts of the Keynesian panacea against all who dared question it. Its potency derived from adventitious emotional overtones, implying that critics of the Keynesian elixir were motivated by attachment to money, the root of all evil, "putting money before people . . . using unemployment as a weapon . . . grinding the faces of the poor", etc. For years it successfully deterred politicians from questioning Keynesian orthodoxies.

Had Sir Keith (now Lord) Joseph not braved that obloquy —to quote Mrs Thatcher—"the Thatcher revolution" would never have taken place, as she has frequently reaffirmed. Joseph first lent political respectability to rejection of the Keynesian myth in his 1974 Upminster and Preston speeches, whose side-effect was to undermine Edward Heath and thereby pave the way for the ascendancy of Mrs Thatcher.

Joseph's definitive critique of the interest-rate technique of demand-management on both theoretical and empirical grounds was made two years later.[2] By that time he had risen from dissident Shadow-Cabinet member without portfolio in mid-1974 to third in Shadow-Cabinet order of precedence, with overall responsibility for policy. He pointed out that five successive Keynesian squeezes which artificially raised interest rates above the market-clearing rate—under Stafford Cripps, R. A. Butler, Selwyn Lloyd, Roy Jenkins, and Denis Healey—had caused the public sector, largely immune from squeezes, to grow while the private sector shrank.

Still more perturbing, Keith Joseph showed that inside the nominally private sector the incidence of the squeeze was uneven. It fell most heavily on the independent, or "exposed-market" segment of the private sector. Its impact tended to be less severe on the protected segment of the private sector, whether it enjoyed this relative immunity from competition thanks to geography or to government policies. The squeeze's impact was least felt by the dependent segment of the private sector, i.e., firms which provided goods or services for the state, local government and nationalised industries, and large firms which enjoyed government subsidies thanks to the combined political muscle of management and unions. (Firms from the dependent segment could often pass the higher interest-costs on to the elastic budgets of their State customers, clients, or patrons.)

The effectiveness of interest-rate control as an economic regulator had been accepted unquestioningly by Keynesians and many of their critics, whatever their other misgivings. But theory and empirical evidence alike call it into question. Interest is a major cost to private firms and households, and finds its way directly and rebarbatively into all indices. Only thorough empirical studies could tell us whether the overall effect of interest-rate increases at any given time caused upward or downward pressure on price levels (and if so, by how much).

Nor is the resource-cost of the use of interest-rate policy as a regulator taken into account. When the rate of interest is raised above its market-clearing price in furtherance of macro-economic policy—thereby sucking in money from abroad—the excess interest becomes a real unrequited transfer of British resources to overseas lenders. Above-market interest rates also increase the cost of servicing the national debt and local-government debt, increasing rates and taxes which in turn affect the Retail Price Index, wage-demands, and other industrial costs.

High interest rates further depressed the competivity of British industrial firms, already squeezed between the taxmen and the shop stewards. This has been a major cause of the de-capitalisation and de-industrialisation which were already evident by the late 1960s (though, thanks to the re-writing of history, it is now stridently blamed on Thatcherite "monetarism").

In addition to demonstrating the down-side of interest-rate squeezes, Keith Joseph warned against the simplistic belief that Government could check inflation by "controlling the money supply". This, he showed, was simply the obverse of Keynesian demand-management.

> "Monetary contraction in a mixed economy strangles the private sector, contracts with it, and reduces its take from the national income."

In other words, a Keynesian squeeze is made no less lethal by a garnishing of Friedmanite rhetoric. Joseph warned that many who accepted the title of "Monetarist" shared a basic conceptual weakness with Keynesian monetarism—in that both schools placed money in the centre of the analytical and policy framework, instead of treating it as a link in a wider chain of cause-and-effect. This had created the false dilemma between inflation and stagnation, leading both eventually to "inflationary recession".

Money is simply a transmission mechanism and a reflection of the movement of real resources. It follows that if the pattern of resource-use was distorted, no conceivable monetary policy could succeed. Whether they squeezed or reflated, governments would remain impaled on the horns of the dilemma they themselves had created by their excessive take of resources and by their attempts to offset its depressive effects through deficit financing and monetary buoyancy. If the Government used monetary policy to hold the money supply down to levels considered necessary to "bite", employers would echo Labour's screams for easier money, lower interest rates, and additional public-sector purchases of private-sector goods and services—even if the eventual result would be to exert an additional resource-squeeze on them, just as thirsty men drink sea-water. But when the Govern-

[2] In his Stockton Lecture to the London Business School, published by the Centre for Policy Studies, with annotations and a commendatory foreword by Mrs Thatcher, as *Monetarism Is Not Enough*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment responded to their appeals for easier money, hyper-inflation would be just around the corner.

It followed that salvation did not lie in monetary manipulation, in "fine-tuned" tacking between Scylla and Charybdis, but in removing the worst distortions which successive governments had created in the resource-balance.

FUTURE HISTORIANS, not least historians of ideas, will be at pains to explain why economists, politicians, and others accustomed to the concept of "value-added" were unable to fashion the conceptual tool of "value-subtracted", even though they could see it happening around them. If adding value is the objective of economic activity, subtracting value has been a major result of Government intervention, in the sense that the input (in the nationalised and subsidised work-simulation and export-for-exports' sake sectors) is larger than its output.

This makes nonsense of a monetary policy which assumes added, or at least equivalent value . . . and then wonders why, in spite of monetary control, prices rise. It also makes nonsense of the Keynesian-inspired "National Accounts", which equate National Product with National Income (given adjustments for taxes, etc.). Historians will also wonder why the keen intellect of Keynes, which was able to refute Say's Law by the simple act of questioning it, could not recognise or draw the implications of value-subtraction.

What were the negative results which sprang from what was called employment creation? Here was an inbuilt paradox. Aid was given on political, not economic grounds. It went to large firms because of the political impact of the numbers of jobs at stake, the political strength of the highly unionised, capital-intensive firms who had on their boards ex-civil servants and ex-politicians who knew their way round Whitehall. This meant highest investment per job in fixed and working capital, hence highest deficit per job, at the expense of private firms which absorbed much lower fixed and working capital per job (and which, were it not for taxation and crowding out, would remain competitive, and even grow and expand employment). Job-saving and job-creation inexorably drew resources away from the more efficient firms in order to subsidise or create less efficient ones, where subsidies per worker could actually be several times as large as his actual take-home pay.

So, for every job created or preserved in British Leyland, Chrysler, British Rail, Steel, Shipbuilding, etc., several were lost in the more efficient and basically healthy small and medium private firms which can provide far more employment per unit of capital. *The survival of the unfittest* was imposed in the name of Industrial Policy, and unemployment was created at great expense in the name of Employment.

Yet, as we know, the incoming Conservative government did *not* stop the growth of state expenditure (including the nationalised dinosaurs), let alone cut them back. Back in ministerial office at Industry, Sir Keith, who had become a lion in opposition, allowed his Department and other forces to cozen him into continuing these policies (as do his successors to this day, in spite of differences in style and rhetoric). In addition, there are good reasons for arguing that state-sector expenditure, as defined by Joseph then, is considerably *larger* than the statistics would suggest. Joseph's 1976 warning—that if resource allocation is wrong no monetary policy can contain it—proved prophetic.

My critique of Keynesian demand-management should not be read as preference for the other horn of the Keynesian dilemma: exchange-rate management. This is equally open to question both in theory and in light of practice.

The Confederation of British Industry's establishment's plaint that "the high pound" makes their products uncompetitive should be taken with a large pinch of coarse sea-salt. However low the pound is, they will always complain that it is "too high". There are two explanations for this. First, they are uncompetitive for a whole range of reasons (some their fault, others not). I can remember Sir Michael Edwardes blaming British Leyland's disastrous automotive performance on "the high pound". Yet the curve of BL's decline shows no correlation at all with the pound's ups-and-downs, and was easily forecast when BL was created by Tony Benn to save the trade-union shop-stewardry from the consequences of its own ruinous behaviour.[3]

Secondly, our captains of industry have a style of logic which is disturbingly primitive. A lower pound would make them more competitive only if all other prices and costs remained the same. But a lower pound ineluctably raises import costs and hence internal price-levels. It ends by leaving them as uncompetitive as before, and crying out for yet further devaluation.

By and large, as common sense would have predicted, the British balance-of-payments has remained stable within a fairly wide band—given the import surplus generated by oil revenues. Inasmuch as the equation falters, it is often thanks to the self-inflicted worsening of Britain's terms of trade with the rest of the world imposed by membership of the European Common Agricultural Policy. A falling dollar or rising sterling makes British exports dearer in both dollars and European currencies, but the corresponding compensation in the form of cheaper agricultural imports from the USA and the rest of the world is denied to Britain thanks to the CAP.

The reasons why the Government unlearned its 1976 wisdom and failed to curb state expenditure await adequate elucidation. The quest must take one, I feel, beyond traditional political science into the realms of cognition, political culture, and epistemology. Mrs Thatcher proclaimed in her foreword to *Monetarism Is Not Enough* that the tide of opinion had finally turned against Keynesian error, and that the new awareness which owed much to Keith Joseph had become common ground between Government and Opposition. That seemed to be true at the time. Indeed, in one sense, it was. Yet Keith Joseph's ideas, however logical, do not seem to have been internalised and absorbed into the structure of beliefs, values, and perceived interests even of Conservatives, let alone of Britain's influential civil servants. People may assent to an idea without its shaping their assimilation of facts and deter-

[3] See *BL: A Study in Frustration*, by Trevor Morse (Policy Search, 1984), for a review of promises and forecasts which were bound to deceive.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mination of policy. This consideration in itself is not new (Ortega y Gasset made these points very well in his philosophical essays). I once equated the Conservatives who had embraced the new doctrines with what I had read about Pagans who adopted Christianity quite sincerely, yet continued to act out their old beliefs. The wholly irrational Keynesian creed could not have succeeded in dominating Western thoughtways for decades, in face of cogent refutation, had it not reached down and met emotional or psychological needs below the surface of consciousness. Cool economic logic, which admits both its own limitations and those of government, does not meet these needs. True, there are variants of "Market Economics" which generate a crusading zeal among their supporters. But they do so only at the cost of generating a utopianism which easily becomes the obverse of Keynesian or Socialist varieties, and in effect makes them a variant.

Economists have become increasingly interventionist *de jure* or *de facto* ever since economics evolved from a discipline to a profession and auxiliary of government, losing its erstwhile intellectual curiosity and conforming to client expectations. Economists will damn each other's schools, and in some cases rival economists; but they herd together for self-protection when their presumption to predictive and prescriptive powers is questioned. One can sympathise with their predicament. When some clergymen turn to agnosticism, they can find a new role through Socialism or through liberation theology. But what can an agnostic macro-economist do? If he answers the quest for advice by admitting ignorance—or suggesting that matters be left to their own devices—his advice will not be sought for long. Hence their symbiosis with the Civil Service and other state bureaucracies has proceeded apace.

The Civil Service, for its part, remained unconverted, though it did not argue, relying instead on "propaganda of the deed". Inasmuch as circumstances determine consciousness, the civil servants had as much to lose as economists, if not more, from the new ideas—since "High Thatcherism" would have made large sections of the Treasury, Cabinet Office, and Trade & Industry redundant. Imagine trying to convince an Aztec high priest that his ministrations were unnecessary to the sun's motions.

It was only natural that the Treasury should accept the crisis as vindication, and begin un-mothballing weapons which had lain idle in their arsenal. The first to be brandished was credit control. Writing in the journal of the National Institute of Economic and Social Research—the Treasury and Bank at thought—an ultra-Keynesian refugee from the Treasury called for it, and this was taken up by media and politicians. He admitted that credit control had never succeeded in the past, but argued characteristically that if it were tried again they might find some way of making it work. His implicit argument is that once a monetary squeeze is imposed on the private sector to cure inflation which is actually a government's doing, the same path beckons inexorably. They would not lack supporters among unreconstructed corporatists at all levels inside the Conservative Party. Divided counsels in Cabinet would give the Civil Service its opportunity.

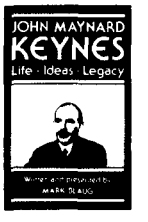
NEW VIDEO

NEW IEA DOCUMENTARY VIDEO FILM

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

Life · Ideas · Legacy

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED BY PROFESSOR MARK BLAUG



Part I: YOUTH, PEACE AND MARRIAGE Part II: UNEMPLOYMENT AND *THE GENERAL THEORY*
Part III: THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. KEYNES

John Maynard Keynes (1883-1946) is widely regarded as the most influential economist of the Twentieth Century and certainly the most controversial. This IEA documentary video looks at his intellectual roots in Cambridge, at his colourful personal life and at his long public career as an adviser to governments. Among his principal writings, the film examines the origins and central message of his 'revolutionary' book *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936). The programme concludes with an assessment of Keynes' place in the development of economic thought and an evaluation of the legacy of 'Keynesian Economics' made with candid vigour by a panel of distinguished economists including five Nobel Laureates.

Scholars appearing include:
Robert Skidelsky, University of Warwick and Keynes' biographer; **Donald Moggridge,** University of Toronto and editor of *The Collected Writings of John Maynard Keynes* on behalf of the Royal Economic Society; **Milo Keynes,** nephew of J. M. Keynes – editor, *Essays on John Maynard Keynes;* **George Rylands CH,** Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; **James Buchanan,** George Mason University; **Milton Friedman,** Hoover Institution, Stanford University; **Frank Hahn,** University of Cambridge; **F. A. Hayek CH,** formerly of the London School of Economics and the Universities of Chicago and Freiburg; **Paul Samuelson,** Massachusetts Institute of Technology; **James Tobin,** Yale University; **Sir Alan Walters,** Johns Hopkins University.

MARK BLAUG, writer and presenter of KEYNES: LIFE, IDEAS, LEGACY, is Professor Emeritus at the University of London and Consultant Professor of Economics at the University of Buckingham. His numerous books include *Economic Theory in Retrospect* (4th edn., 1985), and *Economic History and the History of Economics* (1986).

© IEA MCMLXXXVIII
World Rights Reserved

Running time: 60 minutes **PRICE: £75 + carriage & VAT** (overseas prices on application)

Produced by Diverse Production Limited, London for
The Institute of Economic Affairs
IEA Video Catalogue on request

Available from the exclusive distributor of IEA videos:
Guild Sound and Vision Ltd
6 Royce Road Peterborough PE1 5YB England

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is well fitted to do so. The growth of government has strengthened it *vis-à-vis* most other groups in the ruling strata, and the Whitehall sub-culture has excelled in self-protection. As far back as 1975, I tried to convince my patrons that the Civil Service—not the trade unions or the balance-of-payments—would be their main problem, and that the structure of party, state, and political action needed to be re-examined. I failed to do so for a number of reasons, which would bear tracing some time. One was that the politicians' perception of the structure of government was legalistic-formalistic, and left no room for the concept of sub-culture or for a contemporary-historical assessment of the effect of the growth of the scope of government on its shape, not least the role of the Civil Service in shaping events.

In 1976, Sir Keith rightly said that it would "require strong nerves" to make cuts of sufficient magnitude in public spending and to tackle what he called the glaring economic irrationalities in economic policy to a point where the monetary dilemma would be obviated. But even the strongest of nerves is not enough by itself. Would anyone consider that Margaret Thatcher lacked strong nerve? We have yet to resolve the paradox whereby Mrs Thatcher, depicted by admirers, opponents, and enemies alike as an autocrat dominating her Ministers as no one had done since William Pitt, has been unable to realise so many of her objectives, including those spelt out in *Monetarism* and in her foreword to it.

In a society where for the past hundred years government has been geared to expanding its remit, reversing or even halting this trend would require new economic and political techniques no less than sheer will. The intellectual curiosity, ingenuity, innovativeness, commitment and stamina which are required for advances at the frontiers of science and technology are equally necessary to provide instruments for political reform. We need a new economics and politics of disengagement.

But who will provide them? Neither side in the Downing street neighbours' skirmish sought confrontation. It was spontaneously generated by the dilemmas which resulted from their commissions and omissions. There is every likelihood that before the run-up to the next election these will intensify. I wonder whether there will not emerge a choice between a return to the *status quo ante* Thatcher and Joseph or a second Thatcherite revolution. If it were possible to fudge indefinitely, then fudging would be a virtue.

It is the pressure of events which will force a resolution one way or the other. There is an analogy to hand. Before, during and after the 1987 Election, Mrs Thatcher and her Ministers decided that reform of the National Health Service, though desirable on economic and health grounds, would create a political hornets' nest and therefore had to be postponed *sine die*. Hence, "The NHS is safe in our hands". It was a subsequent spontaneous upsurge of discontent in which health providers' organisations, opposition parties, and the media interacted which persuaded Mrs Thatcher that her party had more to lose electorally by doing nothing than by confronting the problem. By the same token, the interplay of elemental economic forces may exert comparable pressures on politico-economic thinking before 1989 is out, and give compelling force to Keith Joseph's memorable declaration that Keynes is dead.

Which brings us full circle to the crux—the will to think incisively on major policy issues. All government intervention presupposes agreed concepts of causality. The neo-Keynesian version of neo-classical economics with its various accretions, e.g. Beveridge and the 1944 White Paper, constitutes one such conceptual framework which stands or falls in its entirety. What came to be called "Thatcherite economics" never developed into a coherent school. It was most definite in what it rejected, and for the rest was an eclectic and often implicit collection of ideas from various non-Keynesian neo-classical schools. This was one reason why de-Keynesianisation was little more than skin-deep, another being political and institutional pressures for "employment creation" and "job-saving".

A third cause was the reluctance to engage in formal theoretical discussion. Conference platforms and parliamentary debates are not good venues for exposition of cause and effect, probabilities, uncertainties, and trade-offs. One could no more expect applause at the annual conference for a defence of "Say's Law" or a critique of "the Multiplier theory" than one could for an exposition of the second law of thermodynamics. When public discussions of economic issues are conducted mainly, or exclusively, in rhetorical mode, the edge of thought is blunted. Given the political and institutional framework, the trite overall level of media comment and heavy dependence on City economists who are exclusively money-oriented—whether along Keynesian or Friedmanite lines—the result has been a new syncretism in which Keynesian and non-Keynesian concepts co-exist, which Mrs Thatcher prophetically warned against in her introduction to *Monetarism Is Not Enough*.

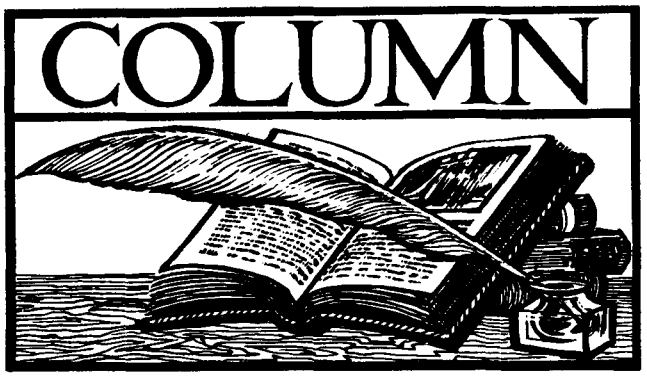
This syncretism has been embodied in a so-called "monetarism" which was basically a non-Keynesian squeeze with Friedmanite rhetoric. It was epitomised by the Chancellor's statement in his 1987 Budget speech:

> "The debate about monetary and fiscal policy should now be over."

This was an unusual statement to have come from one of the more intellectual members of the Government, and can be faulted on any number of grounds. First (as I have argued), various admixtures of neo-Keynesian, pre-Keynesian, post-Keynesian, Friedmanite, and Marxoid economic views prevail. Secondly, as the difference between the Chancellor and Prime Minister demonstrated, even within what is regarded as a single camp, diametrically opposite policy conclusions can be drawn.

The debate on monetary and fiscal policy can *never* be over, least of all when government in this country, as in most of the world, dominates economic life without any coherent conceptual framework within which to exercise these powers. The tiff between Number 10 and Number 11 and the current interest-rate crisis are expressions of this underlying antinomy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"WORDS ARE wise men's counters: they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools." And of journalists, Thomas Hobbes might have added. His distrust of words was very British. Words, it used to be said, were what excited Middle-Easterners; ideas moved Continental Europeans; but Anglo-Saxons cared only for facts.

Scratch a fact, however, and you find any number of fancies. Hobbes's own extreme nominalism—tending to deny the reality of abstractions—involved him in contradictions, acknowledging common elements, for example, among things bearing the same name. His remark about money, likewise, is more complex than it seems. In the classical definition, money is a unit of account as well as a medium of exchange and a store of value. Nor is its value intrinsic: it depends on social convention. So, in some societies or circumstances (e.g. a casino), counters may well serve as cash. What's more, words, too, can be as effective as money; so true pragmatists ought to admit them as facts. They work, therefore they are. "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me?" Tell that to a psychiatrist or a libel lawyer.

Or to a British politician talking about Europe. "Airy-fairy" rhetoric, we're told, is characteristic of Continental references to the future of the European Community. Britain will have none of it: she wants to take practical steps towards a single common market by the end of 1992. True, there must still be frontier controls, to make things harder for terrorists and drug-peddlers; but the larger market is the aim—not, for heaven's sake, a United States of Europe, still less a European Federation.

I don't think that I'm traducing the tenor of Mrs Thatcher's recent speeches about Europe; and I feel sure, as she does, that they express the consensus of a majority of those British citizens who have never thought very hard about how a modern state works or what form the European Community might eventually take. As an off-the-cuff reaction, they even have a certain value, highlighting matters long debated on the Continent, and provoking counter-assertions even in Britain itself.

That said, the current state of British controversy about Europe is still deplorably primitive and potentially misleading. On the one hand, it offers inaccurate stereotypes; on the other, unanalysed words.

Take the stereotypes first. One concerns Britain; the other, Britain's picture of the future European Community. Both seem to me demonstrably wrong.

The cliché image of Britain, especially under the present Government, is of a highly centralised nation-state. The Opposition parties, in particular, accuse Mrs Thatcher of emasculating local democracy and trying to dismantle locally controlled education—by "rate-capping" (putting ceilings on local taxation) and allowing schools to "opt out" of municipal control. There certainly seems some colour in the accusations. The Government, like many of its citizens, has long resented the antics of some local authorities, elected by a derisory fraction of potential voters, and spending ratepayers' money on eccentric hare-brained projects and inflated bureaucratic staff.

It may be true, then, that Britain is now becoming more centralised. But local government's responsibilities and aspirations expanded considerably between the 1930s and the 1980s—without a corresponding expansion in most people's understanding of how it worked. Hence the low voting turnout; hence the lack of a general popular outcry at the Government's plans.

Yet, whatever the degree and direction of shifts between central and local control in Britain, the reality of the national political system is quite different from the "pyramid" picture that many people keep in the back of their minds—with the Prime Minister, at the head of a Government backed by a huge majority in the House of Commons, exercising what some have called "elected dictatorship".

In the Cabinet and Cabinet Committees, Prime Ministerial control is certainly strengthened by patronage: but it can never be absolute. Power-broking is part of the process; and the Treasury, in particular, wields considerable influence. In the House of Commons, especially with a large majority, groundswells of rebellion can deflect the Government and modify its policies. Within the Civil Service, alliances and nobbling are by no means unknown. Lobbies and pressure groups work at all levels, in Whitehall as well as Westminster: the press has an input too. The whole system, in other words, is far more complicated and sensitive than any organigram; and the organigram itself includes an independent judiciary and some very peculiar constitutional arrangements for Northern Ireland—part of the United Kingdom, but without the UK's political parties and electoral régime. Only in the last resort, in emergencies, and with a great deal of resolute assertion and hassle, does the "pyramid" model prevail.

YET THAT IS WHAT many Britons—including perhaps the Prime Minister—regard as the day-to-day norm, operative already in the United Kingdom, and to be dreaded in a united Europe. All member States of the European Community tend to see it in what they take to be their own image: France and Britain as centralised, Belgium as mercantile, Italy as highly politicised, Germany as federal, and so on. Britain, it was once said, regarded Europe as a continent-wide Welfare State, to be tapped for financial benefits—an unworthy slur. But, with the "pyramid" image haunting their nightmares, many British people fear a centralised European State.

No one with experience of the present Community's institutions could see this as anything but incalculably remote. The Commission, with its famous "Brussels bureaucracy",

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

although admittedly independent of the member Governments, is little more than an advisory think-tank; and its "Eurocracy" is no bigger than the staff of the Scottish Office. The European Parliament, despite its name and ambitions, is no more than a minor participant in the Community's legislative procedure: its one great power—to dismiss the Commission—has never yet been used. The real legislative body is the Council of Ministers, on which every member Government has a seat, a weighted vote, and in many cases a veto. Only the Court of Justice fully lives up to its analogy with the US Supreme Court; and its mandate is limited to matters pertaining to the Community Treaties and to the implementation of laws which the member Governments themselves have jointly enacted.

True, there are plans to strengthen the Community's institutions. Some such strengthening has already been accomplished by the Governments through their Single European Act, passed in 1986. Among other things, this gave a full legal basis to European Political Cooperation—the coordination of the member States' foreign policies. Various would-be reformers, in France and elsewhere, have suggested ways of more closely linking Political Cooperation with the Community's economic integration, and with efforts at defence cooperation in Western European Union. But none of these projects is notably ambitious, and any which hoped to succeed would have to run the gauntlet of twelve national Governments' scrutiny, amendment, and (unlikely) approval. For the foreseeable future, therefore, the European Community is set to remain a complex mixture of international cooperation, economic merging, and independent advice. The ghost of "supranationality", that shibboleth of the 1950s, has finally been laid to rest. No one, now, believes in a Government of Europe lording it over the Community's ancient member States.

Even in the 1950s, indeed, such a notion was out of touch with reality. The "High Authority" of the European Coal and Steel Community, forerunner of the present Community, wielded a few "supranational" powers: like the present Commission, for instance, it could take Governments to Court. But such powers were severely limited—and they had been delegated to it by the Governments themselves, in terms carefully spelled out by Treaty. In practice, the High Authority only once tried to behave "supranationally". That was enough to convince it that the fruitful path was that of cooperation with Governments, very much on the lines of the Commission's mandate and behaviour.

Yet, at that time, the Community's founder and the High Authority's first President, Jean Monnet, undoubtedly talked and wrote about "the United States of Europe"—one of the expressions apparently so alarming in British ears and eyes. As I myself then put it, "This phrase, like most political slogans, has the double advantage of being at once spirited and imprecise: it affords verbal shelter for both the federalist lion and the internationalist lamb." "United" might mean no more than it does in "United Nations"; the "States", unlike those of the American union, could well be the nation-states of yore.

Today, few Europeans use the formula—partly, no doubt, because, it evokes false comparisons with the United States of America. Europe's nations are too deep-rooted to welcome comparison with, say, Texas or California, let alone Maine or Delaware. The new bogey-word creeping into the discussion of Europe's future is "federal"; and this, though to some a powerful negative *gri-gri*, is far more interesting, partly because so much more precise.

Federalism: A Dirty Word? is the provocative title of a brief and illuminating study by Michael Burgess, published earlier this year by the Federal Trust for Education and Research, a London-based think-tank.[1] Implicit in it is the admission that, yes, "federalism" is a fright-word for the British, although they at one time exported federal systems to Australia, Canada, India, Nigeria, and Malaysia. Michael Burgess believes that the taboo arose from the association of federal ideas with declining world power in the late 19th century and after, when federation was seen as a possible solution both to Irish separatism and to Imperial restiveness. Snatched at as a device for retaining links soon to be severed, it was unlikely to appeal as a grappling-iron to link Britain with its continental neighbours—especially when federalism was mistakenly seen as involving subordination to a central, "federal" power.

[1] *Federalism: A Dirty Word? Federalist Ideas and Practice in the British Political Tradition.* By Michael Burgess. Federal Trust Working Papers No. 2 (Federal Trust for Education and Research, Europe House, 1 Whitehall Place, London SW1A 2DA), £2.50.

ENCOUNTER
Christmas claret offer

France has not been slow to respond to unaccustomed competition from Australia and New Zealand. The petits Chateaux of Bordeaux in particular are perhaps better value now than they have ever been. A succession of excellent vintages has led to a stabilising of prices and a wealth of good wine. The two wines we have chosen show what the best of the petits Chateaux can produce.

We are confident that these two wines will restore your faith in Bordeaux — that is if you ever lost it.

6 Bottles Chateau Paradis Casseuil 1983 A.C @ £4.62
(ripe fruit, perfect balance, long complex cedary finish)

6 Bottles Chateau Paradis Bordeaux Superieur 1985 @ £4.10
(50%/50% Merlot/Cabernet Sauvignon blend, giving a ripe fruity taste and a firm, balanced structure)

Total price, incl. VAT £52.32
***£49.80 for orders received before 15 December**

Cheques payable to Encounter
Telephone orders by credit card (Amex, Access) accepted.

Order from Encounter, 44 Great Windmill Street, London W1V 7PA. Tel: 01-434 3063.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The expression in which most British people come across the term, after all, is "Federal Bureau of Investigation": they see the FBI as an arm of central Government—no encouragement to investigate more deeply what it means.

Admittedly, as Michael Burgess recalls, there were some distinguished federalist scholars at work in Britain during the first half of this century. Their writings, paradoxically, influenced some of the Continental Europeans who later championed the European Community which Britain initially refused to join: a story which I hope to recount in detail before long.[2] One such scholar was Professor K. C. Wheare, who in 1943 published a brief and brilliant pamphlet, "What Federal Government Is".[3]

> "In a federal system the functions of government are divided in such a way that the relationship between the legislature which has authority over the whole territory and those legislatures which have authority over parts of the territory is not the relationship of superior to subordinates as is the relationship of the Parliament at Westminster to the Parliament at Stormont [in Northern Ireland], but is the relationship of co-ordinate partners in the governmental process . . . authorities which are in no way subordinate one to another either in the extent or in the exercise of their allotted functions."

So much for the fear of "supranationality". "Federalism", Wheare went on, "provides for this desire for co-operation in some things coupled with a determination to be separate in others."

An obvious essential, Wheare pointed out, was a written constitution which neither the federal government nor the States governments could amend alone. There would also have to be a supreme Court, and financial resources for both federal and State authorities, neither once again being subordinate to the other. Few existing Governments, he added, were "completely" federal—and "not necessarily the worse for that". In any case, the success of a federal arrangement "depends upon an enormous patience and an enormous capacity for compromise among the statesmen who work it". "Our greatest difficulties", he concluded, "come not from those who prefer a unitary government for Europe to a federal government for Europe, but from those who do not believe that any form of *government*, strictly so called, for Europe is possible or desirable. The real obstacle for us is the supporter of the sovereign independent state."

PRESCIENT WORDS, 45 years ago. Plenty of people in Britain still support "the sovereign independent state". The tragedy is that, if it ever existed, it is now deeply compromised, to say the least. Writing in a new study for the Royal Institute of International Affairs at Chatham House, its Chairman Christopher Tugendhat and its Deputy Director William Wallace paint a bleak, realistic picture of what "sovereign independence" now means for Britain.[4]

> "There is now a structural contradiction, not only between the logic of international industrial and economic integration and the national framework of popular loyalty and democratic accountability . . . , but also between the increasing integration of defence and security policies and the underlying rationale of the nation-state. The force of this contradiction has not yet filtered through to the British electorate. . . .
>
> The political obstacles to this are high: they involve governments admitting to their electors that they have lost effective sovereignty, and that they must either seek to re-establish political controls in combination with others on a Europe-wide basis or accept that Britain now looks forward to ever-decreasing influence over its own future. But the costs of avoiding a choice will also be high, beginning with an increasing degree of unreality about the domestic debate on British foreign policy. The greater the extent of popular understanding of the constraints under which the national government now operates, the greater the chances of mobilizing the support necessary for the successful pursuit of British interests through the intricate processes of multilateral bargaining which will characterise foreign policy in the 1990s."

The language is guarded: but what it implies would seem to be the mixture of checks and balances—"political controls in common with others on a Europe-wide basis"—that mark "the intricate processes" of a quasi-federal system. Why be afraid of the word? Without some such system, real power in these islands, lulled by the illusion of national sovereign independence, might well turn out to be, as Thomas Hobbes so nearly put it, "solitary, poor, nasty, British, and short."

M

---

[2] A study entitled *The Pioneers* is due out next year.

[3] K. C. Wheare, "What Federal Government is". Political Problems in the Construction of a new Europe, in Patrick Ransome (ed.), *Studies in Federal Planning* (1943).

[4] *Options for British Foreign Policy in the 1990s*. By CHRISTOPHER TUGENDHAT and WILLIAM WALLACE. Royal Institute of International Affairs/Routledge, £6.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Poems by Frank Redpath

Selling Up, 1939

Take three, the auctioneer said, stuck at one and six:
By threepenny bits the bid climbed on
To two and threepence. Baffling, that: why, in
A rational world should taking shorter steps
Walk you beyond a crest you'd balk at jumping to?
Another adult mystery. All through

A busy, dust-in-sunlight afternoon
He worked on through the list. Short, sinewy men
Made off with sideboards, rolls of lino; when
The selling stopped they played the sort of scene
You get before the opera proper starts:
Peasants at market, thronging, loading carts

With stuff already piled outside. But in this show
The principal was not booked to appear.
She'd gone before Lot One. Her rooms stripped clear
And settling down to silence, someone would go
Around outside, lock front and back on vacancy,
Put on his clips, and pedal home to tea.

How could I know about her? When I found—
Set free to root around in drawers we'd bought—
A Genuine Cornish Piskey Joan the Wad, I thought
The charm would bring good fortune, showed it round
To all my envious friends. It never struck
Me someone else had bought it for good luck

And, maybe, didn't find it, maybe took short steps
Past what she could afford, hoping that life
Would notice what she offered, found a knife
Where she had hoped for spoons. Perhaps
She went on bidding past her balance, never told
That what she bid for was already sold,

And ended, gone into a Home, by selling up,
Or being sold, not being there, leaving behind
A brooch, nine carat, with "Mizpah" outlined
In seed-pearls, many missing; and a cup
Labelled "Torbay", to say some long-gone sun
Once shone, before dispersion had begun.

Conclusions

"The evil stumble and fall
And die in strange places." Or so
It's told at one in the lonely
As the late-night TV show
Murders its villain and ends.

Or else, "I love you." "And I
Love you", and the camera's winched
Away, to leave them tiny
In a miles-wide, fourteen inch
Forever of flowers and light.

Don't laugh. Such certainties
Are comfort when stairs and the dark
Beckon, and unwashed cups
Are all you can pledge to mark
Some sort of faith in tomorrow.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And, outside all, the night
Aches over Humberside
As a wind made of empty tins
And iron roofing rides
Bare-arsed by rusting docks

Where all you can learn is life
Is mostly leaving behind
Things you had wit to start
But never could finish, to find
More things, whose meaning you
Can't fathom or know to be true.

Wading

Walking into the sea, you leave behind
That joke processional:
The hot-sand slither, the comic prancing
Over the pebble belt, and then the cool
Suck-footed plod across the beer-frothed, rinsing
Last yards before you find

The tide, as always, ready to claim you. Once there
And in up to your thighs
You feel the full pull you forgot, forget
At once how free land-walking was, surprised
At being *clamped* by something so big, so wet,
So different from air.

Then, pushing belly-deep along the beach
Does seem so purposeful.
Each step demands you plough across a flow
Of something that can guarantee itself; and all
(It seems) that eddying effort, heavy-legged and slow
Defines an end you'd reach

Maybe, if you went in chest-deep, gave in
And turned your back on land.
Out there the water, all now of a piece,
Would wag you on for ever. So, to stand
Is to feel stationed where all questions cease,
All certainties begin.

Ah well, one day for sure; not now. The Mystery Trips
They used to offer on
The Promenade sound more my cup . . . a thought
That tells all careful waders, time to turn
Back to the Pier Café for safer sport:
Hot tea, and fish and chips.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evaluating the French Revolution

1789, & All That—By GEOFFREY BEST

REVOLUTIONS figure little in world history before 1789. Since then, it sometimes seems, world history has consisted of little else; unless it be the wars revolutions often cause or are caused by. The word itself took on new breadths of meaning to meet the demands henceforth to be made of it. From the mid-17th century it filtered into a variety of uses converging on its modern sense, but Dr Johnson's *Dictionary*'s first and second definitions in the mid-18th century were the same as those known to the ancient Greeks and Romans: "the course of anything which returns to the point at which it began to move", and "space measured by some revolution". Only his third definition, "change in the state of a government or country" picked up the new meaning the word had acquired, following what the English had done to their king and constitution in the previous century; but even that lacked the force of what was to flood in at the end of the 1780s. Its commonest English usage, "the glorious revolution of 1688", described an event which looked backward as well as forward, and a social context which stayed exactly the same.

The extraordinary events which began in France during the summer of 1789 changed all that. They were similarly ambiguous to begin with, but their fundamentally disturbing and radical innovatory drive soon gave the word its modern and contemporary colouring as it became hitched indissolubly to the French chariot. We may wonder how much of that was actually understood by the courtier who supposedly said, on the evening of the 14th of July, in response to Louis XVI's astonished comment on the storming of the Bastille, "Why, this is a revolt"—"No, Sire, it is a revolution." The Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt was surely on the right track in his search for a big enough word for what was going on, but he could not have sensed the half of what "revolution" was soon going to mean, not just for France but for the whole world. So apt would it become for the proper description of giant transformations in any major area of human experience that a century or so later historians and social scientists would be regularly referring to the industrial revolution, the scientific revolution, the demographic revolution, and so on.

Yet the heart of its meaning remains where it was put between 1789 and 1795: violent transformation of the political and the supporting social arrangements of a country, replacing one species of rulers by another, and giving itself and its people something of a new look. The French Revolution did much that went beyond politics, besides a good deal that was not as transforming as it claimed to be, and there was much in it that sprang from other than political causes: but it was, above all, as a political event that it exploded upon the Europe of its day and became the living presence it is in the world still.

Why does the French Revolution still matter so much? How can its importance be impressed upon those living millions with no notion that they live as they do because of the French Revolution and because, in some senses, it is still going on? These questions are akin to those which beset any scholar who seeks to reduce his past to its primary elements, distinguishing from the congealed mass of our whole historical inheritance the particular contribution of any one episode, even the biggest. And given that the French Revolution happened when and as it did, and accepting for the sake of the argument that the more "developed" parts of the world were thereafter affected in their political behaviour by it, how can one distinguish what we citizens of the world (to borrow one of the early Revolutionary favourite phrases) owe to it from what we owe to the Russian Revolution, or the Chinese, or even the Cuban? No historian doubts but that these revolutions, like those subsequently experienced in France herself, owed something directly to the original French model; but so many layers of revolutionary theory may have intervened that our contemporary revolutionary may be going through the motions of a Danton, a Robespierre or a Dumouriez, a Saint-Just or a Fouquier-Tinville without ever having heard of them.

Contemporary social science helps to sustain this state of

GEOFFREY BEST *has been connected with the London School of Economics since 1983. His many publications include "Mid-Victorian Britain" (1971), "War and Society in Revolutionary Europe" (1982), "Humanity in Warfare" (1980), and an article for* ENCOUNTER, *"War in the Mind" (June, 1985). This article is extracted from "The Permanent Revolution", published by Fontana on 24 November, with contributions from Geoffrey Best, Conor Cruise O'Brien, George Steiner, Norman Hampson, Douglas Johnson, Eugen Weber, Eugene Kamenka, and Hew Strachan.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

innocence. Books on "revolution" and on the comparative study of revolutions can be so richly supplied with examples from our own century that they can do without reference to anything further back. Political activists are not necessarily reluctant to acknowledge sources of inspiration, but only the historically-minded among them will wish to know whence their inspirers got *their* inspiration, and by what processes that inspiration may have got around. However many revolutionary roads now lead in the first instance to Hanoi, to Havana, to what we have recently learned to call Beijing, and to what from 1914 to 1924 was called Petrograd, all revolutionary roads before 1917 led to Paris; and, as I remarked at the outset, before 1789 there were no clearly-marked revolutionary roads at all.

AT THIS POINT the thoughtful reader is likely to be wondering, had not such a road been laid down to what would soon be called Washington, D.C., and did not an older and rougher but still passable track lead to London? There is more to this question than can be accounted for by an over-elastic and anachronistic use of the word *revolution*.

The United States' "Declaration of Independence" in 1776 (followed only seven years later by the establishment of a big and promising new State), was as astounding an event as the political world had ever witnessed or would witness again. Its immediate effects were certainly more revolutionary than otherwise, and would have been more disturbing still had they not occurred so far away and in a milieu beyond most Europeans' imaginations. So successful an exhibition of how to harass and humiliate an unresponsive monarchy cheered "liberals" and radicals in the old world who would have been glad to do likewise. At the same time, it offered a sort of model to the independent-minded among the élites of the Spanish and Portuguese empires occupying most of the rest of the continent. National liberators from Poland to Peru revered George Washington as the greatest of the great. Admirers and would-be emulators were further encouraged by the rhetoric of the Americans' declarations of independence and Bills of Rights, couched in the same universalist language of natural rights which many of the French revolutionaries would adopt: for example, from the celebrated Virginia Bill of Rights of 12 June 1776,

> "*1*. That all men are by nature created free and independent and have certain inherent rights . . . namely the enjoyment of life, liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety.
>
> *2*. That all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people. . . .
>
> *3*. That government is, or ought to be instituted for the common benefit, protection and security of the people, nation or community . . . and that, when any government shall be found inadequate or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable unalienable and indefeasible right to reform, alter or abolish it. . . ."

Given that the first flush of French revolutionary rhetoric could go no further than this, and that the Americans' original political design stuck as the French one did not, one is bound to wonder why it is not the American Revolution (as it, too, began to be called once the French Revolution had popularised the word) which has generally been considered "the decisive event of modern history". A European seeking to give an honest answer soon realises that such a flattering assessment has more than a little cultural complacency in it. However high France stood in the world before 1914, and however much the French might even now believe in their country's cultural superiority (that *mission civilatrice* which has survived the passing of its territorial empire), it is clearly not France but the United States which is the State standing highest in the world of the 20th century. It is the United States, not France which provides the cultural *lingua franca* of the later 20th century—and it is from the United States above all that the world draws, in forms no matter how confused and self-serving, its ruling concerns with democracy and human rights.

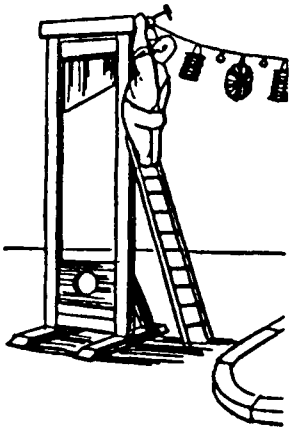
But all these matters are of relatively recent provenance. Not only was the United States' history so singular as to keep it from being an example that could invite imitation, for a long time it was remote from the rest of the "developed" world, and contentedly so. Only within the past 80 years or so has the United States acquired its lofty position in world politics and been able to indulge to the full its sense of ideological mission. Most of what there was of world-historical significance in the American Revolution—and there was at least as much in the matter of parliamentary development and human rights as there would be in the French—was, in effect, restricted to the Americas for the first century of the great republic's existence. It left the field of all the other "developed" countries open for France and, it is important to remember, in the 18th and early 19th centuries there was no greater military power in the world.

THE FIELD ALSO LAY OPEN, it must be said, to the other greatest power, Britain, whose 17th-century "glorious revolution", culminating in the enforced abdication of James II in 1688 and the Bill of Rights of 1689, gave that country a *prima facie* title to be considered as dispenser to humankind at large of some of the same liberal benefits that are claimed to stem from 1789. This British claim (or English claim, since all the important action took place south of the border) is real enough but limited. It rests, like the American, on its pre-eminent regard for political and civil rights, which were only a small part of what the French Revolution was concerned about; and it was even more unpromising a model for emulation because of its apparent constitutional conservatism. The rights and freedoms secured by "the glorious revolution" were conceived as treasures from a good past no less than as foundations for a better future. So insular were its circumstances that the British had no thought of inviting other peoples to follow suit. That didn't stop continental European admirers of British freedom from, as they thought, discovering that the secret of its success lay in the "separation of powers". Once that was grasped, Montesquieu and his school believed,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rest would follow. In so far as the judiciary was concerned, they were right enough. The rule of law needs an independent judiciary to sustain it and cannot otherwise deliver the civil and political rights which are assumed to go with it. Concerning the legislature and executive, however, Montesquieu was famously misleading—as many constitution-makers and liberal optimists were to discover. There was no short cut to the English Bill of Rights, either in the 18th century or at any time since; nor has any country found a short cut to the whole common-law-cum-parliamentary political culture which historically produced it.

Nationalists & Patriots



THE ENGLISH and American Revolutions did not amount to more than piecemeal prefigurings of the much more turbulent, ambitious and experimental French event. The embattled and passionate French revolutionaries did not, by 1793, need the English precedent for executing a monarch. The Americans' successful armed struggle for what we have come to know as national self-determination, and their declarations of universal goodwill which much encouraged the French at the outset of their revolution, became more and more remote from French realities as they progressed through their hectic course of unprecedented innovations, justified by appeals to reason and science, and their drastic and often lethal expedients, justified as necessary for the safety of the State and nation. Only after many decades would the British and American revolutions clearly appear in their different styles as world-historical events, with perhaps comparable effects.

As the UK and USA in turn attained dominant imperial stature and took to promoting their ideals of parliamentary government and political and civil rights, so attention was drawn to the affinities between the prime concerns of their "revolutions" and the appearance of the same in the richer and confused French mixture. And as democracy and human rights became fixations of the *soi-disant* free world after 1945, so the comparatively self-controlled British and American roads towards those good goals attracted admiration at the expense of the French road. This was now made out by its more severe and searching critics (J. L. Talmon and Hannah Arendt, their standard-bearers) to have led less to democracy than to dictatorship, less to the expansion of human rights than to their suppression. They were pleased to proclaim that the severest contemporary critic of the Revolution, Edmund Burke, had been proved right yet again. The only safe road to secure change and improvement in the political and social fabric of a nation was the history-rooted, culture-conserving, property-preserving road, keeping one foot fondly in the past while advancing the other cautiously towards the future, keeping one hand firmly on the masses (which need not, however, prevent the other hand from manipulating them for approved political purposes), and above all eschewing visions and promises of Utopia.

Placed in such company, the French Revolution began to look less beneficent than it had generally been taken to be, and the English and American "revolutions" began to look more generally appealing and applicable than they perhaps actually were. But none of the waves of this tide of sceptical and even hostile reappraisal, which has found mounting expression as our century has gone on, could give any revolution before that of 1917 anything like the same explosive centrality as that of 1789. Nor could they rob it of its continuing appeal to the radicals and revolutionaries of the world, the men and women who could not rest content or confident in the measured, prudent changes commended by those of the line of Burke, and who anyway believed that a principal purpose and regular result of such changes was to keep a ruling class or élite in effective power. It was a point neatly put in *The Leopard* by the smart, young, radical-chic nobleman of Giuseppe di Lampedusa's great novel about the French Revolution's mid-century fall-out in Italy, when he said to his princely uncle:

> "If we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change. . . ."

AND YET Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco were themselves heirs of the French Revolution, for all that they and their Fascist kind talked explicitly of their mission to undo the work of the Revolution, to take their people back to the values they imagined to have prevailed in Europe before the Revolution inaugurated their destruction. There may be room for argument as to how far the 20th-century phenomenon of plebiscitary dictatorship (Talmon's "totalitarian democracy") has its roots in Rousseau's political ideas and in what the Jacobins made of them. (Europeans, who have come closest to the results of dictatorship, may well find some difficulty in sharing the Latin American jest that "the 'general will' is the will of the general".) But there is little room for argument about the Revolution's share in the launch of nationalism as our modern world has known and continues to know it. Fascism was, Fascism is a version or, rather, a perversion of the nationalism which has been the most far-reaching and passion-rousing political creed of the past two centuries. Its many faces display better than any other items of the revolutionary legacy its inherent ambiguities and contradictory tendencies. Nationalism has shown itself to be a creed adaptable equally to the needs and likings of conservatives, liberals, radicals, and socialists. It has appeared to be as indispensable to "new-nation-building" as it is familiar in the continuing story of "empire-demolishing". It has proved to be a stronger bond of brotherhood among men than religion (the strongest known from the past) or class (pronounced by Marx to be the strongest for the future). It has become itself a sort of religion, besides bringing religions and churches into easy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consonance with it. And its giant protean force is matched by the stretch of its meanings, for despite most copious and heavy theorising on the subject, no free inquirer has ever been able to be sure what a *nation* practically is, and how far it may actually match the entities which it is usually tied to, or used as a synonym for: People, State, and Race.

This link with nationalism is likely to surprise people who associate the French Revolution primarily with one or other of its many proclaimed attributes (*la souveraineté du peuple*, for example, or *égalité*), and is unlikely to please French folk and Francophiles. But the fact is that the French have lost their near-monopoly of Revolution scholarship, and having, moreover, become willing to consider the whole affair with a certain detachment, more of them must be willing than they once were to give a fair hearing to the contention that, from the point of view of the world at large and for that world's weal or woe, the Revolution's most permanent big legacy—to the French themselves no less than to the other peoples of the planet—has been the apotheosis of the Nation-State within the modern theory and practice of Nationalism.

Discussion of this contentious word "Nationalism" is easily confused by differences of definitions and misunderstandings about meanings. About chauvinism, or extreme xenophobic nationalism, no more need be said than that its etymology begins and ends with the revolutionary and Napoleonic soldier Nicolas Chauvin. French dictionaries properly distinguish between *nationalisme* and *patriotisme*, noting the collective egoism and aggressive inclinations which mark the former. But the two are easily—and conveniently—confused.

I was struck, when reviewing for *The Times Literary Supplement* a heavy-weight French scholarly anthology of General de Gaulle's ideas as expressed in his writings and speeches, how consistently *patrie* and its derivatives were used when *nation* and its derivatives would have been more apt. De Gaulle, certainly, was very much a nationalist as well as a patriot. (It is, of course, impossible to be a nationalist without being some sort of patriot underneath.) The ease with which all French political parties from Far Left to Far Right concur in a prickly Gaullist defence policy, unafraid to give offence to everyone else from the South-West Pacific to Nato, suggests that its description as simply patriotic might not be quite enough. One might also note the unabashed, though no doubt unconscious, culturally-nationalistic notions being aired as appropriate for the Bicentenary—as if, while consensus about the rest of the Revolution's legacy to the nation has dissolved, *that* part of it at any rate is alive and well.

Prime promoter (with Imperialism its blood-brother) of wars between nations, and principal obstructor of those international and supranational constructions which many people deem indispensable to peace in the world, Nationalism—and its accompaying cult of national sovereignty—is too rampant and prosperous a performer on the stage of our destinies to demand demonstration; besides which, there is a plethora of literature about it, which all who run may read. But where and how did it begin, and what exactly was the French Revolution's role in its forming? Such questions open up a field of inquiry scarcely smaller than that about the workings of nationalism now.

German historicism and idealism, which is commonly considered the other main source of modern nationalism, sometimes even as its principal source, only fully found itself when aroused to protect its peoples from the aggressive pressures of a French nationalism already fully-formed. So many political progressives and intellectuals who subsequently became chorus-masters of German nationalism began as fans of the Revolution (some staying so for a surprisingly long time) that the incubation of the German variety of the virus would surely have taken much longer had the French Revolution not breathed so fiercely upon it. There is, of course, no denying that the nationalisms which developed in Germany and the whole half of Europe beyond it (from the French viewpoint) soon evolved their own peculiarities. I refer especially to that "organic", biological and ultimately racist bent which never fitted all supposed nationalities as closely as it might seem to fit some, and which fed Fascism when it duly appeared.

The political power-house of Nationalism remained for all takers precisely where the French Revolution put it: in the divinised Nation-State and the compulsion to national uniformity of thought and feeling which the French revolutionary régimes so smartly envisaged and enforced. They were able to do this so quickly—something which must surprise anyone with exaggerated ideas of the liberal cosmopolitanism of the pre-revolutionary European world—because suitable materials lay ready to hand. The Nationalist fire was in fact already aglow. The French Revolution's nationalism was not a product of some sudden and gargantuan parturition but the enthusiastic exploitation of ideas long circulated in a cultural and political atmosphere by then eagerly receptive.

The Revolution's goodwill towards humankind blew from the barrels of its guns as well as from the mouths of its orators and propagandists and agitators. Our world has become plentifully familiar with the phenomenon of forcible liberation since the French Revolution, and with particular force and frequency since 1945. Yet history shows nothing quite like it before 1792 unless it be in religious wars and crusades, so often homicidal and acquisitive beneath the best of professed intentions. Revolutionary militarism involved both doctrine and machinery, the latter of which was fearsomely original when the revolutionaries set it up in 1792-93. To begin with, indeed, its *raison d'être* was simply defensive and protective—defensive against enemies abroad, protective against enemies at home. But extraordinarily quickly this new-model mass army was turned to expansionist purposes, and became a fixture in both revolutionary and nationalist/patriotic ideologies—as, for many countries and creeds, it still is.

Democracy and egalitarianism were, of course, essential ingredients in the French Revolution's heady brew; but their context and significance were broader than some may imagine. The revolutionary watchword of "equality", for example, is more appropriately considered in relation to revolu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionary ideology on the one hand and human rights on the other. Its intellectual and historical roots are not in the French Revolution alone; and the same goes for popular sovereignty. But the French Revolution had the effect of broadcasting world-wide the themes of equality and democracy, in their many mixed senses—not simply as scraps of history from the past or figments of Utopia for the future, but as realisable here-and-now for any people that could follow the French model or improve on it.

Profit & Loss

IT MATTERED LITTLE to enthusiasts that the Revolution's achievements came to rather less in practice than in proclamation and propaganda. They came nearest to the mark in respect of equality. There was a remarkable social breakthrough in the new atmosphere of equal opportunity for men of ability and education—and wealth—though next to nothing of the more radical equalities soon to be coveted by Utopian and "scientific" socialists.

Democracy was a different matter. For the young William Wordsworth, as for the young in heart everywhere, it was the "sum and crown of all" to

> *. . .see the People having a strong hand*
> *In making their own laws, whence better days*
> *To all mankind.*

It is true to say that in the very early phases of the Revolution, the adult males of a great nation came closer, for a short while, to a say in managing their collective affairs than had ever happened before. But it would be stretching truth too far to say that this transient achievement had more momentous an impact on the global development of democracy in the long run than the American and British models. These, by the time representative government was really catching on in the world, were at least as influential as the French one. The vital difference lay not in substance but in style. The French Revolution could not be contemplated with the same calculation as those others, neither of which spread anything like the effervescent and inflammatory excitement which the French Revolution stimulated among the political stirrers and ideological enthusiasts of the developed and developing parts of the world. Neither had such power to arouse, in the less developed, the hopes of the wretched of the earth. It was the French Revolution and the rich mythology radiating from it which dominated their scene until the Russian and Chinese revolutions much later made available more up-to-date models (not to mention contracts for servicing).

When it came to lasting achievements and solid improvements in social and political arrangements, however, the French example, sheared of myth and make-believe, can be seen to be no more remarkable than the others, and in some respects more ambiguous—not least in respect of human rights.

On the Revolution's reception and legacy within its own nation's walls, there was considerable cultural consensus lasting into the early years of our century. Of course, there were dissident interpretations and differences of emphasis. Republicanism, which by any test had to be at the core of the revolutionary legacy, did not seat itself securely in the national saddle until the 1870s. Christians in general might well recall the campaign to "de-Christianise" their country. Roman Catholics in particular could not comfortably forget the martyrdom and exile of so many of their priests in the Revolution's early years, or the humiliations later visited on the Pope by the Emperor.

And yet there was so much pride and glory to be found in the military heroics and patriotic facts and fictions of the Revolution and its successor régimes (which in that sense were at their least separable from it), that even aristocratic monarchists, Catholics by definition, could scarce withhold the tribute of a patriotic sigh. However much the interpretation of the Revolution and of its most vital parts continued to set partisan teeth on edge, there was something in the revolutionary legacy for virtually everyone, even if it tended to serve as much as a script for social and family disputes as a reservoir of social and national solidarity. Underpinning it, ever more stoutly as the 19th century wore on, was the "great tradition" of French national history-writing. A succession of skilful historians and historical writers (to distinguish a Tocqueville from a Michelet) fashioned and refashioned "the Revolution" to meet the needs and interests of each successive generation, fortifying the French people in the conviction—psychologically attractive to them, in any case—that it had been a marvellous and beneficial event for their country and, by natural extension, for everyone else's.

THAT "GREAT TRADITION" and that majority cultural consensus lasted a long while, but they have at last dissolved. It has become possible even for French writers in their own land to tot up the Revolution's losses and gains and to conclude that, so far as one can calculate these things, the Revolution did France a lot more harm than good. That plenty of ardent contemporary revolutionaries and nationalists would indignantly denounce the application of profit-and-loss tests to an event they believed to be pregnant with celestial fire for the regeneration of humankind only serves to prove the point made by counter-revolutionaries from early days, and with increasing urgency since the 1930s. It is precisely the ardent revolutionary's belief in the total and exclusive value and *virtue* of his cause that leads him to contemplate relatively calmly what seem to non-believers mere frightfulnesses: massacre, anguish, torture, destruction and devastation, impoverishment, and so on. Such sado-masochistic moral severity is by no means merely modern or only European. Examples of it appear in several world religions, not least the Christian; but not until the French Revolution did such believers secure, for a year or so, direction of the government of a great nation. Not till then were they able to witness the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

translation of their virtuous principles into terror-enforced practice. Since then, our world has experienced not a few attempts to emulate them and to do, it is supposed, better; attempts launched equally from positions conventionally thought of as on the Far Left and the Far Right of the parliamentary seating-plan, but which—with only a modest adjustment—may be seen to be side-by-side. There is chilling affinity of sentiment between the words of the Committee of Public Safety's enforcer on the lower Loire, Jean-Baptiste Carrier, "*We shall turn France into a cemetery rather than fail in her regeneration*", and the chorus of the Nazi soldiers' song: "*What does it matter if we destroy the world? When it is ours, we'll build it up again.*"

THE REVOLUTIONARY POTENTIAL, then, has been for evil as well as good. Those who understand this inherent ambivalence (not to mention the sheer unpredictability of revolutions) are bound to combine it with their other thoughts when wondering (as good people as well as bad have to in many countries from time to time) whether a particular revolution can be reckoned worthwhile, and whether revolution in itself can ever be justified. This second question is the deeper and more disturbing, not to be answered without reference to religion and philosophy.

From as early as 1790 there has existed alongside "1789" and its cult, a profound counter-revolutionary critique which must be considered equally part of the Revolution's legacy, and logically inseparable from it. That it has not, until relatively recently, received a high degree of respect and attention may be because the optimistic aura of the Revolutionary Cult inevitably prevailed during decades dedicated to scientific and democratic progress. Not until our own century could counter-revolutionary critics call upon really spectacular examples of revolutionary horror. Sometimes, too, counter-revolutionary critics have seemed or sounded prickly, cheerless, unsentimental, careful to eschew the heart-warming revolutionary vocabulary of generosity, fraternity, progress, etc. Such attributes tend to make them less engaging than those they have written against. The truths they have persisted in proclaiming seem, however, not to have been contradicted by continuing experience of revolutions, whether of "the Left" or of "the Right".

Revolutions often (one can hardly say, always) devour not only their own children, but others'. The French Revolution was the primary instance of that sombre truth for the modern world which, in many respects, it inaugurated.

© *Geoffrey Best 1988*

Ex Cathedra

(facing Nôtre Dame)

Midnight, and we sit gazing:
not merely at this façade,
giddy with saints and demons,
but the whole infallible edifice.

There, behind the kings, we catch
our ancestors slipping off
their shadows in the secular
inside-out of stained glass,

and relish the intimate detail
in a scheme we cannot share;
the human flanking Our Lady,
caught between us and her angels.

Above her head, gargoyles leer
over ledge or thrust from brick:
creatures of man's own making,
not of this God who towers

before us, the huge letter H
of His Glory branding our eyes
like an inquisitorial iron, burning
to cure the heretic of sin.

Here, against the dark, we hug
our modern doubt; we know
such faith can turn flesh to ash
and scatter souls through smoke.

Steve Anthony

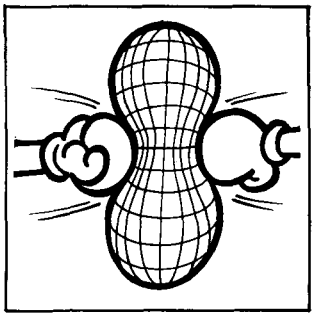
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

Paris Notebook

By Jean-François Revel

The German Paradox



THE FATE OF Europe hangs on Germany just as Germany's fate hangs on Europe. Imagine a "Western" Federal Republic that was militarily neutralised and economically committed more to the East than to the West—the keystone of the West's and the European Community's system of security would have collapsed. The final boost would have been given to the gradual but henceforth ineluctable political domination of Eastern Europe by the USSR. Conversely, "it is no longer conceivable that the division of Germany will be ended other than by our simultaneously overcoming the partition of Europe", as Renata Fritsch-Bournazel argues so irrefutably.[1]

Her verdict hits the nail on the head . . . and scatters so many myths and dreams. German reunification can never come about without a relaxation of the Soviet stranglehold on Eastern Europe—or, alternatively, its extension to cover West Germany as well.

In a solid, concise study that has, interestingly enough, been published simultaneously in Germany and France, Ms Fritsch-Bournazel pursues a relentless, in-depth analysis, backed up by much detail and many quotations, of the way in which the problem of Germany overlaps with that of freedom in Europe—what de Gaulle referred to in 1965 as the "*européisation de la question allemande*".

The division of Europe into two worlds stems not, as legend would have it, from the Yalta agreements, but from the violation of those agreements by the Soviet Union. Yalta, in fact, looked forward to self-determination for the peoples of Central Europe through the medium of free elections. It is important, therefore, to bear in mind that many Germans, when considering their national security problems, differ from the French and British in feeling that their situation is provisional. It still awaits finalisation. There are even those who maintain that Germany is still, in its two states, "an occupied country in which the respective occupation forces impose their conflicts and their weapons systems".

So, in discussing deterrence and disarmament agreements, I think we should never lose sight of this German agony of conscience and the political fragility to which it gives rise. Foreigners may experience a sense of irritation at the complexities of the tormented German "quest for identity". We also worry about their recurring tendency to think that more and more concessions to the USSR would increasingly solve their outstanding problems.

Yet I feel we ought to show a measure of real understanding. The problems at issue, after all, are virtually insoluble because any "solutions" can only be mutually contradictory. It is not exactly a nice historic situation to be in; even if it is true that this painful dilemma is a direct result of the conquering follies and subsequent defeat of the Third Reich.

The contradiction is well illustrated by the ambiguous results of *détente* as far as Germany is concerned. The Federal Republic has long wanted *détente* and has actively pursued its special *Ostpolitik*. For as one of its diplomats has clearly stated:

> "Germany, being a power situated geographically in the centre, as part of a split nation on the dividing-line between East and West, at the heart of a bisected Europe, it is important for it to normalise its relations with its East-European neighbours and with the USSR."

That much seems obvious. However, "normalising its relations", as *détente* set out to do, means (as it did at Helsinki in 1975) accepting the Soviet presence in Central Europe. Which means ratifying the division of Europe—and hence of Germany. Whether through cold-war tension or co-existent *détente*, the two German states seem doomed to remain separate.

THE EXISTENCE of these two Germanies belonging to opposing political systems and the continuing absence of peace add up, for the USSR, to the most marvellous blackmail weapon against the Federal Republic. The lure of *Wiedervereinigung*, of reunification, already used by Stalin in his notorious note of 1952, has been re-offered by Gorbachov in the form of a rather more discreet aside, if rather sensationalised by the German press. Following *Bild* and others, *Der Spiegel* had "reason to believe" that Gorbachov envisaged the possibility of a Confederation of the two Germanies, with one withdrawing from NATO and the other from the Warsaw Pact. In fact, reunification, as Chancellor Konrad Adenauer saw in 1952, would presuppose free elections in East Germany in order that all the country's inhabitants might choose their political régime—for Moscow, an unacceptable risk. When the Soviet Union speaks of confederation, we can be sure that it is not with a view to removing the *Demokratische Republik* from its sphere of influence; it is in the hope of drawing the *Bundesrepublik* into it.

Moreover, it has had some success. Reunification in the name of nationalism, from being a rallying-cry 30 years ago of the conservative Centre and Right, was taken up by the

[1] *L'Allemagne, un enjeu pour l'Europe.* By RENATA FRITSCH-BOURNAZEL. Preface by ALFRED GROSSER. Editions Complexe.

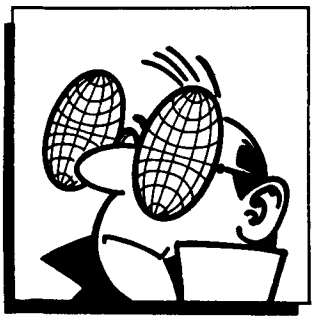
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Left in the early 1980s in tandem with pacifism. However, this anti-American nationalist pacifism exclusively targeted the West. When Günter Grass decided that his fame as a novelist was sufficiently great to entitle him to take leave of his senses politically, he began to urge his fellow-countrymen "to make an act of resistance, to resist the American leadership in the light of the threat of genocide. . . ." Germany, he said, was now in a position to make good "the opportunity for resistance that it missed in 1933 when the coming genocide was announced". In reality, Grass's resistance to the Atlantic alliance is more reminiscent of the Nazis' resistance to the Treaty of Versailles—which was not as bad for Germany as Hitler made out, and was in any case better than the "Unconditional Surrender" of 1945.

And let us not be blind to the way in which such absurdities are translated into reasonable language by a man like Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the West-German Minister of Foreign Affairs. Everything he says and does demonstrates that he expects to gain more by conciliating the countries of the East than by showing solidarity with the West. Or at least that he thinks he can benefit his country by building some form of a "central zone", a kind of "Middle Europe".

I find it paradoxical that the country at the heart of Europe, with its old capital divided by a wall, whose physical fate is most closely bound up with the very fabric of East-West antagonism, should be the only country in the world that thinks it can escape it.

Onager, or the Wild Ass



The champions of animal rights ought to protest at the way in which man has politicised so many animals in such unflattering terms. The political bestiary of the 20th century teems with monstrosities. From "lascivious snakes" to "slimy rats", from hyenas and jackals to chameleons, from hawks to doves, from "bloodthirsty tigers" to "paper tigers", and from the "watchdogs" of capitalism to the "moles" of the intelligence community, our lesser brethren are pressed into service without any regard for their dignity. The poor things really have nothing to do with humanity's ongoing civil war—yet they furnish a wide repertoire of insults to embellish it!

The most recent animal to enter the vocabulary of political science is an unfamiliar one (the big names had already gone). It is the onager, whose name I confess to having seen only once before—on the cover of a volume by the delightful minor French poet, Tristan Derême entitled *L'Onagre orangé*, (The Orange-Coloured Onager). Jacques Vindex sees the onager as more pink or red, for it is the name he gives to Soviet "influence agents", be they witting or unwitting.[1]

The dictionaries inform us that the onager is a "large ass". It is also a "wild" ass, i.e. one that lives at liberty. And these onagers do indeed roam the free spaces of the democratic world while being manipulated by its enemies. The word also has a secondary meaning, by analogy with the beast's habit of lashing out with its hind legs: in the Middle Ages it denoted an engine of war, a kind of *balista* or catapult used during sieges. Let us just say that the modern onager, in the sense in which Vindex and Véraldi use the term, is a kind of large ass used to destroy democratic societies.

Who is Vindex? The Latin pseudonym cloaks a portrait that the reader of this book uncovers a little bit at a time. He is neither a politician, nor a diplomat, nor an intelligence officer, nor an academic, nor a journalist (in fact Véraldi helped him to write the book). He is an engineer and industrialist, either French or *francophone* but also speaking a number of other languages, with wide international experience, particularly of the Third World, and an intimate knowledge of the USA and Mexico, and of the problems of Africa. Familiar with the tortuous ins-and-outs of the United Nations Organisation and with its staff and its various agencies or NGOs (Non-Governmental Organisations), he is also a believing Christian, worried about "liberation theology", the World Council of Churches, and what he refers to as "*Christianisme-Léninisme*". The picture he paints for us of the activities of the onagers and their organisations is one he has pieced together on the strength of professional involvement in various countries over a long period. It is a pragmatic picture rather than one based on a particular ideological or geopolitical vision. He did not set out to pursue an investigation; the investigation came to him.

The agent of influence, or onager, is not an intelligence agent, though genuine intelligence agents may infiltrate onager organisations. Espionage proper has formed the subject of some remarkable books, of which Thierry Wolton's *Le KGB en France* (Grasset, 1986) is still one of the best. But books about influence agents are very scarce, which is what makes this one so valuable. They are scarce because the influence agent is a difficult creature to pin down. He ranges from the sincere (but none the less manipulated) *idéologue* to the professional activist who knowingly exploits all the resources of democracy to undermine it from within. The onager is one of those contestants who emerge normally in free societies and simply utilise their right to express their opinions and to organise themselves in order to further them.

One begins to have doubts when one notices that such protestations coincide oddly, exclusively, and unerringly with those of the Soviet Union, as do those of the World Council of Churches and the World Peace Council, and when one further observes that these organisations enjoy bureaucratic and financial resources, access to the media, and international connections on a scale far beyond the means of any mere association of citizens. That the World Peace Council,

[1] *Les Onagres*. By Jacques Vindex and Gabriel Véraldi. L'Age d'homme.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose inspiration, ties, and leadership are nine-tenths Soviet, should have organised an "International Peace Year" in 1986 with mass meetings in Copenhagen, Helsinki, and Athens to denounce only Western armament "excesses" was fair enough. But that that International Peace Year should have been patronised and financed by UNO, when the sole conception of "peace" that it put forward was the Soviet one, suggests some heavy penetration of the United Nations Organisation by onagers. Moreover, those same United Nations take under their collective wing a number of so-called non-governmental organisations that are more political and activist than humanitarian, granting them the status of UN-approved organisations.

To take another example, that the World Council of Churches should condemn capitalism and shower praise on what it sees as the "achievements" of the present governments of Ethiopia and Viet Nam is within its rights. What is less so is that one of the many associations under its umbrella, the "Committee of Solidarity with the People of El Salvador", which backs the guerrillas, should disseminate a forged document. In 1981, the Committee circulated what it claimed was a confidential report by top officials in the State Department to the effect that Reagan was about to use atomic weapons in Central America. The alleged "leak" duped the *New York Times*, where Flora Lewis (whom readers of the *International Herald Tribune* will know well) published a violent column attacking the White House. Three days later (9 March 1981), she had to write a second piece, in which she backed down and admitted that she had been the victim of a high-class disinformation operation.

It is in the USA that these relay groups exist in the greatest numbers. It has been estimated that the country has up to six thousand associations of activists; the majority of them sport some religious label or other, which enables them to receive tax-free donations. The big foundations distribute enormous largesse to associations posing as "study centres". Their courses and conferences trot out typically *tiersmondistic* ideology: they are against multinationals, for unilateral nuclear disarmament, and for aid to the Sandinistas (the "Nicaragua Network"). Again, such campaigns are often backed by the UN or even taken up on the UN's own account and incorporated in its work.

THE TEN PRINCIPAL Soviet "front organisations" operating in the USA and elsewhere all have NGO-status with a UN agency. The World Peace Council is associated with UNESCO. . . . One thing that emerges from this study is that the Soviets know how to make very skilful use of our liberal law on associations as well as of the abundant resources of the international organisations, the financing of which—need one mention this?—rests essentially on the democracies. What makes their tactics even cleverer and more difficult to contend with is the fact that there is an imperceptible gradation from the genuine, independent association to the pressure group expressly created for a specific propaganda purpose (with, in between, various mixtures of the two).

As for Gorbachovism reining in the galloping onagers, it is a little early to begin thinking in such terms. So vast and diversified a machine, which in addition often generates its own power, is not going to be brought up short from one day to the next. And let us not overlook what the head of the West German counter-intelligence services said very recently: "Détente did not slow down the espionage activities of the USSR—quite the contrary. . . ." With influence agents playing a key role in the art of presenting the new détente to the West in the light desired by Mr Gorbachov, we may rest assured that the onager is under no threat of extinction from *glasnost*.

J.-F.R.

Making It New

By Colin Style

THE ADVICE GIVEN to poets *in The Writers' and Artists' Yearbook* remained standard for some years. "Poems in anthologies are usually selected from an author's published books, or perhaps from another anthology. So the unknown poet has little chance." The implication is that, by choice and definition, poems are replicated; anthologies are stable, accepted, understood, and each new anthology is the culmination of tradition. A condition of this state of stable acceptance lies in most of the anthologised poets being major voices—they are the immortals.

There have, of course, been odd aberrations in the mainstream of stability. One such was Yeats who, in a spasm of blind obstinacy, left Wilfred Owen out of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. And there was much bickering over Philip Larkin's choices for *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*—too much Hardy, too little of so and so—and over D. J. Enright's omission of Sir John Betjeman from *The Oxford Book of Contemporary Verse 1945-1980*. However, in the safety net of the great tradition, such occurrences are infrequent and generally rather unimportant.

British anthologies are brought out in the climate of tolerance of a relatively slowly changing socio-economic and political order, reflected in the ease with which the socialist '30s yielded to the neo-romantic '40s, which yielded in turn to the Movement, and so on. The various poetry movements have been less than cataclysmic—hence our ability to appreciate, in turn, Yeats, Eliot, Auden, Dylan Thomas, Philip Larkin, Ted Hughes, and Geoffrey Hill. There has been no violation of the aesthetic norm, in which poetry remains a highly categorised, discrete art form. To use a contemporary pathogenic term, its cell walls have not been ruptured.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keeping a steady eye on the aesthetic norm allows lapses to be reversed and corrected. Wyndham Lewis was cold-shouldered by the liberal journals during the 1930s for expressing sympathy with fascism and admiration for Hitler. Roy Campbell was similarly unpopular for his support of Franco. Swinburne was attacked for immoral ideas in poetry, and Edward Thomas's poems, written under a pseudonym, were universally rejected by the journals.

These examples were, of course, all temporary; the poets have since gained secure niches. It is the steady-state situation, an insistence on the basic rigour of classification, that has kept poetry from being subverted. The British have been determined to ensure that their cultural forte does not fall for long under the influence of socio-political and other non-poetical considerations. This mediating conscience lies behind Eliot's remark that poets, while they cannot expect big audiences at any one time, will always, from generation to generation, secure a small number of readers. Classics like *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* have had a long shelf life, subject to fairly small revisions and up-dating. Of course, it is the written word, rather than extempore oral verse, which is chosen—kept in place by a rigorous, complex body of criticism which ensures that only poems which stand up on the page survive.

AFRICAN AND New Commonwealth anthologies have diametrically opposite characteristics: strong socio-political influences and a commensurate reduction in purely aesthetic or purely literary values; critical volatility; a lack of recognised major voices, and a lower premium on individuality and originality; a high divergence of reader and audience response, a choice of poems risked without prior publication or any acceptance consensus.

Towards the end of last year, my wife and I co-edited *The Mambo Book of Zimbabwean Verse in English*.[1] A bumper collection of 400 poems by 100 poets, it represents an attempt to provide the first comprehensive collection of the country's poetry, dating from pre-colonial "oral praises", through the colonial era and up to post-Independence 1982. In contrast to Western anthologies, what we took was very much raw material—poetry waiting to see the light of day. There were hand-written manuscripts, tapes, translations (we would ask someone to come into our sitting-room, sit down, and translate on the spot); and we visited Dr Eddison Zvobgo—one of the Nationalist poet-politicians who was incarcerated during the 1960s and early '70s—and brought his poems out of prison. We included a high oral element—poems that are stored on the page, but must return to the voice for their designed audience response.

The pre-literate oral tradition was temporarily submerged by the arrival of white settlers who imported Western literary forms, anthologising and writing poems according to their own dictats, and quite oblivious of the literary value of "oral praises". Then came the emergence of black nationalist poets in the 1950s, capitalising on oral praises, writing in the Zezuru, Manyika, or Nguni languages, and translating across into English. Their emergence, and the revival of oral traditional verse, took place at the height of white colonial rule. For example, back in 1967, an Ndebele poetry programme was launched on radio. Listeners' poetry was requested, with the aim of attempting to revive the long-standing praise-singing of the Nguni. But there was no real cause for concern. A flood of poems was submitted—all in the classical praise-singing mode. As Amon Nyamambi, who initiated the programme, put it: "We thought our grandsons might have forgotten". Clearly, they had not.

A new element was introduced in the 1970s by a wave of young black poets. They wrote directly in English and reflected a black, urban, socialist consciousness, contrasting sharply with the older nationalist poets' harking-back to a lost pastoral golden age. At the same time, the white poets found that their concept of poetry as pure written art was beginning to be overtaken by the reality of a growing war and looming black-majority rule. They began a salutary reconstruction of sensibility.

With all these divisions, antagonisms, and cultural gaps, it is hardly surprising that a peaceful and orthodox process of choosing the accepted, self-evident best was disturbed by spontaneity, improvisation, and pragmatic juggling. Taking the accepted best was bedevilled by perplexities as to just what it was; the population had divergent notions on these questions and, anyway, had strong preferences and desires for its own poets—Shona for Shona poets, Ndebele for Ndebele, and white for white. So, acknowledging that we all stick with poems we are culturally comfortable with, our anthology, with its split, selective readership, is thinner than its comprehensiveness would suggest.

IN ONE RESPECT at least, it has uniformity and common currency. South African anthologies used to exhibit an embarrassing imbalance between the single towering figure of Roy Campbell and a host of tiddler poets. There is no major international voice here. Instead, a number of respectable regional poets bestow a uniformity of weight without creating inadvertent comparisons. A number of charming, one-off poems are by young blacks who did not, or were not able to, develop their talents. Much of this was due to the educational system: young black poets were encouraged to write at school while working for O-levels. Then they disappeared into a vacuum. Their names are a melancholy roll-call: Tapiwa Viki; Shepistone Sekeso; Eric Mazani; Francisca Batista.

Adding to this "sense of uniformity" are the noticeable, for want of a better word, plagiarisms. Poets influenced by the oral praise tradition do not place much importance on the Western anthologist's insistence that all poems worth their salt must be distinct and original creations, and a number of poems are laced together by similar images.

However hospitable any anthology may appear, a vast

[1] *The Mambo Book of Zimbabwean Verse in English*. Co-edited by COLIN and O-LAN STYLE. Mambo Press, Zimbabwe. Available from Leishman & Taussig (19 The Rise, Northampton NN2 6QQ) at £9.95 plus £1.00 postage.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amount has to be excluded. *The Mambo Book of Zimbabwean Verse in English* was no exception. For example, a cultural phenomenon generated by the war for Zimbabwe was the proliferation of *Chimurenga* ("war against colonialism") songs. Exhibiting a high degree of extemporisation and designed for vigorous, quick assimilation by mass audiences, these were inextricably bound to song and dance performance, and were effective only in that setting.

IT SHOULD NOT be assumed that liberalising the criteria for what is defined as poetry applies only to black verse. The same has occurred with white poetry in Southern African anthologies. Indeed, the noted South African poet, critic, and literary arbiter, Guy Butler, has performed an extraordinary volte-face on this question. In 1959, his *Oxford Book of South African Verse in English* traced a pure and formal line from Thomas Pringle to Roy Campbell. He interpreted the lineage in his Introduction: "South African poetry is not, and never has been, a poetry with popular roots. . . . South African poetry is, then, an educated man's affair." This inevitably implies a tight grip on classification and definition of the art, and his anthology is, indeed, a collection of poems in the traditional Western sense. But then, in 1982, in company with his co-editor, Chris Mann, Butler produced *A New Book of South African Verse in English*—a much broader selection, incorporating ballads close to doggerel, comic verse, and rhymes laced with Afrikaans and Cape-Coloured argot.

Butler and Mann have broadened conceptions radically. Poetry is now given a far more popular tradition than Butler was previously prepared to allow. The 1959 definitions have been overthrown: many of the generous new inclusions predate 1959, and even go back to the 18th century.

There is, no doubt, a suspicion that African anthologies are above and below conventional Western collections. The generous inclusion of what is only marginally or disputably poetry can be viewed as "lenient" and "patronising"—while at the same time reflecting a mass African artistic flair and energy, a celebration of barbaric vigour. Westerners feel that Africans, as well as being phenomenal performers in sport and athletics, are naturally highly artistic. This may be generally true for song and dance, but does not necessarily follow as far as written poetry is concerned. The government Literature Bureau in Zimbabwe publishes a large range of titles in the fields of drama, education and technical books, novels, stories, and poems. We obtained the following sales figures for one calendar month: in Mashonaland 18,125, of which 212 were poetry titles; in Matabeleland 7,524, of which 50 were poetry titles. Sales of poetry are about the same in the West—fairly negligible. Yet, there is that flood of contributions to the Nguni praise radio programme. As in the West, however, large numbers of people write verse and long to have it published; far, far fewer are interested in buying and reading other people's poems.

In Zimbabwe, the cell walls around poetry have been ruptured. And such is the pace of change (compare 1975 Rhodesia with 1988 Zimbabwe) that any anthology might well be provisional, with new waves and directions necessitating major revisions within a few years. But numbers of the poems which we chose may be picked up and used again in future anthologies—it would be sad, for example, if black chauvinism reached a point where the best of the white poems were dumped into the garbage-can of history. It is undoubtedly true that the black population was largely suppressed and exploited for decades, but a number of liberal whites did foster black writers and poets. Both facts need to be remembered.

In Order To Please Mister Knight

for Janet & Mike

Awash with children, a polished corridor
Draws me into school. The long walls are spotted
With verse and paintings shivering with colour;
And rooms fill with raised hands waving like the tide.

Haiku after haiku splinter in my head:
Mirrors; fog; and the ocean, governed by verbs
From *crash* to *shudder*. The smudgy, dilated
Handwriting clings to the paper like cobwebs

Spun while noses press to desks. A chalk thumb weeps
To nothing on its tray, to dusty phrases
On the board as children move, in starts and stops,
Through their meteorological phases—

"Changeable", "sunny" and "dull." Talking, I think
Words ripple their faces then sink.

Stephen Knight

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE"

This comment on ENCOUNTER echoes that of many readers who replied to our recent Gallup Readership Survey. "Consistently interesting", "a monthly intellectual treat", "gets better by the year" . . . such comments sum up ENCOUNTER's continuing appeal.

So why not share this interest with your friends this Christmas? **A year's subscription to ENCOUNTER at our special Christmas gift rate saves you no less than 25% of the usual price. Moreover, if you give four or more subscriptions we will renew your own subscription for a further year absolutely free.*** This applies both to new Christmas gift subscriptions and renewals of any you gave last year.

And think of all the hassle this will save you – no crowded shopping, no parcel packing and posting. We look after everything.

You'll find an order form overleaf. Please return it to us well before Christmas.

The present with pleasure in mind.

*If you are not already a subscriber, we will start a year's subscription for you at no cost to you whatsoever when you order four or more gift subscriptions.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

These gift subscriptions will start with the January 1989 issue, posted shortly before Christmas, and will run for one year. Time permitting, a specially designed card announcing your gift will reach the recipient by Christmas Day. These special rates are available for new Christmas gift subscriptions and for the renewal of any subscriptions you gave last Christmas. The offer closes on 15th January 1989.

YOUR GIFTS

Please enter Christmas gift subscriptions for the following:

BLOCK LETTERS THROUGHOUT PLEASE

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Sign Gift Card from _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Sign Gift Card from _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Sign Gift Card from _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Sign Gift Card from _____

Please mark any renewals of last year's gifts RENEWAL. Extra gifts can be ordered on a separate sheet of paper.

YOUR NAME

My name and address are as follows:

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

PAYMENT

25% OFF

The cost of each subscription, at the special Christmas gift rate, is £13.50 to the UK; $29.25 (or £18.30) air-speeded to the USA & Canada; £14.25 to anywhere else. Dollar cheques, sterling cheques and postal orders can be accepted; or you can pay through National Girobank a/c no. 501 1752. A receipt will not be sent unless requested. If you wish to pay by American Express or Access/Mastercard, please fill in the particulars below and sign.

Please charge my **American Express** a/c no:

Please charge my **Access/Mastercard** a/c no:

valid until _____

Total amount to be charged: £ _____

$ _____

Signed _____

DEC

Encounter: 44 Great Windmill Street, London W1V 7PA England

To avoid damaging your magazine cut along this line

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Destruction & Guilt

Equivocal Death in George Eliot—By STEPHEN WILSON

PSYCHOBIOGRAPHY and its close relative psychohistory have been deservedly criticised in recent years for their tendency to wild speculation, unfounded assertions, and psychological reductionism.[1] Psychoanalysts should be circumspect in their speculations and economical with their claims. Nevertheless the psychoanalytical perspective, with its emphasis on the role of early experience in shaping adult character—an emphasis which George Eliot shared and antedated—and its concept of "unconscious phantasy", allows us to focus attention on data which is otherwise overlooked. I am far from seeking to explain away George Eliot's genius, nor do I account for the complexity of her art by reference to a single event in her early life. Nothing I say is intended to diminish the importance of appraising sociocultural factors in her life and work.

No theme occurs more persistently in George Eliot than that of "equivocal death"—by which I mean the death of a fictional character in circumstances where another is known, or can be inferred, to have wished it. It is present in her first published fiction, *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1858), and spans her literary output. It can be found in her least-known short story, "The Lifted Veil" (1859), and occurs repeatedly in her most celebrated novel, *Middlemarch* (1871). It endures in *Daniel Deronda* (1876), the last novel to be written before she died in 1880, and is crucial to its development.

Granted that fortuitous death is a conventional literary device in much Victorian fiction, critics and scholars have nevertheless paid insufficient attention to the unique psychological implications of this for George Eliot, and have therefore failed to understand its central significance for her creative drive.[2] I believe that her preoccupation with this theme stemmed from an attempt to express and resolve a deep-seated conflict which governed her throughout life.

Where an equivocal death occurs, there is often ambiguity surrounding it—doubt as to the true cause, or questions about motives. This kind of death suggests the possibility not only that a murderous impulse or thought is sufficient to kill the person toward whom it is directed, but that the person who harbours the impulse might also die. Deaths which appear natural or accidental might therefore be murders, and the person with the hostile impulse might then be a murderer and have to bear the consequences—retribution comes swiftly in George Eliot's work. Equally, deaths categorised as murders might turn out to be accidents, or the unintended consequences of unfortunate circumstances. Such deaths highlight the essential "innocence" of the accused and the difficulty of establishing *mens rea*.

The primitive logic of such happenings is characteristic of precisely the type of mental functioning which Freud attributed to the unconscious mind, and named "primary process" because he supposed it to be ontogenetically earliest. It implies a situation where in infancy (and in adult dream-states and mental disorders) thinking was held to be unchecked by the constraints of reality but followed instead the "pleasure principle" so that ". . . whatever was thought of (wished for) was simply presented in a hallucinatory manner. . . ."[3]

It was only, Freud hypothesised,[4] the non-occurrence of the expected satisfaction—the disappointment experienced—that led to the abandonment of this attempt at satisfaction by

---

[1] See, among others, Michael Shepherd, "The Psycho-historians", ENCOUNTER, March 1979, pp. 35-42.

[2] A notable exception is Carol Christ ("Aggression and Providential Death in George Eliot's Fiction", *Novel*, No. 9, 1976, pp. 130-140), who points out that Eliot repeatedly uses the device of providential death, and suggests that this serves the function of rescuing her characters from aggressive confrontations. Christ thinks that "a deep prohibition within Eliot herself makes her act against her own stated vision of an indifferent providence", but does not go far in investigating the roots of this prohibition.

Sandra Gilbert (1979), in a feminist critique, *The Madwoman in the Attic* (Yale University Press, 1979), also draws attention to George Eliot's intense awareness of the destructive potential of female rage, and the murderous thoughts and acts of her heroines. A struggle with renunciation is necessary for them, she argues, because Eliot has internalised the patriarchal values of a corrupt Victorian social order.

[3] Sigmund Freud, "Two Principles of Mental Functioning", *Selected Essays*, Vol. 12, p. 219.

[4] Later psychoanalysts have elaborated this notion. Thus Melanie Klein saw frustration as an inevitable pain, generating the psychological defences of splitting and idealisation fundamental to the successful creation of an "internal world", while Wilfred Bion suggested that it generated the function of "thinking" in order to deal with the first "thoughts" which the absent object called forth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means of hallucination and to the generation of a more realistic perception of the external world.

In "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story" (1858) Caterina is a young woman orphaned in infancy and spoiled by her adoptive parents, who treat her like a favourite toy but ignore her feelings. Captain Wybrow trifles with her affections, tells her that he loves her, and then submits to an arranged marriage with another woman. Caterina's love for him turns to hatred and scorn. On her way to a private meeting with him she impulsively conceals a dagger under her cloak:

> "She has reached the Rookery, and is under the gloom of the interlacing boughs. Her heart throbs as if it would burst her bosom—as if every next leap must be its last. Wait, wait, O heart!—till she has done this one deed. He will be there—he will be before her in a moment. He will come towards her with that false smile, thinking she does not know his baseness—she will plunge that dagger into his heart.
>
> Poor child! poor child! She who used to cry to have the fish put back into the water—who never willingly killed the smallest living thing—dreams now, in the madness of her passion, that she can kill the man whose very voice unnerves her.
>
> But what is that lying among the dark leaves on the path three yards before her?
>
> Good God! it is he—lying motionless—his hat fallen off. He is ill, then—he has fainted. Her hand lets go the dagger, and she rushes towards him. His eyes are fixed, he does not see her. She sinks down on her knees, takes the dear head in her arms, and kisses the cold forehead. 'Anthony, Anthony! speak to me—it is Tina—speak to me! O God, he is dead!'"

The coroner's verdict was that death had been imminent from long-established heart disease, though probably accelerated by some unusual emotion. Caterina, however, was driven nearly mad with guilt, and even the words of the loving Mr Gilfil were unable to reverse her enfeebled condition. They married: but she died shortly afterwards during pregnancy. The conflict in George Eliot's mind becomes evident when Mr Gilfil tries to console Caterina. He compares her to a baby bird who has no control over its emotions. "You were like one of those little birds", he says. "Your sorrow and suffering had taken such hold of you, you hardly knew what you did." But Caterina responds to Mr Gilfil's comfort thus:

> "'I don't know', she said, 'I seemed to see him coming towards me, just as he would really have looked, and I meant—I meant to do it.'"

The central event in *Adam Bede* (1859), George Eliot's first novel, is infanticide. Hetty Sorrel murders her newborn baby by abandoning it in the woods. Our sympathy is, nevertheless, with her. She is the victim of Arthur, the young squire, with his complacent selfishness and irresponsibility in a casual relationship. Moreover, although convicted of murder and sentenced to hang, her confession to Dinah makes it clear that the crucial question of her intent to kill must be held in doubt.

> "'I did do it, Dinah . . . I buried it in the wood . . . the little baby . . . and it cried . . . I heard it cry . . . ever such a way off . . . all night . . . and I went back because it cried.'
>
> She paused, and then spoke hurriedly, in a louder, pleading tone. 'But I thought perhaps it would not die—there might somebody find it. I did not kill it myself. I put it down there and covered it up, and when I came back it was gone.'"

When Adam Bede, the hero, who is in love with Hetty, encounters Arthur earlier in the book, he too is involved in an episode where there is an equivocal death. He confronts Arthur with his self-indulgent behaviour and forces him to fight. In the heat of the fight Adam strikes a blow which seems to kill:

> "But why did not Arthur rise? He was perfectly motionless, and the time seemed long to Adam. . . . Good God! had the blow been too much for him? Adam shuddered at the thought of his own strength, as with the oncoming of this dread he knelt down by Arthur's side and lifted his head from among the fern. There was no sign of life: the eyes and teeth were set. The horror that rushed over Adam completely mastered him and forced upon him its own belief. He could feel nothing but that death was in Arthur's face, and that he was helpless before it. He made not a single movement, but knelt like an image of despair gazing at an image of death."

Arthur does not die, but it is clear that this is only determined by chance and that Adam is saved from sharing Hetty's fate through nothing but luck.[5]

Luck too comes to the rescue of Godfrey Cass, the eldest son of Squire Cass in *Silas Marner* (1861). Godfrey becomes entangled with a local prostitute and opium addict, Molly Farren, whom he makes pregnant. Although he is in love with Nancy Lammeter, he secretly marries Molly and then regrets having done so. He tells her that he would rather die than acknowledge her as his wife. Molly, on her way to a New Year's Eve party at the Squire's house where she plans to wreak vengeance by appearing in public with her child, gets lost in a snowstorm, takes opium to give herself courage, and apparently dies from hypothermia. When Godfrey hears of her death, George Eliot writes, he:

> ". . . felt a great throb: there was one terror in his mind at that moment: it was, that the woman might *not* be dead. That was an evil terror—an ugly inmate to have found a nestling place in Godfrey's kindly disposition; but no disposition is a security from evil wishes to a man whose happiness hangs on duplicity."

"The Lifted Veil", with its curious evocation of the supernatural, has been regarded by many as an aberration in George Eliot. Even her publisher, William Blackwood,

[5] Chance intervenes once more when his drunken father drowns at a time when Adam, full of anger, is certain he would "live to be a thorn in his side".

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought it so at odds with her earlier work that he was reluctant to print it under her name. Nevertheless, the *leitmotif* of equivocal death, linking it unmistakably with her previous books, is clearly present.

After a serious illness, Latimer—the narrator of the story—falls passionately in love with his brother's fiancée Bertha. He grows to envy and hate his brother and rival in love. One day in a moment of weakness he confesses to Bertha his dream of marrying her. She is astonished and he immediately becomes ashamed of himself. The text continues:

> "I wandered home slowly, entering our park through a private gate instead of the lodges. As I approached the house, I saw a man dashing off at full speed from the stable yard across the park. Had any accident happened at home? No; perhaps it was only one of my father's peremptory business errands that required this headlong haste. Nevertheless I quickened my pace without any distinct motive, and was soon at the house. I will not dwell on the scene I found there. My brother was dead—had been pitched from his horse, and killed on the spot by a concussion of the brain."

A few pages earlier George Eliot had commented:

> "Our tenderness and self-renunciation seem strong when our egoism has had its day—when, after our mean striving for a triumph that is to be another's loss, the triumph comes suddenly, and we shudder at it, because it is held out by the chill hand of death."

The chill hand of death makes short shrift too of Mr Tulliver's moment of triumph over his life-long enemy, lawyer Wakem, in *The Mill on the Floss* (1860). Tulliver had been the owner of Dorlcote Mill, but became bankrupt as a result of a series of ill-conceived legal suits against his neighbours, largely represented by Wakem. As a result, his son Tom's education had to be cut short, and Tulliver suffered a stroke on learning that the lawyer had taken over the mortgage on his Mill. Furthermore, on recovering he had no option but to continue to work there as a hired manager.

An opportunity for revenge presents itself when he encounters Wakem on horseback and manages to knock him off his mount. In a fit of rage Tulliver flogs him with his riding whip and releases his long pent-up hatred. But nemesis for this impulsive attack soon follows; Mr Tulliver takes to his bed and dies on the following day.

THE HEROINE of *Romola* (1863) has been educated to assist her father in his classical researches. Like Dorothea in *Middlemarch*, she seems to be sacrificing herself, shut away from the world and devoted to an old, bookish man. Tito Melema becomes her father's secretary and she falls in love and marries him, dreaming of a "triple life" in which the two of them will live in harmony, serving her father. But Tito rebels against this vision, spending less and less time at home, while the old blind scholar becomes progressively more depressed. Romola is caught between the two of them, unable to reconcile her loyalties.

At this point her father suddenly dies while she is in the process of taking dictation from him; and even with the first outburst of her sorrow, we are told, the irrepressible thought, "Perhaps my life with Tito will be more perfect now", occurs.

> "But the sense of something like guilt towards her father in a hope that grew out of his death, gave all the more force to the anxiety with which she dwelt on the means of fulfilling his supreme wish. That piety towards his memory was all the atonement she could make now for a thought that seemed akin to joy at his loss."

In *Felix Holt* (1866) Mrs Transome, who like Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda* was a beautiful, spoiled, and imperious girl, married a weak man whom she thought she could control. She had one son by him, Duffey, who turned out to be stupid, sickly and depraved. Then, after a brief and passionate affair with the young lawyer Jermyn, she had a second son, Harold, on whom she doted. However:

> "The mother's early raptures had lasted but a short time, and even while they lasted there had grown up in the midst of them a hungry desire, like a black poisonous plant feeding in the sunlight—the desire that her first, rickety, ugly, imbecile child should die, and leave room for her darling, of whom she could be proud."

Mrs Transome goes through life wishing Duffey dead, and eventually to her great joy he does die, leaving Harold, who is abroad and has become wealthy, heir to the estate. At last, she thinks, her darling son will return home and manage

WESTERN EUROPE 1989
A Political and Economic Survey

► A major new addition to EUROPA's regional reference series, interlinking text, statistics and directory information in an unparalleled survey of over 30 Western European countries.

► A mine of information, with contributions from many leading observers of European affairs.

£85 0 946653 47 X

EUROPA PUBLICATIONS

18 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3JN
Tel: 01-580 8236

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things in the way she desires. In fact he comes back a widower with a three-year-old child, and shows no affection towards his mother; nor does he allow her any say in the running of the property. He adds insult to injury by showing no interest in her Tory friends and even stands for Parliament as a Radical.

The consequences of any good fortune arising from another's death, in George Eliot's writing, are always fraught with danger and threaten the beneficiary. This is underlined by Lady Debarry, Mrs Transome's ill-natured "friend", in an apparently casual aside, soon after she hears that the rich heir of the Transomes has actually returned home:

> "These sudden turns of fortune are often dangerous to an excitable constitution. . . . Poor Lady Alicia Methurst got heart disease from a sudden piece of luck—the death of her uncle, you know. If Mrs Transome were wise she would go to town—she can afford it now—and consult Dr Truncheon. I should say myself he would order her digitalis."

George Eliot managed to weave no less than three equivocal deaths into the pattern of *Middlemarch*. First there is the case of Madame Laure, a Parisian actress with whom Lydgate, a young student of medicine at the time, falls in love. In a melodramatic performance she is required to stab her lover (played in reality by her husband), mistaking him for an evil duke. At the moment when the heroine is to enact the stabbing and her lover is to fall gracefully, we are told, ". . . the wife veritably stabbed her husband, who fell as death willed". No motive is discovered for murder and after a legal investigation it is concluded that an accidental slip of the foot must have occurred; Madame Laure is released. Lydgate subsequently proposes marriage to her and while he is down on bended knee the following conversation occurs:

> "'I will tell you something', she said, in her cooing way, keeping her arms folded. 'My foot really slipped.' 'I know, I know', said Lydgate, deprecatingly. 'It was a fatal accident—a dreadful stroke of calamity that bound me to you the more.' Again Laure paused a little and then said, slowly, '*I meant to do it.*'"

The second episode is the death of Mr Casaubon, the foolish and pedantic clergyman whom Dorothea Brooke marries in the mistaken belief that he is a great philosopher whose genius she will nurse while he works on an important project—a "Key to All Mythologies".

He soon turns against her. He despises her scholarly abilities, is totally selfish and inconsiderate, and becomes jealous of her growing friendship with his young cousin, Will Ladislaw. Dorothea is desperately unhappy; trapped in a catastrophic marriage, she has every reason to wish Casaubon dead.

At this point Mr Casaubon has his first heart attack, and Lydgate, his medical attendant, advises her that he could live for fifteen years or more, provided he is protected from mental agitation of all kinds. Casaubon wants to ensure that in the case of his death, Dorothea will devote herself to continuing his work, but she refuses to commit herself immediately and insists on having time to think about it overnight. Casaubon's tyrannical will is thwarted by her failure instantly to agree, and this infuriates him. The following day he dies, seemingly setting Dorothea free. But retribution of course comes swiftly; it is soon discovered that he has added a cruel codicil to his will, disqualifying her from inheriting the property if she marries Ladislaw.

The dénouement of the book involves the death of Raffles, a drunken rogue who is blackmailing Mr Bulstrode, to whom Lydgate has become indebted. Raffles, suffering from *delirium tremens*, is being cared for in Bulstrode's house, and Lydgate is called in for medical advice. He advises against the prevalent practice of continuing to allow alcohol and administering large doses of opium. Instead, he gives detailed instructions to Bulstrode concerning the prescription of moderate doses of opium, emphasising the time at which they should cease, and forbidding all alcohol.

But Mr Bulstrode, who is struggling inwardly with his wish to kill Raffles, does not follow Lydgate's instructions. He forgets to tell Mrs Abel, his housekeeper, about limiting the dose of opium, and when Raffles's condition worsens, after a moment's hesitation, he gives her the key to his wine-cooler, where she can find brandy. Left to the care of Mrs Abel, Raffles dies during the night; and Mr Bulstrode, the following morning, finds an almost empty phial of opium and a used brandy bottle, which he proceeds to hide.

Bulstrode is culpable, for he both wished Raffles to die and failed to carry out medical instructions. Nevertheless there is an element of ambiguity, since he did not actually administer the fatal doses of opium or alcohol. Furthermore, Mrs Abel did no more than carry out what was widely accepted medical practice. An inquest concludes that death has occurred from natural causes; but nobody really believes it: Bulstrode remains under suspicion; and although Lydgate is officially vindicated all confidence in him is undermined, forcing him to give up his practice and leave Middlemarch.

Daniel Deronda was George Eliot's last novel, published when she was 57 years old; yet the equivocal death motif is as strong in it as in her first essays in fiction, eighteen years earlier. Gwendolen, a spoiled arrogant girl, suffers a setback when a financial disaster befalls her family. She marries the rich, languid and cruel Grandcourt, thinking that she can make use of him. Instead he bends her to his will, and within seven short weeks of marriage, we are told, her belief in her own power of dominating is utterly gone, and she is miserable. She grows to hate her husband. Then, during the course of a sailing trip he is apparently knocked overboard while putting about, and he drowns. Witnesses report that they heard a man cry out, and then heard a lady shriek and saw her throw herself into the water after him. This of course was Gwendolen, although it is uncertain whether she was intending to rescue Grandcourt or to commit suicide.

Later she confesses to Deronda that she had long wished her husband dead, and had even locked away a knife with

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which she meant to kill him (although she had subsequently thrown away the key). When he was knocked overboard by a gust of wind, he had risen above the surface several times, calling to her for a rope. She had frozen for a moment, holding on to the rope, but had not thrown it to him. George Eliot continues:

> "Gwendolen's confession, for the very reason that her conscience made her dwell on the determining power of her evil thoughts, convinced him the more that there had been throughout a counterbalancing struggle of her better will. It seemed almost certain that her murderous thought had no outward effect—that, quite apart from it, the death was inevitable. Still, a question as to the outward effectiveness of a criminal desire dominant enough to impel even a momentary act, cannot alter our judgment of the desire; and Deronda shrank from putting that question forward in the first instance. He held it likely that Gwendolen's remorse aggravated her inward guilt, and that she gave the character of decisive action to what had been an unappreciably instantaneous glance of desire."

When Johnny Cross wrote of George Eliot's childhood, he painted an idyllic picture which could not possibly have been true.[6]

> "The boy was his mother's pet and the girl her father's. They had everything to make children happy at Griff—a delightful old-fashioned garden—a pond, and the canal to fish in—and the farm offices close to the house—'the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently—the broad-shouldered barns where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music', and where butter-making and cheese-making were carried on with great vigour by Mrs Evans."

Again, he described George Eliot's mother as:

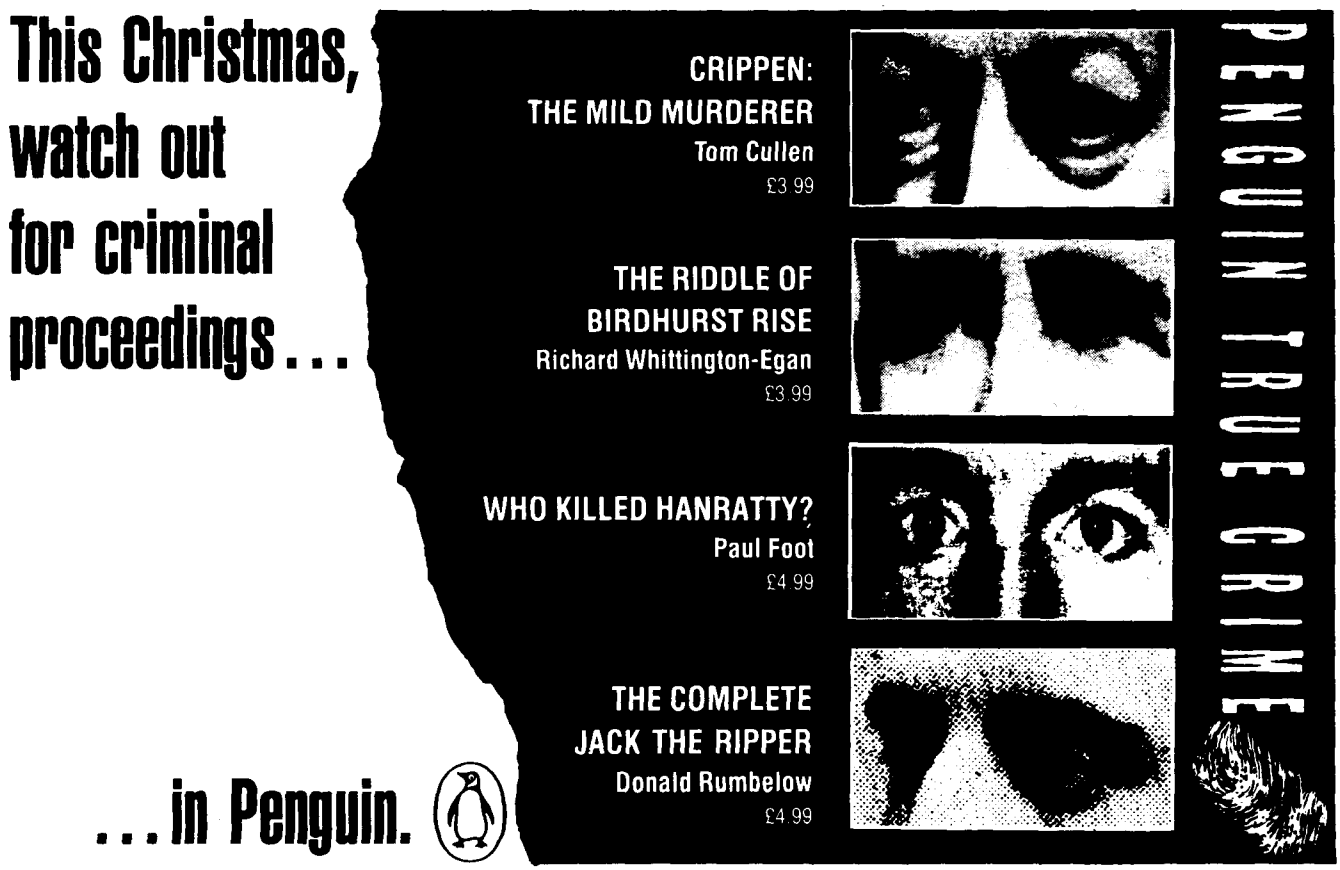
> ". . . a woman with an unusual amount of natural force—a shrewd practical person, with a considerable dash of the Mrs Poyser vein in her. Hers was an affectionate, warm-hearted nature, and her children on whom she cast 'the benediction of her gaze' were thoroughly attached to her."

But George Eliot as a small child could not have experienced her mother as a strong and forceful person, for as Leslie Stephen informs us:[7]

> "Soon after her birth, her mother's health became weak;[8] the elder girl, Christiana, was sent to school; and Mary Anne with her brother spent part of every day at a dame-school close to their own gates."

The family had moved house when she was four or five months old, and her mother was responsible for two step-children (who left home shortly after the move), as well as Christiana and Isaac, George Eliot's older sister and brother. When she was five years old, Isaac too was sent away to

[6] Johnny Cross, *George Eliot's Life* (Blackwood, 1884).
[7] Leslie Stephen, *George Eliot* (Macmillan, 1902).
[8] According to the Hansons, George Eliot's birth was actually the cause of her mother's ill-health. Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson, *Marian Evans and George Eliot* (Oxford University Press, 1952).



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school, and ". . . as her mother was still in bad health, she was sent to join her sister at school". For the next three or four years she boarded at Miss Latham's in Attelborough, where she suffered from dreadful homesickness and night terrors, returning to Griff only on occasional Saturdays.

It is clear therefore that, far from being idyllic, George Eliot's early years must have been characterised by emotional insecurity and a series of disappointments, and separations from loved ones. Her brother Isaac, on whom Johnny Cross relied for information about her childhood, may have idealised this time, but the narrator in her short story "The Lifted Veil" probably gives a more truthful picture when he says, "My childhood perhaps seems happier to me than it really was", and, talking of his relationship with his mother:

> "That unequalled love soon vanished out of my life, and even to my childish consciousness it was as if that life had become more still."

George Eliot often indicated in later years that her childhood had been unhappy. For instance, in May 1844 she wrote to Sara Hennell:

> "Childhood is only the beautiful and happy time in contemplation and retrospect: to the child it is full of deep sorrows, the meaning of which is unknown."

All her biographers agree that George Eliot's mother became ill shortly after the birth of her last child, and it would appear that from then onwards, although she lived until 1836, her health was consistently poor. George Eliot was withdrawn from school at the age of sixteen in order to help nurse her mother during the last year of her life.

LITTLE EMPHASIS, however, has been placed on the reasons for Mrs Evans' ill-health or the circumstances surrounding its origin. Gordon Haight[9] mentions almost casually an important event not alluded to by previous biographers. On 16 March 1821, Mrs Evans gave birth to twin sons, named William and Thomas after her brothers. The twins lived for only ten days, and Haight tells us, "Since the twins died Mrs Evans had not been well." It is more than likely that her physical problems were compounded by a post-natal grief reaction. She probably became depressed, and as a result emotionally unavailable to her little girl, who was forced to develop psychological strategies for coping with the loss of her warm-hearted mother.

Mary Ann was just seven months old when her mother became pregnant with the twins. The birth of these two male siblings must have been a momentous event in her young life, and their tragic death just ten days later, when she was sixteen months old, must have left her with a psychological task of overwhelming proportions. If I am right in assuming that a seven-month-old child is old enough to appreciate in some sense that her mother is pregnant, then a seventeen-month-old child is certainly not too young to experience a complex mixture of feelings surrounding the birth and precipitate death of her younger brothers. If, as a seventeen-month-old baby, George Eliot wished that her newly-born twin brothers would disappear, her belief in the efficacy of wishful thinking would have been mightily confirmed, for they did indeed die just ten days after birth. This early confirmation of her destructive potential would make sense of her later repeated portrayal in fiction of situations where the external world, far from refuting unconscious phantasies, actually emphasises their omnipotent power.

THE WEIGHT of parental experience and psychoanalytic inference supports the likelihood that feelings of hostility and rivalry towards new siblings are almost ubiquitous in small infants. Recent systematic research has also confirmed the complexity of ambivalent feelings in infants when a new baby is born. Deliberate naughtiness and aggressive acts towards the mother increased by a factor of three, and were particularly prone to occur during the period immediately following the birth.[10]

Moreover, children aged around twelve months showed clear signs of a reparative urge, and were sensitive to others, frequently trying to comfort them when in distress. Their play in phantasy often revealed these interwoven and contrasting strands, and their behaviour showed a mixture of more "grown up" independent activity as well as "babyish" regressive clinging.

Whatever the exact nature of Mrs Evans's illness, and whenever the exact date of its onset, we can reasonably assume that it rendered her less able to respond sensitively to her infant daughter's needs. Joyce Robinson has reported lasting effects and damage to the development and relationships of two infants following the withdrawal of their mother's sensitive handling for just a fortnight, while Carr and Leared have described some of the consequences for a child of a more prolonged depression in his mother.[11]

In this case the little boy was eighteen months old when his younger sister was born, and had two older sisters. The mother, although physically present, was felt to be emotionally unavailable by the child. He showed signs of precocious physical development, and was said by his mother "never to have been a baby"—indeed, when shown a photograph of him standing in his playpen one author thought he looked ". . . in some strange way . . . more like a little old man than a baby." He was so jealous of his sisters that his mother had to make elaborate plans to separate them, sending the older children to nursery school in the mornings, and having his baby sister cared for by the *au pair*. At night he was harnessed into his cot in order to prevent him from attacking his sisters, who slept in the same room.

---

[9] Gordon Haight, *George Eliot: A Biography* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1968). Jennifer Uglow in her *George Eliot* (Virago, 1987), also draws attention to the "strange silence" on the subject of George Eliot's mother in biographies. She suggests: "Perhaps the lack of response from her mother made her turn more positively to the energetic, exploring, managing world of her father and Isaac."

[10] Judy Dunn and Carol Kendrick, *Siblings* (Grant McIntyre, 1982).

[11] "Mother-Infant Interaction from Birth to Twelve Months: Two Case Studies", in *Determinants of Infant Behaviour III*, ed. B. M. Foss (Methuen, 1965). Helen Carr and Jean Leared, in *Support, Innovation and Autonomy*, ed. R. Gosling (Tavistock, 1973).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like the little boy whom Carr and Leared describe, George Eliot had an air of precocious adulthood about her from an early age. She was even called "Little Mamma" by the older girls at Miss Latham's school.[12]

It would hardly be surprising if the infant Mary Ann had nursed hostile wishes toward her twin brothers. The fact that they died shortly after birth would only have served to confirm the child in a belief that her destructive wishes had omnipotent power, and were in every way equivalent to actions; whereas her reparative urges were weak and impotent. Her mother's prolonged sickness and withdrawal, beginning at this time, would indeed have seemed like swift retribution. If her own birth had been the original cause of her mother's ill-health, as the Hansons suggest, how much greater the sense of guilt regarding her destructiveness.

It is tempting to think that the roots of the self-doubt which plagued George Eliot,[13] and was so resistant to praise from friends or worldly success, are to be found in her early childhood. Certainly the opening lines on the title page of *Daniel Deronda* bear eloquent testimony to her lifelong concern with this problem:

> *Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul:*
> *There, 'mid the throng of hurrying desires*
> *That trample o'er the dead to seize their spoil,*
> *Lurks vengeance, footless, irresistible*
> *As exhalations laden with slow death,*
> *And o'er the fairest troop of captured joys*
> *Breathes pallid pestilence.*

[12] For a report of a seven-year follow-up linking precocious development of an infant girl with early deprivation resulting from maternal bereavement, see Martin James "Premature ego development: some observations on disturbances in the first three months of life", *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, XLI (1960), pp. 258-294. He observes that "Her ideas ran away with her and if she thought a thing she was liable to act as though (by magic) it had already happened".

[13] G. H. Lewes explains in a letter why he kept reviews from her: "Unhappily the habitual tone of her mind is distrust of herself, and no sympathy, no praise can do more than lift her out of it for a day or two". George Eliot, *Letters*, ed. G. S. Haight (Yale University Press, 1954), vol. 5, p. 288.

The Music Makers

Post-Wagnerian Doubts & Certainties—By JEREMY SIEPMANN

OF ALL arts, music is the most mysterious, the most elusive, the most resistant to objective assessment. Abstract by its very nature, it renders its greatest practitioners all but impotent when called upon even to define it. Thus the fearsome Arnold Schoenberg:

> "Music is a simultaneous and successive-ness of tones and tone combinations, which are so organized that the impression on the ear is agreeable, and its impression on the intelligence is comprehensible, and that these impressions have the power to influence occult parts of our soul and of our sentimental spheres, and that this influence makes us live in a dreamland of fulfilled desires, or in a dreamed-of hell."[1]

And he continues: "A real understanding of music has to be based on a sound capacity to distinguish between value and non-value." On what, though, should this capacity be grounded? By what criteria shall agreeableness to the ear, let alone comprehensibility to the intellect, be judged? "I know nothing about music", says the proverbial Philistine, "but I know what I like." And we sneer at his presumption. Let us turn, then, instead, to those who know a great deal about music and have devoted their lives to its creation.

If knowledge, in the sense of technical know-how, provides the key to musical understanding, it follows that we should acquire enlightenment through the writings and opinions of the great composers. And so we do. We find them, generally, quite as mystified as ourselves by the nature of the creative process, indeed about the nature of musical experience itself. And in some cases, though too few, we find them duly humble. Ravel, for instance, that "good and quiet soul" in Manuel de Falla's words, spurned even the term "artist" (let alone "genius") when applied to himself—but not through modesty alone. In preferring the epithet "artisan", he tacitly acknowledged, whether consciously or not, that strange and unnerving passivity which has led more than a few composers to regard their finest works as discoveries rather than creations. In likening himself to a mason constructing a wall, Ravel implicitly disclaimed any credit for the bricks, the germinal ideas; these were presented to him by his unconscious.

For Robert Schumann, on the other hand, as for Leonard Bernstein, as revealed in Joan Peyser's interesting but notoriously intrusive biography,[2] the surprises sprung by the subconscious extended to the finished "wall" itself. Just as Bernstein found symbolic clock chimes in his symphony *The Age*

[1] *Arnold Schoenberg Letters*. Edited by ERWIN STEIN. Faber, £7.50.

[2] *Leonard Bernstein: A Biography*. By JOAN PEYSER. Bantam, £12.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Anxiety, so Schumann often surprised himself by discovering sophisticated contrapuntal devices, such as canons in inversion, which had escaped his notice at the time of composition. The ultimate testament, however, to the passivity of creation must surely be Stravinsky's astonishing report on the birth of one of this century's most complex and revolutionary works, *Le Sacre du Printemps*. "In composing the Rite", he tells us, "I was guided by no system whatever. I heard, and I wrote what I heard. I am the vessel through which the Rite passed."[3]

This state of possession by a force greater than our conscious understanding is common, in varying degrees, to all creative artists, and goes by the much-abused name of inspiration. Even Schoenberg, one of this century's most strenuously intellectual and methodical composers ("I can provide rules for almost everything"), confessed in his letters that "without inspiration" he could not compose ten worthwhile bars.

Ever since Beethoven, the first great musician regularly to transcend (indeed to ignore) the practical requirements of the here and now, composers, who conjure up powerfully affective structures from the wholly insubstantial world of tones, have enjoyed a certain mystique, an aura of the quasi-supernatural which they have often been at pains to preserve (hence the extreme reluctance of many composers to discuss or to reveal the process of composition itself). Unlike Beethoven, for instance, whose sketch-books prove him to have been the greatest creative wrestler in musical history, Brahms regularly consigned to the flames more pages than he ever spared; Chopin, fastidious in other respects to the point of obesssion, crossed out or amended bars in his manuscripts with a thoroughness smacking almost of violence; Mahler, as evidenced by Norman Lebrecht's anthology of reminiscences, *Mahler Remembered*,[4] studiously avoided revelations of his working methods; and Ravel was secretive to a degree which Debussy, for one, found extremely irksome:

> "Ravel is extraordinarily gifted, but what annoys me is the attitude he adopts of being a 'conjurer', or rather a Fakir casting spells and making flowers burst out of chairs."[5]

Nor was Debussy alone in his impression. Roland-Manuel concurs:

> "Everything had to be done, or seem to be done, by a miracle. His piano and study bore no trace of his work and gave no evidence of preliminary drafts. Nothing in the hands or pockets: the conjurer juggled away even the apparatus of his tricks."[6]

Like his revered Mozart, Ravel composed mostly in his head; but he did, in fact, make preliminary drafts, and they reveal an anachronistic tendency also observable in much of his music. With few exceptions, his sketches, like those of Bach and Mozart, begin with a single melodic line and a figured bass to indicate the harmonies.

If composers are often loth to discuss the creative process, it may be because they themselves are at a loss to understand it, much less control it. And here their acquired sophistication may even prove a liability, though not one confined to musicians. Few who have created anything requiring conscious thought and calculation, from magazine articles to multi-volume novels, can fail to find solace in a letter written by Debussy in 1909:

> "I'd rather be a sponge at the bottom of the sea or a vase on the mantelpiece, anything rather than a man of intellect; such a fragile kind of machine, which goes only when it wants to and against which the will of man is powerless. . . . You give orders to someone who won't obey you, and that someone is yourself! It's difficult to treat yourself like an idiot; yet your thoughts go blankly round and round, like sad horses on a merry-go-round, with no music and no riders."

The Muse, in short, will not be bullied—with the result that creating anything to order is a risky proposition (little can the Koussevitsky Foundation have imagined, for instance, when commissioning a symphony from Leonard Bernstein, that he would deliver the manuscript eight years late!).

And what of the end product? Are composers (who, after all, should know more of music than anyone else) better qualified than the rest of us to exercise that Schoenbergian capacity for distinguishing value from non-value? From this élite of musical sophisticates may we expect, by reason of their expertise, something like a consensus as to the value of other composers' works? If so, then we must accept Debussy's considered opinion that the works of Berlioz reveal "an inveterate practical joker who came to believe in his own jokes", that the piano concertos of Mozart and Beethoven are "heartily detestable", that "Bach's prodigious skill (which is, after all, only his individual form of gymnastics) is not enough to fill the terrible void created by his insistence on developing mediocre ideas no matter what the cost", and that Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet "is without question one long practical joke".[7]

And what of Mahler's dislike of Debussy? Or Tchaikovsky's view of Brahms as "a giftless bastard; a self-inflated mediocrity compared with whom [Joachim] Raff is a genius"?[8] Or Ravel's response to the first Chamber Symphony of Schoenberg (whose fondest wish was to be considered "a better sort of Tchaikovsky"): "This is not music; it comes out of a laboratory"?[9] So much for the notion that music is an international and, beyond that, a universal language (let alone the idea that it is a language to which "knowledge" is the key). At best it is a loose-knit *family* of languages drawing on a common pool of non-conceptual tones; tones which, as Humpty Dumpty might have said to Alice, "may mean

---

[3] Igor Stravinsky, *Chronicle of My Life* (1936).
[4] *Mahler Remembered*. By NORMAN LEBRECHT. Faber, £15.00, paper £6.95.
[5] *Debussy: Selected Letters*. Edited by ROGER NICHOLS. Faber, £25.00.
[6] *Ravel Remembered*. By ROGER NICHOLS. Faber, £15.00, paper £6.95.
[7] Roger Nichols, *Debussy . . . Letters*.
[8] From Tchaikovsky's diary (1880), quoted in Nicholas Slominsky, *The Lexicon of Musical Invective* (1953).
[9] Roger Nichols, *Ravel Remembered*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what anyone means them to mean". And tones, what's more, which are as prone to national, cultural and philosophical barriers as words are.

In view of his Tchaikovskian ambitions, his vision of himself as the natural heir to both Brahms and Wagner, and his description of music as something which is by definition both comprehensible and agreeable to the ear, it is not only fascinating but tragic that Schoenberg should have fulfilled, in large measure, a prophecy made by Nadia Boulanger, who regarded him, in common with a great many other people, as a dangerous heretic. In Schoenberg's concept of twelve-tone composition ("I have today made a discovery which will ensure the supremacy of German music for the next hundred years"[10]), she saw an influence which risked creating as deep and permanent a division among Western musicians as the Protestant Reformation had among Christians. Alas, she wasn't far wrong: the depth of the rift is a matter of historical record, even if its permanence remains a matter for conjecture. More serious than the division among musicians, however, is the yawning gulf which now separates a great many contemporary composers from the bulk of the music-loving (i.e. concert-going, record-buying, radio-listening) public. And if, as Roger Sessions claimed on behalf of himself and his colleagues, "all of us, no matter in what way we compose, compose differently because of Schoenberg", then the situation in which we find ourselves today may be traced directly to that fire-breathing if reluctant revolutionary ("These atonalists! Damn it all, I did my composing without any 'isms' in mind. What has it got to do with me?").

The charge most commonly laid at Schoenberg's door is that in his celebrated "emancipation of the dissonance", his principled destruction of that tonal gravitational system known as key, he destroyed the commonly acknowledged frame of emotional reference which had sustained European music for a thousand years and enabled it to weather all manner of aesthetic and stylistic storms. Naturally, this was not his intention. Rooted in the tenets of late Romanticism, he saw his entire output as a continuum and made no distinction in kind between his early and his later works ("What I have sought in my music has never been 'style', but always content, and the most precise possible reproduction of that content"). When asked in later years why he didn't still compose in the manner of his most popular work, *Verklaerte Nacht*, he replied testily, "I do, but nobody notices". If, by then, Schoenberg had largely lost his audience, it was undoubtedly, if only partially, because he held the bulk of its members in contempt:

> "[As for] consideration of the listener, I have exactly as little of this as he has for me. All I know is that he exists, and in so far as he isn't 'indispensable' for acoustic reasons (since music doesn't sound well in an empty hall), he's only a nuisance. In any case, a listener who can dispense with my work, or with part of it, is free to make use of his more fortunate situation and treat me as something he can dispense with *entirely*.[11]

[10] Erwin Stein, *Schoenberg Letters*.
[11] Erwin Stein, *Schoenberg Letters*.
[12] Roger Nichols, *Debussy . . . Letters*.

Not that this sort of attitude was by any means confined to Schoenberg. It was in some measure the inevitable outcome of the Romantics' cultivation of the ego, which itself owed more than a little to the artist's belated emancipation from the shackles of patronage. We find it in Debussy, too:

> "What others think of my music is of absolutely no interest to me. . . . Audiences must go out and meet [my music] because it has no intention of ever making advances towards them. . . . Ultimately we must just cultivate the garden of our instincts and officiously trample on the flowerbeds all symmetrically laid out with ideas in white ties. . . . I acknowledge one law only: that of my own pleasure."[12]

TO UNDERSTAND the apparently anarchistic drift of such remarks, one must set them in the context of their time, which was a period of great confusion. Indeed it might fairly be said that the early 20th century saw music in a state of crisis unparalleled since the end of the 16th century. Just as composers then found themselves straddling the transition from the intricate modal polyphony of the Renaissance to the sturdy, and initially simpler, harmonic vocabulary of the early Baroque (buttressed by the Lutheran chorales of the Reformation), composers in the years leading up to World War I faced a similar transition, though in this case the process was being reversed. After 300 years of steadily increasing richness and complexity (and, in the 19th century, sensuality), harmonic thought, enshrined in the concept of tonality, appeared to have reached saturation point, and began to be supplanted by a linear, more contrapuntal way of thinking (mirrored, in the realm of folk music, by the birth of jazz). Inevitably, however, in the time-honoured tradition of revolutions, the destruction of the old proved easier than the mapping of the new. As Debussy put it in a letter from 1906:

> "Music is currently split up into lots of little republics in which everyone is determined to shout louder than the man next door. The result is such horrible music, one begins to fear that a taste for the 'other sort of music' may not long survive."

As the first decade of this century drew to a close, the

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS
Leading academics
RESEARCH ASSISTANTS
Experienced honours graduates
TRANSLATORS
Qualified, most European languages
ARCHIVISTS
Editing and indexing by word processor

Research Assistance Routledge Associates
4 Lauriston Road, London SW19 4TQ
Phone 01-947 9375

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future of music lay primarily in the hands of three men, each of them a profound individualist, guided by a sense of destiny; each possessed of an enormous artistic power, intensified by a certain social alienation; and each convinced of his historical importance. One was Debussy himself (who had writen in 1895 that his music would be understood "only by our grandchildren in the 20th century"); one, of course, was Schoenberg ("In years to come every talented composer will be writing this way"); and the third, like Schoenberg a Jew, converted as a matter of professional expediency to Christianity, was Mahler ("In 50 years they will play my symphonies as they now play Beethoven's").

To begin with, each regarded the others with mutual incomprehension. Mahler never came round to an appreciation of Debussy, and worked unsuccessfully at understanding Schoenberg (whom he held, nevertheless, in the greatest respect). Schoenberg moved only slowly from deriding Mahler ("how can [he] do anything with his Fourth Symphony when [he] has failed to do anything with his First?") to worshipping him ("Gustav Mahler was a saint"[13]), while Debussy, reared in a different tradition, stood aloof from both. Up to a point, of course, each was a prisoner of his own culture, with Mahler and Schoenberg standing very much nearer to one another than to Debussy. For all the disparity in their backgrounds and temperaments, however, they were united by an often uncomfortable and always ambivalent debt very similar to that cited by Sessions with regard to Schoenberg. Helping to shape all their destinies, for better or worse, was the all-pervasive influence of Richard Wagner.

The line of descent from Wagner to Bruckner, Schoenberg, Webern and Berg is plain to see, as it is to hear. So is its source in a deeply Germanic tradition of thought (Wagner the anti-Semite and Schoenberg the Jew proclaimed as much with an almost equal fervour). Debussy, on the other hand, was just as deeply rooted in the more refined and fastidious heritage of his native France ("A civilization so excessive", he once wrote, "that it comes curiously close to barbarism"). Prior to the influence of Wagner, which far exceeded the merely musical, the two traditions, and the psychological characteristics engendered by them, had been starkly opposed.

If Wagner succeeded in bringing about a certain fusion, it was unintentional, and hardly effected through the exercise of tact. In a letter to Paul Challemel-Lecour, who translated four of his operas, he enumerated Franco-German differences with characteristic delicacy: "The French are mimics, the Germans artists. The French imitate, the Germans create. The French are barren, the Germans profound; the French are superficial virtuosos, the Germans are poets: the French are realists, the Germans idealists." And elsewhere he wrote:

> "The French will never understand me, or any other German. They are closed off from the German spirit. . . . Effects of the moment are the most important thing to them. . . . They think only of entertainment, of amusement, of reaching as many people as possible, despite their protests that they aim for ennoblement through art."[14]

Whether or not the French understood Wagner as he would have liked, they were overwhelmed by the power of his genius, and in time came to celebrate him, as musician, poet, writer and philosopher, with a fervour unsurpassed in any other country.

In the 1880s, in common with many of his colleagues and compatriots, Debussy, too, fell under the Wagnerian spell; and though he later took refuge in a number of increasingly anti-Wagnerian stances, he continued to measure himself, to some degree, in a Wagnerian context. His deep and growing pride in being French was only intensified by Wagner's Germanness. By the turn of the century, Debussy had forged a style and a world of sound which, more, perhaps, than the work of any other composer, undermined the tradition of 19th-century rhetoric and paved the way, by their own admission, for such diverse composers as Bartok, Stravinsky and Stockhausen. And ironically, that style, that new and seductive sound-world, derived in large measure from Wagner's influence, both positive and negative.

Like most French composers, Debussy treasured lyrical clarity and was alarmed by Wagner's inflation of the orchestra. At the same time, he shared with Wagner a sensuousness, an almost principled hedonism, which was the source of much of his originality. And in his pronouncements, as in his music (though with incomparably greater elegance), he substantiated many of Wagner's observations on the Franco-German gulf. As an artist, he was more concerned with the experience of the moment than with making statements about experience ("There's no need for music to make people think. . . . It would be enough if it could make them *listen*"). And though his music often has a clarity and delicacy of sound reminiscent of the great Classical composers, he had little of their preoccupation with form and development. ("I feel more and more that music, by its very essence, isn't something that can flow inside a rigorous, traditional form. It consists of colours, and of rhythmicised time. . . . The rest is just a nonsense invented by unfeeling imbeciles on the backs of the Masters.")[15]

Mahler and Schoenberg both believed in the self-generative nature of musical form, but their approach to the matter, while hardly exposing them as unfeeling imbeciles, derived from the mainstream of German classicism. Anton Webern, a pupil of Schoenberg whose voraciously eclectic vision drew sustenance from Debussy as well (his quasi-aphoristic economy of means, his expressive use of silence, the translucency of his textures), has left an interesting account of his first meeting with Mahler:

> "The discussion turned to counterpoint, since Schoenberg said that only Germans knew how to handle counterpoint. Mahler pointed out the old French composers, Rameau and so on, and admitted only Bach, Brahms and Wagner as the greatest contrapuntists among Germans. 'Nature is for us the model in this realm. Just as in nature the entire

[13] Norman Lebrecht, *Mahler Remembered*, p. 167.

[14] *Paris. The Musical Kaleidescope, 1870-1925.* By Elaine Brody. Robson Books, £15.95.

[15] Roger Nichols, *Debussy . . . Letters.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> universe has developed from the primeval cell . . . so also in music should a larger structure develop from a single motif in which is contained the germ of everything that is yet to be.' . . . 'Variation', he stated, 'is the most important factor in a musical work.'"[16]

How different from Debussy, writing in 1916: "I've never liked variations. They're just a slick procedure for making a lot out of very little." Or again: "You know how little love I have for developmental padding. It's seen long service at the hands of the masters and it's time we started to replace it by a more rigorous selection of ideas."[17]

If these widely different fathers of our century's music diverged when it came to style and to principles, they achieved, none the less, a certain reassuring unanimity on the nature of music and art. Debussy: "An artist is by definition a man accustomed to dreams and living among apparitions." Schoenberg: "It is possible for a musician to feel pleasure only when he sees that music—perhaps, indeed, his own—has enabled another human being to live in a world of dreams." Falla on Ravel: ". . . his [was] music, forged in some inner world that was a refuge against intrusive reality." Only Mahler, it seems, was a realist and a universalist, determined to transcend the dream, to reach out through the traumas of his tormented inner life, and those of humanity at large, to find, and to reveal in music, solutions to the human condition.

> "Every injustice done to me is an injustice towards the entire universe and must hurt the almighty spirit. . . . The whole world concerns me . . . [and] the symphony must be like the world; it must embrace everything."[18]

So, if it's to survive, must music itself.

[16] Norman Lebrecht, *Mahler Remembered.*
[17] Roger Nichols, *Debussy . . . Letters.*
[18] Norman Lebrecht, *Mahler Remembered.*

Viler Bodies, Stronger Drugs

Young America?—By ANTHONY GARDNER

THREE YEARS AGO Jay McInerney and Bret Easton Ellis emerged as the chroniclers of an American life-style which seemed scarcely credible to British readers—a life-style all the more fascinating for being completely at odds with the new mood of puritanism which was supposed to be taking hold on both sides of the Atlantic. At the centre of McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* and Ellis's *Less Than Zero* were groups of affluent young people whose lives were an endless litany of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll. McInerney's characters were the night-clubbers of New York, Ellis's the offspring of Californian film moguls; it seemed as if the two authors had stumbled simultaneously on a vein of excess that ran the entire breadth of the United States.

American critics shackled the two authors—plus Tama Janowitz, author of *Slaves of New York*—with the name "the Brat Pack": a feeble pun, heavy with condescension, which failed to suggest that they had anything more than youth in common. (Even this was misleading, since Ellis, now 24, is extraordinarily precocious in comparison to the 33-year-old McInerney.) In fact, although there were important differences too, their novels displayed remarkable affinities, not only in subject-matter but also in style. Both used a snappy, colloquial, present-tense narrative (first-person in *Less Than Zero*, second-person in *Bright Lights, Big City*) sprinkled with brand names and references to rock songs (particularly those of Elvis Costello); both inclined towards short sentences and paragraphs; both evinced a fine ear for dialogue. The result was two short, sharp, shocking, and highly readable books.

Story of My Life[1] is the first novel McInerney has written since *Bright Lights, Big City* (an earlier, more conventional one—*Ransom*—was published between the two). When Alison, the narrator, remarks that the words of a song—"I can't stop now, I can't stop"—could be her theme, she brings to mind Agatha Runcible's cry of "Faster! Faster!" in *Vile Bodies*; and although it is flattering to McInerney to compare him to the young Evelyn Waugh (lacking, as he does, Waugh's lightness of touch and comic vision), there are significant similarities. In a sense, McInerney's characters are the descendants of Waugh's Bright Young Things and Scott Fitzgerald's flappers, whose hedonism and irresponsibility they share—though cocaine rather than cocktails fuels their giddy lives. *Vile Bodies*, with its pace, brevity and masterful dialogue, can be seen as the blueprint for many of the stylistic traits, and one of Waugh's favourite devices in that book—the use of "so", particularly at the beginning of paragraphs, to link two things which are actually unrelated—is employed throughout *Story of My Life*:

> "Give me a break, says Francesca.

[1] *Story of My Life.* By JAY MCINERNEY. Bloomsbury, £11.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diplomacy is strictly against the rules, Didi goes.
So then the phone rings."

One vital difference between McInerney's characters and Waugh's is that McInerney's have little sense of fun. They have grown up too quickly ("My parents never gave a shit whether I went to school or not, they were off chasing lovers and bottles, leaving us kids with the cars and credit cards"), and as a result they are jaded and cynical. For Alison, at twenty, there is little that seems thrilling or shocking, be it drugs, sex, wealth or violence (and Alison is a good deal less world-weary than some of Bret Easton Ellis's characters). Although there are a lot of very funny moments in *Story of My Life*, they generally take the form of bitter wisecracks at somebody's expense. This is Alison on the subject of her father:

> "From what I've seen nobody changes much after a certain age. Like about four years old, maybe. . . . Families, Jesus. At least with lovers you can break up. Those old novels and plays that always start out with orphans, in the end they find their parents—I want to say, don't look for them, you're better off without. Believe me. Get a dog instead. That's one of my big ambitions in life—to be an orphan."

Because of her parents' disastrous example, Alison does not believe in marriage; she talks of being "in lust" rather than "in love", and the threat of AIDS does nothing to bridle her and her friends' promiscuity. They live off trust funds and borrowed credit cards, take each other's designer clothes, go to all-night parties, and share out drugs. The one healthy activity in Alison's life is her acting course: "I love it, getting up there and turning myself inside out. . . . Acting is about being true to your feelings, which is great since real life seems to be about being a liar and a hypocrite." Truth is the major theme of *Story of My Life*—Alison (again because of her parents) insists on honesty at all costs, whereas Dean, the Wall Street broker who threatens to turn her lust into love, sees a place for tact and white lies. A game of Truth Or Dare brings their relationship to crisis point; meanwhile, Alison runs out of money, and the rest of her life begins to escape from her control.

Alison's descent into hell is similar to that of the narrator of *Bright Lights, Big City*. *Story of My Life*, however, is a better book, largely because McInerney has abandoned second-person narrative in favour of first-person (the "You . . . You . . . You . . ." of the earlier novel becomes extremely irritating, since it makes excessive demands on the reader to identify with the narrator).

At moments his adoption of a female persona seems to amount to little more than seeing sex from the other way up, and Alison is not a character who is likely to appeal to feminists ("Can't rape the willing" is one of her mottoes); but in her McInerney has created a brilliant vernacular voice (its colloquialism underlined by the lack of quotation marks to distinguish between narrative and dialogue) whose banal vocabulary is offset by wit and perceptiveness.

[2] *Sad Movies*. By MARK LINDQUIST. Flamingo, £2.95.
[3] *The Rules of Attraction*. By BRET EASTON ELLIS, Picador, £3.95.

SUCH IS THE FACILITY of McInerney's writing that it seems at moments easy to emulate. That this is not the case is demonstrated by Mark Lindquist's first novel, *Sad Movies*.[2] All the ingredients of *Bright Lights, Big City* and *Less Than Zero* are there—the clipped narrative style, the Tarnished Young Things—but it is as if someone had borrowed a recipe for bread and forgotten to add the yeast. Not only that, but the ingredients have been wrongly measured out: the peripheral trappings of Ellis and McInerney's books—the designer clothes, the snatches of songs—are given such prominence that *Sad Movies* reads at some points like a fashion catalogue and at others like a radio playlist.

"I wonder why I don't kill myself?" is the opening paragraph, and the redundant question mark signals an unpromising start. Zeke, the narrator, is a talented (we are told) would-be screenwriter who has sold out to a low-grade film company, and spends his days devising advertising copy for movies he despises. He is well-paid, and has a kind, beautiful girl-friend, but having had the idea of suicide—for some reason which is never fully explored—he decides to pursue life for one more week and then shoot himself; since he is a tedious and unsympathetic character, his death becomes a consummation devoutly to be wished. Though a short book, *Sad Movies* seems to go on for a very long time.

The main problem with the novel is that it is too self-conscious. One of the reasons why Ellis and McInerney are so successful in creating their cold, terrifying worlds is that Alison and her kind take their debauched way of life for granted: they lurch from excess to excess, relating their adventures in a matter-of-fact way, without pausing to consider alternative modes of existence. The result is Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* with the fear and loathing all but left behind; Martin Amis's *Money* without a hint of caricature. By contrast, Zeke is endlessly aware of himself and his chosen life-style as he dons his Ray-Bans and mutters about "The Plague". This might not matter if it were offset by a dose of irony, or if Zeke had anything profound to offer in the way of self-analysis; but though more articulate than McInerney's heroine, he is less expressive, content to indicate his state of mind by itemising the records he is listening to.

In the end, it is hard to see *Sad Movies* as anything more than a pose: one can't help thinking that Lindquist wants to be identified with his narrator, and that he is attempting to impress the reader with his existentialist *Angst* and litter-bin of cultural references.

BRET EASTON ELLIS'S second novel, *The Rules of Attraction*,[3] is a disappointing successor to *Less Than Zero*. The latter was a minor masterpiece: a sleek, bleak book, with a horrifying but compelling story line married to a deadpan narrative; it captured better than any other product of this genre the numbness of its characters and the emptiness of their lives, unalleviated by humour like McInerney's. *The Rules of Attraction* is bleak too, but also diffuse and unwieldy: Ellis has traded in his Porsche for a pantechnicon.

The book is set in Camden College, an East Coast university whose students are rich but less conventional than their

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ivy League contemporaries. Academic pursuits, predictably, are not of great interest to them: they cut classes, change subjects, and focus their lives instead on drugs, drink, sex, and a succession of increasingly sordid parties which nobody seems to enjoy. "What else is one to do at college", asks one, "except drink beer and slash your wrists?" They are so promiscuous that they become confused as to whom they have slept with and whom they have not.

Instead of one narrator, Ellis uses a dozen—including (briefly) Clay, the narrator of *Less Than Zero*. This is a nice touch, but it points to one of the book's shortcomings, since Clay is the only character (apart from one whose narrative is in French) with a really individual voice. As a result, the reader initially finds it difficult to distinguish between one character and another, particularly since their attitudes to life are so similar. When the three main characters do eventually emerge from the morass, they are identifiable more by sexual preference than by anything else. Paul is an eager bisexual, Sean a reluctant one; Lauren is in love with the peripatetic Victor, though this does not prevent her from sleeping with other people.

Ellis prefaces this over-ambitious book with a quotation from Tim O'Brien's *Going After Cacciato*:

> "The facts, even when beaded on a chain, still did not have a real order. Events did not flow. The facts were separate and haphazard and random even as they happened, episodic, broken, no smooth transitions, no sense of events unfolding from prior events. . . ."

The Rules of Attraction is not quite as chaotic as this might lead us to expect, but it does lack shape to an extent which is no less irritating for being deliberate. The story line, developed sluggishly, is brought to an end simply by the arrival of the end of term; the book begins and ends in mid-sentence. Ellis has a point to make here: whereas McInerney's interest is in watching the collapse of his protagonists' worlds, for the characters in *The Rules of Attraction* life simply carries on, fundamentally unchanged by the dreadful events in which they have participated. In *Less Than Zero*, however Ellis managed to achieve the same end without weakening his narrative structure.

Among the strengths of *The Rules of Attraction* are its dialogue (of which the author remains a master) and a couple of uncharacteristically comic set-pieces: in one Paul informs his astonished contemporaries that his parents, unlike theirs, aren't divorced; in another Sean makes a half-hearted and incompetent attempt to take his life. The stratagem of juxtaposing two accounts of the same event to show how the characters constantly misinterpret each other's behaviour is used to good effect, particularly with regard to sexual encounters. The descriptions of sex in the book are among the most depressing I have ever read.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Ellis and McInerney's writing is an ability to portray characters sympathetically without making their hedonistic way of life in any way attractive. Evelyn Waugh and Scott Fitzgerald recognised the shallowness of the Bright Young Things and flappers, but still loved their wild, vivacious antics; the new observers of American excess are happy to expose the lethal tedium of the whole affair.

Autumn Pets

Gently, gently, with the flat of her hand,
she's seeing off a small spider abseiling
down from the lintel, framing her against my summer

garden threshold: "Spiders are pets, practically
twining around the heart strings, through the year's

twilight. They live with me a while and then
they go. I dread to think just where they go,
sprung from a glassy sea of white-wash

to a Giant's Causeway of crumbs or worse
along the wainscot, or the unspeakably sheer face

of a newspaper tented on the floor. Meantime, they know
their place and stay there, moving a foot

a day, before they disappear
as if vaporised." Alone, she's a prisoner in the cells,
hormonally. Yet, her pores suck this gilding sun. In all

conscience, what of the prisoner in the cells,
whose world's . . . the motion of a flea?

Val Warner

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Encountered

Office Without Power: Diaries 1968-72. By TONY BENN. Hutchinson, £16.95.

Immensely detailed, candid, and seemingly shrewd, these like their predecessor volume are based on notes often dictated daily; they are therefore fresher than Richard Crossman's, and perhaps more thoughtful than Barbara Castle's. Major subjects include rifts over Europe, on which Benn early championed the referendum which (to his surprise) backed it.

Peggy Ashcroft. By MICHAEL BILLINGTON. John Murray, £15.95.

Heart-warming but unsoft biography of an actress whom her ex-husband Jeremy Hutchinson well describes as "a marvellous mixture of someone with a naive streak personally and a total shrewdness theatrically. She's also one of the few totally good people I've ever met." Fine illustrations also chart her progress from *ingénue* to quasi Queen Mum.

The Quest for le Carré. Edited by ALAN BOLD. Vision Press/St Martin's Press, £18.95.

Probably the best of several recent studies of David Cornwell as spy novelist, with essays by the likes of Owen Dudley Edwards, an interview by Melvyn Bragg, and a memoir by Vivian Green. But the real problem, surely, is what can follow *The Perfect Spy*.

Frank Richards: The Chap behind the Chums. By MARY CADOGAN. Viking, £14.95.

The author quotes Professor Robert Roberts as estimating that Frank Richards (of *Billy Bunter* and *Greyfriars* fame) "had more influence on the mind and outlook of young working-class England than any other single person, not excluding Baden-Powell." Richards himself was middle-class, the son of a journalist: his school stories totalled some 72 million words. Nostalgic fans will wallow.

Macaulay. By OWEN DUDLEY EDWARDS. Weidenfeld, £5.95.

Sparkling primer in the publisher's new "Historians on Historians" series: the others so far are *Gibbon* by Roy Porter and *Acton* by Hugh Tulloch. Edwards brings into focus the verse, plays, fiction, and essays as much as the *History of England*, and vindicates Macaulay as a skilled and complex narrative dramatist.

The Silk Road. By IRENE M. FRANCK and DAVID M. BROWNSTONE. Facts on File, £16.95.

Elegantly printed, mapped, and illustrated history of the opening-up of the world's most glamorous trade-route, from Eastern Asia to the Mediterranean, along whose 5,000 miles silks from China were exchanged for dyes, perfumes, and spices, and culture, religion, and technology moved both ways—despite bandits and other threats—until the sea routes made it obsolete.

Charlotte Brontë. By REBECCA FRASER. Methuen, £14.95.

Mammoth new biography, with much new material, from one of a new generation of the great Longford-Pakenham-Fraser writing clan, Antonia Fraser's daughter. The family virtues prevail—warmth, readability, lively curiosity; and the scholarship is impressive. The resultant portrait is sad, but passionate, vigorous, and far more original than habit suggests.

Back-Bencher. By IAN MIKARDO. Weidenfeld, £12.95.

What *is* one to make of Mikardo? Even his enemies in the Labour Party call him "Mik". Age mellows; and a man as transparently pugnacious for the Far Left commands the sort of respect accorded a rough, shaggy, dirty-pawed dog that knocks over small tables. This unrepentant autobiography adds sidelights to the picture, especially on the family's Jewish background.

Over the Rim of the World: Selected Letters of Freya Stark. Edited by CAROLINE MOOREHEAD. John Murray, £19.95.

When Freya Stark began to collect her letters, some twenty years ago, she found she had written nearly two million words. Half of them were published in eight volumes between 1974 and 1982. This volume (without omission dots) selects from those and adds a few more, recently unearthed. A dazzling, manageable record of a unique traveller's life.

Hong Kong. By JAN MORRIS. Viking, £14.95.

Immensely useful blend of history and travel-writing, especially timely in view of the 1997 hand-over. "In one great respect", writes the author, "the British in Hong Kong have failed to honour their own best values. They have consistently declined to give political power to the people, or even to keep them properly informed." Similar trenchant judgments, plus vivid reporting, make this a fit successor to the *Pax Britannica* trilogy.

The Faber Book of Letters. Edited by FELIX PRYOR. Faber, £12.95.

After *Diaries, Reportage, Cricket, Anecdotes, Seductions*, and now this, what next? Libel suits? Wills? Laundry lists? Arranged chronologically, from Sir Philip Sidney in 1578 to Albert Einstein in 1939, this makes for the idlest kind of reading—perhaps in a lonely bed at a foreign hotel. A scrabble of gems, some paste, some very small.

Men Only: An Investigation into Men's Organizations. By BARBARA ROGERS. Pandora (Unwin Paperbacks), £5.95.

Rather nettled exploration of places where men go to get away from women, including (some) pubs, working men's clubs, masonic and rotary groups, all-male public schools, clubs, the Church, the services, and the City. Understandably, Ms Rogers resents the resultant networking: more debatably, she wants "to make it illegal to exclude women from any men-only organisation which serves as a place to discuss business, employment, public appointments or anything else which is itself already subject to anti-discrimination laws." Some libertarians flirt with tyranny.

Sir Thomas Malory's Tales of King Arthur. Edited by MICHAEL SENIOR. Collins, £15.00.

Well-printed and illustrated with both colour and monochrome scenes from manuscripts, this abridges the original, collates conflicting texts, and modernises both spelling and punctuation, but without altering Malory's stately prose. Ideal for anyone fascinated by the stories but put off by the previous drab presentation.

The Chosen and the Choice. By JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER. Translated by DAVID KRIVINE. Futura, £5.99.

Trenchant instant essay written after four months at the University of Jerusalem, concluding that Jews today face the choice between patriotism of land or patriotism of identity. This may recall Arthur Koestler's similar challenge a generation ago. Geographically, Servan-Schreiber considers three options for dealing with the Palestinians: partition, internal autonomy *à la* Camp David, or confederation between Jordan, Palestine, and Israel. He should be so lucky.

Stevie Smith: A Critical Biography. By FRANCES SPALDING. Faber, £15.00.

Less chatty, more literary, than the previous life by Jack Barbera and William McBrien, this goes deeper into the relationship between Stevie Smith's work and her life, and shows that the latter was far more gregarious than is often supposed. In 1958 she sent some poems to ENCOUNTER. "They said they 'liked them terribly' but couldn't publish them. How I wish they didn't and would." Hear, hear. . . .

R.M.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ECONOMICS

Where Keynes Went Wrong

An Unnecessary Revolution?—By DAVID GLASNER

FORTY-TWO years after his death, the multi-faceted, almost chameleon-like persona of John Maynard Keynes has not ceased to fascinate us. For years his family and friends, including his first biographer, Roy Harrod, sought to suppress evidence of his homosexuality, fearing that its revelation might tarnish his reputation and discredit his policy recommendations. Yet ironically, when it finally was revealed, the disclosure only enhanced Keynes's allure. And although the dominance of Keynesian ideas and prescriptions among economists and policy makers is by now somewhat diminished, Keynes's position as the most important economist of the 20th century remains unassailable. Indeed, 1986, which marked the 50th anniversary of his revolutionary book, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, was the occasion for numerous conferences and articles devoted to analysing and re-analysing that still controversial volume. Even now, in recent discussions in Britain about inflation and ways of combating it, echoes of Keynes's ideas, pro and con, continue to be heard.

Although the apprehensions that led to the cover-up of what certainly was among the most important aspects of Keynes's psychological development now seem exaggerated, I can't help feeling that they were evoked by a sure instinct for preserving the integrity of his ideas. The danger was not that Keynes would be discredited; it was that, in analysing his ideas, we might fall into the trap of explaining them not as attempts to cope with and solve real practical and intellectual problems, but as expressions of his psychological condition and his sexuality. Precisely because he is such a fascinating figure, the desire to probe ever deeper into his personality may tempt us into believing that by psychoanalysing him we can somehow better understand what he wrote, said, and thought. In so far as Keynes's family and Roy Harrod helped us to resist that temptation, particularly just after his death, when his work was still being digested, I am inclined to think they rendered a real service not so much to Keynes's memory and reputation as to the understanding of his thought.

A major biography of Keynes by Robert Skidelsky, of which only the first volume has yet appeared,[1] may, I fear, have succumbed to this temptation. Unlike Roy Harrod's sanitised and somewhat hagiographic biography, published in 1951, it digs deeply into Keynes's personal life and the relationship between his sexual and intellectual development. How far Skidelsky has succumbed will not be clear until we have before us his account in Volume II of the all-important 1920s and '30s, when Keynes was intimately involved in both the formulation of economic policy and the debate over that policy, and when his ideas were evolving toward the shape they were to take in *The General Theory*.

Yet one gathers from Skidelsky's first volume that Keynes's wartime experience shook his faith in the self-regulating world economy he grew up believing in. Skidelsky suggests that this disillusionment and the disdain for conventional morality he acquired at Cambridge, where he was introduced into a culture of homosexuality, prepared Keynes to overturn in *The General Theory* the economic model of rational order that had for so long underlain economic theory and policy.

EVEN IF Keynes's psychological make-up did affect the development of his ideas about economic theory and policy, I would suggest that we can still learn more about that development from further reflection on the economic conditions that had to be explained by theory and coped with by policy and how Keynes perceived those conditions than from the study of the inner workings of his psyche.

I don't mean to suggest that Keynes's homosexuality is not a legitimate concern even in an intellectual biography. Undoubtedly, many of Keynes's relationships with colleagues and public figures as well as his close personal friends are illuminated by knowledge of his homosexuality.

For example, the famous meeting of Keynes and Roosevelt at the White House in June 1934, when Keynes attempted to convince Roosevelt to abandon the NRA (National Recovery Act) and other forms of "micro-planning" in favour of simple

[1] Robert Skidelsky, *John Maynard Keynes, Vol I: 1883-1920, Hopes Betrayed* (Macmillan, 1983).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deficit-spending to promote recovery, seems to have had no effect on Roosevelt's thinking, while Keynes (as he later recalled) was totally preoccupied with Roosevelt's hands. Roy Harrod (*The Life of Keynes*, p. 20) quotes him as having written:

> ". . . But at first, of course, I did not look closely at these things. For naturally my concentrated attention was on his hands. Rather disappointing. Firm and fairly strong, but not clever or with finesse, shortish round nails like those at the end of a business-man's fingers. I cannot draw them right, yet while not distinguished (to my eye) they are not of a common type. All the same, they were oddly familiar. Where had I seen them before? I spent ten minutes at least searching my memory as for a forgotten name, hardly knowing what I was saying about silver and balanced budgets and public works. At last it came to me. Sir Edward Grey. A more solid and Americanised Sir Edward Grey. The idea will probably mislead you, but there is a grain of significant truth in it. Much cleverer, much more fertile, sensitive, and permeable, but something all the same, which corresponded to those finger nails and carried me back to Sir Edward Grey. . . ."

That Keynes should have been driven to distraction by his inability to recall whose hands Roosevelt's resembled seems bizarre. Meeting the President of the United States to persuade him to change policies, Keynes was fixed on FDR's hands. Keynes later complained that Roosevelt understood nothing about economics, but FDR was probably shrewd enough to realise that Keynes's mind was on something other than what they were talking about.

The episode becomes a bit less perplexing when one observes that fixation on hands is common among homosexuals. Keynes was always noticing and commenting on people's hands. In a letter to his father in 1899 he wrote of Sir George Darwin that "his hands certainly looked as if he might be descended from an ape". And in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* he wrote that Woodrow Wilson's "hands, though capable and fairly strong, were wanting in sensitiveness and finesse". (Perhaps it was really Wilson's hands that Roosevelt's resembled.) Thus, Keynes's homosexuality may have helped determine the direction of FDR's economic policy in his dramatic first term.

TO ACCOUNT FOR the development of Keynes's ideas about economics, however, we shall do better to consider the intellectual and practical problems he was trying to solve. The dominant fact confronting him in the 1920s and '30s, of course, was massive unemployment in Britain, beginning long before the rest of the world sank into the Great Depression. One explanation attributed high unemployment in Britain to an over-valued pound, caused by Britain's return to the Gold Standard in 1925. Keynes himself had warned that returning to the Gold Standard would cause unemployment. But *The General Theory* (written a decade later, when unemployment was an intractable, world-wide problem) ignored the exchange rate, and proposed instead that unemployment depended on aggregate demand.

However, two American economists, Daniel Benjamin and Levis Kochin, who investigated British unemployment in the inter-War period, argued several years ago that unusually high British unemployment in the 1920s had little to do with the exchange rate or aggregate demand. Instead, they maintained, it was caused chiefly by the substantial increase in unemployment benefits during the '20s.[2] If Benjamin and Kochin are correct, it means that Keynes proposed a revolutionary theory of how an economic system operates to explain, and cure, a problem that was radically different from his perception of it. To see how this misreading of economic conditions in the 1920s and '30s (with which his psychological make-up could not have had much relationship) led Keynes astray, we must first recall conditions in the early '20s when the world set about reconstructing an international economic order from the wreckage left by the Great War of 1914-1918.

The Pre-War Parity

AMONG THE FIRST casualties of the First World War was the Gold Standard that had been the pillar of the international monetary system since the 1870s. Only a few countries formally abrogated the Gold Standard, but none of the belligerents long tolerated the free convertibility of their currencies into gold and the free export of gold that had been the *sine qua non* of the pre-War Gold Standard.

Before the War, five French francs were worth about one dollar. If it cost fewer than five times as many francs to buy wheat in Paris as it cost dollars to buy wheat in Chicago, one could profitably convert dollars into their equivalent in francs and buy the wheat in Paris instead of in Chicago. And if it cost more than five times as many francs to buy wheat in Paris as it cost dollars in Chicago, one could profitably buy wheat in Chicago instead of Paris. Because the same possibility existed for all internationally-traded commodities, prices in all Gold-Standard countries could not deviate from a common level. Under the Gold Standard, therefore, national currencies were little more than different denominations of a common international currency.

The suspension of convertibility, the embargo on gold shipments, and the imposition of exchange controls untied

[2] Daniel K. Benjamin and Levis Kochin, "Searching for an Explanation of Unemployment in Interwar Britain", *Journal of Political Economy*. June 1979, pp. 441-478. Also of interest are several critical articles elicited by the original Benjamin and Kochin article, and their reply to their critics in the April 1982 issue of the *Journal of Political Economy*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prices measured in national currencies from their gold equivalents. Taking control of their domestic price levels allowed the belligerent countries to use inflation as a method of war finance. Thus, from 1913 to 1919 wholesale prices rose by 100% in the United States, by 150% in Britain, by 230% in France, and by 700% in Germany.

After the economic upheavals of the War and the post-War period, many governments understandably wished to restore the seemingly automatic and stable operation of the pre-War economic order. The desire found practical expression in commitments by those governments to re-establish the international Gold Standard as soon as possible.

Holding over 40% of the world's gold reserves, the United States emerged from the War as the world's pre-eminent economic power and was the first to restore convertibility into gold and to permit a free market in it. In practice, therefore, going back on the Gold Standard meant that a country would keep the exchange rate between its currency and the dollar at a fixed parity.

Having inflated more rapidly during the War than the United States, most countries saw their currencies depreciate against the dollar when exchange controls were lifted after the War. The issue then became whether to stabilise their currencies at the new depreciated exchange rates against the dollar or to try to restore the *status quo ante* by stabilising at the pre-War parities.

Stabilising at the old parities was made even more difficult by a severe deflation in the United States in 1920-21. Wholesale prices fell by about 40% in a little over a year. Rather than allow their currencies to fall further against the dollar, many countries (including Britain) deflated along with the United States, suffering substantial losses of output and employment as a result.

Despite the depreciation of sterling against the dollar, there was a consensus in Britain for stabilising at the pre-War parity. One reason for the consensus was the precedent of 1819, when Britain restored convertibility at the old parity after its suspension during the Napoleonic Wars. Additionally, it reflected a nostalgic desire to restore the pre-War state of affairs, a feeling of moral obligation to repay British war debts in pounds of full value, and a patriotic wish for "the pound to be able to look the dollar in the face".

Economists, ever since Keynes, have not dealt kindly with the decision to restore convertibility at the pre-War parity. Yet the seemingly insubstantial justifications for that decision were expressions of an eminently practical consideration: if Britain ever again needed to finance a war by borrowing and printing money, she would be better able to do so if people had confidence that—over the long term, at any rate—the purchasing power of the pound would be stable. Restoring the pound to its pre-War parity was a way of building that confidence, and hence an investment in Britain's national security. For the British people and their statesmen to have been willing to bear the costs of doing so may have been a misjudgment under the circumstances; but it was far from irrational.

Keynes, however, vehemently opposed going back on the Gold Standard, especially at the pre-War parity. He advocated, instead, stabilising the internal British price level. In his book *A Tract on Monetary Reform* (1923), he stressed the potential conflict between keeping a stable price level and maintaining a fixed exchange rate. Under the Gold Standard, prices in all countries, measured by their gold equivalents, had to be equal. Thus, prices expressed in any currency would be stable only if prices in terms of gold were stable—that is, if the value of gold in relation to commodities did not change. But if the value of gold *did* change, prices quoted in Gold-Standard currencies would vary inversely with the value of gold. A country could guarantee the stability of its internal prices, or it could guarantee the stability of an exchange rate. It could not do both.

Since the exchange rate of sterling against the dollar had settled down at about $4.40 in the early 1920s, restoring the old parity of $4.86 would necessitate a further deflation, beyond that of 1920-21, of about 10%. That would cause further losses of output and employment. When the most urgent economic and social priority was the restoration of full employment, Keynes saw no possible justification for incurring the costs of stabilising at the old parity.

Despite Keynes's arguments against a return to gold, Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, engineered a resumption of convertibility in April 1925. Keynes, venting his frustration at the resumption in his famous essay "The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill", warned of the bleak future facing Britain thanks to an over-valued pound. He directed his formidable powers of invective against the choice of the old parity and against the advice from his experts and from the City that Churchill had relied on.

> "If Mr. Churchill had restored gold by fixing the parity lower than the pre-War figure, or if he had waited until our money values were adjusted to the pre-War parity, then these particular arguments would have no force. But in doing what he did in the actual circumstances of last spring, he was just asking for trouble. For he was committing himself to force down money wages and all money values, without any idea how it was to be done. Why did he do such a silly thing?
>
> Partly, perhaps, because he has no instinctive judgment to prevent him from making mistakes; partly because, lacking this instinctive judgment, he was deafened by the clamorous voices of conventional finance; and, most of all, because he was gravely misled by his experts."

And, later:

> "On grounds of social justice, no case can be made out for reducing the wages of the miners. They are the victims of the economic Juggernaut. They represent in the flesh the 'fundamental adjustments' engineered by the Treasury and the Bank of England to satisfy the impatience of the City fathers to bridge the 'moderate gap' between $4.40

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and $4.86. *They* (and others to follow) are the 'moderate sacrifice' still necessary to ensure the stability of the Gold Standard. The plight of the coal miners is the first, but not—unless we are very lucky—the last, of the Economic Consequences of Mr Churchill."

The next few years seemed to confirm Keynes's warnings. The unsuccessful coal miners' strike and the general strike of 1926 embittered much of the British work-force. Unemployment stayed over 10%, and the assistance of the Federal Reserve Board and the Bank of France was frequently required to prop up a chronically weak pound.

The "Treatise on Money"

AFTER LOSING the battle over the Gold Standard, Keynes devoted himself to the book he expected to be his definitive contribution to monetary theory. *A Treatise on Money* (1930).[3] No short description can adequately summarise this monumental two-volume work—a dazzling combination of theoretical insight and practical knowledge. But its major theoretical aim was straightforward: to give a new explanation for fluctuations in the price level and economic activity.

After the inflations, hyperinflations, and deflations of the War and its aftermath, the behaviour of the price level became the chief theoretical and policy concern of economists. They had always favoured stability of the price level—but mainly to secure justice between debtors and creditors. After the War, however, they began to suspect that instability of the price level was the primary cause of the business cycle. If that was so, stabilising the price level might be the key to preventing cyclical fluctuations in output and employment.

While most theorists viewed changes in the price level from the perspective of the quantity theory of money, in which the stock of money is the strategic variable, Keynes suggested that movements in the price level were caused by differences between total savings and total expenditures on investment. Since decisions to save—to postpone consumption—are made by households, and decisions to invest—to add to productive capacity—by business firms, Keynes saw no necessary reason for the two magnitudes to be equal. But only if they were equal, he argued, would prices be stable. If investment were greater than savings, prices would rise; if less, they would fall.

Despite departing from the quantity theory, Keynes still held to a conventional view of monetary policy in the *Treatise*, since he insisted that the monetary authority could control the price level. Because investment tends to fall and savings to rise with increases in the interest rate, the monetary authority was capable of equalising investment and savings by establishing the appropriate interest rate. The problem with the Gold Standard, Keynes contended, was that, to defend the exchange rate, the monetary authority would have to keep the interest rate so high that savings would exceed investment, thus causing deflation and high unemployment.

KEYNES WON widespread acclaim for the *Treatise*. A commanding presence in Britain ever since he published *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (1919), Keynes now secured his place as an economic theorist. Nevertheless, he drew sharp criticism on some crucial theoretical issues from such sources as his close friend Dennis Robertson, his theoretical antagonist F. A. Hayek, and his future disciple Alvin Hansen. Robertson, for example, argued that Keynes had so defined savings and investment that his theory differed only semantically from the quantity theory. Another criticism was that, although Keynes had assumed that changes in the price level triggered fluctuations in output and employment, his formal model held real output constant while the price level changed. Keynes, therefore, had either to revise his basic assumption about the relationship between the price

---

[3] This may be an appropriate place to call attention to one of the minor scandals of scholarly publishing, which is the absence of a paperback edition of either the *Treatise* or the *Tract*. Unlike *The General Theory*, which has been available in paperback edition for many years, these two important milestones in Keynes's career are only available as separate volumes in the Royal Economic Society's edition of Keynes's collected works. Priced at £27.50—or $65.00—a volume, they are out of the reach of many potential readers.

[4] Keynes's contribution to that exchange, replying to Hayek's review of the *Treatise*, was a particularly outrageous, but sadly not untypical, example of his debating style. The most egregious passage reads as follows:

> "The reader will perceive that I have been drifting into a review of Dr Hayek's *Prices and Production*. And this being so, I should like, if the editor will allow me, to consider this book a little further. The book, as it stands, seems to me to be one of the most frightful muddles that I have ever read, with scarcely a sound proposition in it beginning with page 45, and yet it remains a book of some interest, which is likely to leave its mark on the mind of the reader. It is an extraordinary example of how, starting with a mistake, a remorseless logician can end up in Bedlam. Yet Dr Hayek has seen a vision, and though when he woke up he has made nonsense of his story by giving the wrong names to the objects which occur in it, his Khubla Khan is not without inspiration and must set the reader thinking with the germs of an idea in his head."

This was too much even for Keynes's loyal champion, Roy Harrod. He wrote sympathetically that "Hayek replied with a powerful and dignified protest against this kind of behaviour" (*Life of Keynes*, pp. 435-36). Harrod also noted approvingly that "at a later date, Keynes and Professor von Hayek achieved a happy relation of friendship". This is ture, but it is not quite the whole story. For it was only during World War II, when (his interests having moved toward political philosophy and the history of ideas) Hayek was no longer a rival, that Keynes warmed to him, writing him a famous letter lavishly praising *The Road to Serfdom*! (A careful reading of the letter, however, shows that Keynes failed totally to understand what Hayek was talking about.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

level and output, or to specify in a formal model just how output depended on the price level.

At first Keynes resisted the criticisms, notably in a series of sharp polemical exchanges with Hayek.[4] But before long he conceded that, at some crucial points, his argument in the *Treatise* was faulty.

From the "Treatise" to "The General Theory"

BY THE TIME the *Treatise* appeared in 1930, economic conditions were changing radically from those Keynes had written about. Unemployment was no longer just a British problem; it was an international disaster. Until the summer of 1929, the rest of the world, particularly the United States, had been recovering strongly from the Great War and the deflation of 1920-21. But that summer, the Federal Reserve Board raised its discount rate to check stock-market speculation and an outflow of gold.

Conditions worsened rapidly in 1930. Unemployment jumped everywhere, even in Britain where it had already been high. The cataclysm intensified in May 1931, when a leading Austrian bank, the *Kreditanstalt* of Vienna, went bankrupt. Several German banks with a direct interest in the *Kreditanstalt* soon failed as well.

The growing mistrust of Austrian and German banks led to a rapid collapse of the banking systems in those countries. Since many British banks had lent to the bankrupt German banks, the pound came under heavy speculative pressure that summer. With its lending rate at 4½%—an extraordinarily high rate in such a deflationary period—the Bank of England chose not to defend the pound by increasing the interest rate even more. So, in September 1931, the Bank cut the pound loose from gold.

Early in 1932, Keynes mentioned in a letter and in the preface to a Japanese translation of the *Treatise* that, in response to criticism, he was working on a short book—he expected to complete it in a year or two—that would extend and correct the theoretical basis of the *Treatise*. He gave no indication that he yet conceived of the new book as the revolutionary break with orthodox theory that he would later claim *The General Theory* constituted. So what became *The General Theory* began simply as a revision of certain theoretical propositions in the *Treatise*.

How, then, did *The General Theory* evolve from the *Treatise*?

Much has already been written about this. In the main, it has concentrated on Keynes's strained relationships with colleagues like Dennis Robertson and Ralph Hawtrey, and his close collaboration with a group of young Cambridge economists, especially Richard Kahn, Austen Robinson, Joan Robinson, James Meade, and Piero Sraffa. Kahn, in fact, had invented one of the key concepts in *The General Theory*—the famous "multiplier". Politically well to the Left, "the Cambridge Circus", as they called themselves, perhaps symbolised the break Keynes felt he was making with earlier economic doctrines as his thinking continued to evolve. Robert Skidelsky goes so far as to suggest that a moral sensibility derived from the Cambridge philosopher G. E. Moore, and from his intellectual and sexual relationship with the Bloomsbury group—a sensibility ultimately hostile to and subversive of established order—prompted Keynes, in *The General Theory*, to rebel against the economic model of rational order to which he had once adhered.

However, Keynes's susceptibility to the influence of radical young Cambridge economists stemmed less from any latent desire to undo the established order than from his loss of confidence in the ability of the old paradigm to explain—and of conventional monetary policy to solve—high unemployment in Britain. Although he had warned that the return to gold would cause deflation, which had always been recognised as a source of unemployment, the traditional view was that eventually prices and wages would adjust themselves to the gold parity, and full employment would be restored. In the 1920s, Keynes felt that the (to him) dubious advantages of returning to gold could not justify the loss of employment it would cause. But Keynes did not deny that, once deflation brought British wages and prices down to a level corresponding to the old parity, unemployment would return to more normal levels. So even he must have been surprised that, four years after the return to gold, unemployment still showed no signs of falling.

KEYNES'S DOUBTS about orthodox theory are evidenced by his willingness, as early as 1929, to advocate heavy spending on public works, and in 1931 to advocate protection as a stimulus to employment. He did so, to be sure, on the assumption that the gold parity would stay put. Yet, his shift of ground (from adjusting the gold parity to public works and protection) does suggest that the idea that there might be causes of unemployment besides an over-valued pound was insinuating itself into his mind, and that he was losing faith in a purely monetary solution to unemployment.

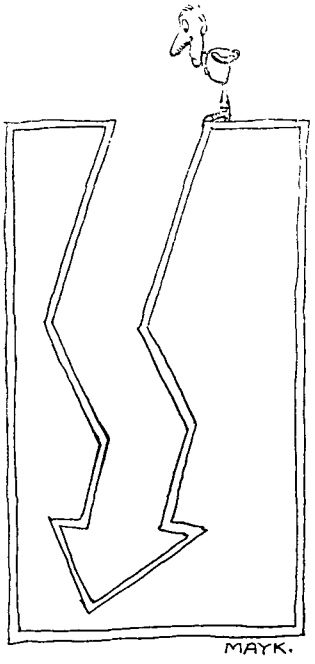
In November 1931, after Britain left the Gold Standard, Keynes wrote a memorandum for the Treasury on which the subsequent cheap money policy was largely based. With England off gold and pursuing a cheap money policy, Keynes's wavering faith in monetary policy was put to a decisive test. If unemployment had been caused by an overly tight monetary policy dictated by the Gold Standard, it would have been reasonable to expect a sharp recovery to begin once Britain went off gold. But there was no recovery for at least a year. If output and employment had begun to recover in 1932, as he had expected, Keynes, in revising the *Treatise*, would have probably continued to assume that output and employment were related to changes in the price level. Thus, the disappointed hopes of 1932 perhaps drove Keynes to a more fundamental break with orthodoxy than he had contemplated when he set out to revise the *Treatise*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The break is clearly evident in the mode of analysis of *The General Theory*. It is restricted to a closed economy. The exchange rate, which figured so prominently in the *Tract* and the *Treatise*, has no role in such an economy. Movements in the price level, which drove the business cycle in the *Treatise*, play no causal role in *The General Theory*.

No longer is mass unemployment attributed to a conflict between maintaining a given exchange rate and keeping the price level constant. The problem is more fundamental—rooted in the basic character of a modern economic system. Indeed, the economy is viewed as having no tendency to achieve equilibrium at full employment. No longer, therefore, could the cure for mass unemployment be monetary; it had to be more radical. Direct action by the state was needed to generate enough spending to buy up what available resources could produce. The relationship between stable prices and full employment, on which Keynes had once set so much store, was discarded.

Unemployment & the Great Depression



DESPITE THE LACK OF emphasis on the exchange rate in *The General Theory*, many Keynesian and non-Keynesian economists have shared Keynes's early judgment that high unemployment in Britain was related to the restoration of sterling to its pre-War parity of $4.86. The combination of an over-valued pound and rigid wages guaranteed that unemployment in Britain would be high. Subsequently, the Great Depression drove unemployment even higher. Monetarists would say that this is the only explanation needed. But unemployment in Britain stayed high even after England left the Gold Standard in September 1931 and took control of its own monetary policy and price level. This anomaly is precisely what forced Keynes from his essential orthodoxy in the *Treatise* to his radicalism in *The General Theory*.

Daniel Benjamin and Levis Kochin have challenged the conventional explanations for unemployment in Britain between the Wars. They contend that unemployment was unrelated to going back on gold at the pre-War parity, or to the level of aggregate demand. They point out that, on average, economic growth in the 1920s and '30s was as rapid as in any comparable period in British history. Yet, in 1938, unemployment was still about 10%—higher than it ever was (with perhaps two exceptions) in the 19th century. Benjamin and Kochin attribute this to the scale of unemployment benefits in the 1920s and '30s.

Unemployment insurance was only introduced in Britain in 1911. At first, coverage was limited to only about 15% of the labour force. But the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1920 raised benefits to compensate for the effects of wartime inflation and extended coverage to most privately employed workers over the age of 16. Only domestics and agricultural workers were excluded. Even though prices fell sharply in 1920 and 1921 (and fell gently for the rest of the decade) benefit levels continued to be increased and, perhaps more importantly, eligibility requirements were progressively eased. "By 1931", Benjamin and Kochin observe, "weekly benefits exceeded 50% of average weekly wages, and an adult worker who had made 30 weekly contributions at any time in his working career could draw full benefits for an unlimited period."

Two other features of the system contributed to high unemployment levels. First, benefits were not tied to wages, so lower-paid workers found unemployment a "comparatively attractive" option. Second, after serving an initial waiting-period of three to six days of continuous unemployment at some time in their career, workers could obtain benefits for spells of unemployment as short as one day. It was, therefore, not uncommon for workers to arrange with their employers for work-sharing schemes in which workers would work three days a week and collect unemployment benefits for the other three days. Such arrangements were disallowed after World War II. More stringent eligibility requirements for unemployment insurance—until 1966, at any rate—are one important reason why unemployment was so much lower for three decades after World War II than in the inter-War period.[5]

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT to see why making unemployment benefits more generous and more readily available would raise the rate of unemployment. But, at the time, only two economists (Edwin Cannan of the London School of Economics, and the Frenchman Jacques Rueff) emphasised the role of unemployment benefits in creating unemployment. This was Edwin Cannan's explanation ("The Problem of Unemployment", *Economic Journal*, March 1930, pp. 46-47):

---

[5] An interesting bit of evidence unearthed by Benjamin and Kochin in support of their thesis is that the unemployment rate for juvenile workers was much less than that for adults, with the rate lowest for those 16 and 17 years of age, jumping sharply at 18 and again at 21. This is the reverse of recent experience, in which unemployment rates are higher among young workers than older workers. However, since benefits for single juveniles below 18 only averaged about six shillings and sixpence a week, doubling to thirteen shillings for those over 18, and increasing by another 50% for those over 21, Benjamin and Kochin provide a straightforward explanation for the otherwise anomalous discrepancy in unemployment rates.

Since 1966, British unemployment benefits have been raised and eligibility requirements relaxed. By 1986, however, benefits were exceptionally attractive to youngsters. Thus, while the overall unemployment rate had risen to 13%, the unemployment rate for young people is 25% of the national total. (The October 1988 figures are 8% and 32%.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> "To throw numbers of your employees out for short intervals to suit your convenience is obviously less likely to create friction, and is therefore more likely to be profitable, when the persons thrown out can draw on a common fund raised by stamp duties on employment and other taxes. . . . [Specifically] in the occupations in which the superiority of employment over unemployment is least, the insurance scheme has reduced the economic pressure which used to make persons grab at every chance of employment. . . . He [the unemployed worker] takes the alternatives to be, 'Take what you can get now, or hold out another week, when something better may turn up.' . . . The magnitude of the turnover of labour . . . is so great that a very little average delay will make a large addition to the unemployment."

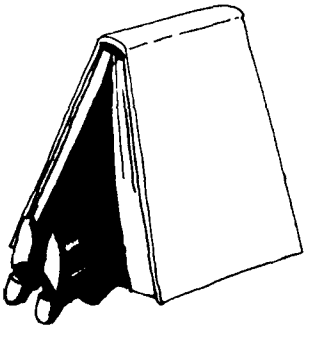
However plausible, Cannan's intuitive argument was easily dismissed because there was no way of estimating the quantitative impact the dole actually had on the rate of unemployment.[6] Unemployment seemed too high to be wholly, or even substantially, accounted for by the dole. However, using modern econometric techniques, Benjamin and Kochin calculated that if the 1913 ratio of benefits to wages had been maintained in Great Britain during the 1920s and '30s, unemployment rates in Britain would have been at least 4% and perhaps 7% lower than they were between 1925 and 1929. Unemployment in Britain would have risen sharply in the Depression, as it did in all countries on the Gold Standard, even without the dole. But, unless one mentions the dole, it is difficult to explain why, despite the rapid growth of British output after 1932, unemployment did not fall below 10% until 1938.

Moreover, increased unemployment benefits raised the general level of British wages. As unemployment became less costly, employers had to improve their wage offers to attract the same number of workers they did previously. Since, under the Gold Standard, British exporters sold at prices determined in international markets, they could not easily raise prices to compensate for rising wages. Thus, rising real wages made it impossible for much of Britain's traditional export trade, already becoming uncompetitive, to survive. "High wages" substantially raised unemployment in the export industries, and "relatively high unemployment benefits" reduced the willingness of unemployed workers to seek employment elsewhere.

If Britain had followed Keynes's advice and not pegged sterling at $4.86, rising British prices might have eroded real unemployment benefits and real wages sufficiently to have permitted some reduction in unemployment. On this question, Keynes's political instincts about how real wages might be reduced were undoubtedly sound. However, his economic judgment went astray when he assumed that unemployment in the 1920s—which often stemmed from rational choices by workers to whom "generous" (in comparison with wages) unemployment benefits had been made available—was mainly involuntary.

Thus, the problem that so vexed Keynes during the 1920s and '30s, and drove him to abandon economic orthodoxy and his own previous recommendations for stabilising the price level, turns out to have been largely the result of an imbalanced and distorted system of unemployment benefits.

An Unnecessary Revolution?



I DO NOT DENY that unemployment during the Great Depression was an extraordinary social problem or that it was involuntary in a sense not true of unemployment in the 1920s. But neither did it necessitate a revolution in economic theory.

The Depression was caused by a rapid and prolonged deflation induced not merely by a collapse of the American banking system—as Milton Friedman and Anna Schwartz assert in their *Monetary History of the United States* (1963)—but by a worldwide appreciation of gold relative to other commodities. Gold appreciated in the late 1920s and early '30s because central banks and individuals were converting their holdings of financial assets into gold. That was a quintessential monetary shock of precisely the kind Keynes wanted to prevent when he advocated stabilising the price level. His friend Ralph Hawtrey recognised that the Depression was a monetary phenomenon—a worldwide deflation that arose under the Gold Standard because gold was appreciating.

Hawtrey never believed this to have been a phenomenon with which received economic theory could not cope. He had been a member of the British delegation to the 1922 International Monetary Conference in Genoa. And it was largely owing to his influence that the Conference adopted several resolutions warning against an appreciation of gold in the event that countries restoring the Gold Standard substantially increased their demand for gold reserves. The Conference recommended instead that central banks restrain their demands for gold and, instead, hold reserves in the form of

---

[6] One who did not reject the idea that the dole was a major source of high unemployment was Winston Churchill, who had drafted the original legislation setting up unemployment insurance. Writing in *The Saturday Evening Post* (29 March 1930, pp. 6-7) after he had left the Exchequer, Churchill charged that unemployment figures had been inflated because:

> "every case of unemployment, even for short periods, is recorded in the national register, and the benefit is increasingly applied for, even by those not in actual want . . . as a contribution toward what may be little more than a needed holiday after years of continuous work. . . . It is significant that after every public holiday—Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide—there is a very large addition to the unemployment total, which falls off again a few weeks later."

Moreover:

> "many British employers have lent themselves to an abuse of the system of unemployment insurance. . . . They systematically arrange to give their workers just that amount of employment as will enable them to qualify for the benefit."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign exchange denominated in the major international currencies—the dollar and (once it was stabilised) sterling.

Until 1928, the spirit of the Genoa Resolutions had been observed. But when the French returned to the Gold Standard that year, they began increasing their gold holdings. The US Federal Reserve Board, already worried by the stock-market boom, would not permit the reduction in its own holdings of gold that might have satisfied the French desire for gold. Instead, it tightened monetary policy and it, too, began accumulating gold in early 1929. Soon, prices started falling and, responding to the abandonment of an easy money policy, the stock market collapsed.[7]

This was precisely the course of events that Ralph Hawtrey had foreseen, and tried to prevent, with the Genoa Conference Resolutions.[8]

KEYNES REJECTED orthodox theory (and revolutionised economics) in *The General Theory* because he believed it could not cope with the unemployment created by the Great Depression. What is ironic is that his earlier work suggested the same sort of monetary explanation of the Great Depression that Ralph Hawtrey gave. Yet Keynes rejected that interpretation because his misunderstanding of British unemployment in the 1920s prevented him from seeing that it was of a different character from the unemployment that arose during the Great Depression. So he convinced himself that the world-wide unemployment of the 1930s was a more intense manifestation of the same problem that had caused high unemployment in Britain during the '20s. And he concluded that persistent unemployment could only be explained with an entirely new approach to economic theory.

In fact, the specifically British unemployment problem was that relatively high unemployment benefits were so readily available that many workers chose to accept increased stretches of unemployment. Unemployment in the Depression, on the other hand, was a product of the world-wide deflation that caused a collapse of business investment and—because wages fell more slowly than prices—of business profits. In principle, if wages fell sufficiently to match the decline in prices, the second source of unemployment would have been eliminated. But merely halting deflation, as Britain did by leaving the Gold Standard, still left wages, in relation to prices, at a level which would prevent full employment.

In *The General Theory*, Keynes insisted that the stimulus to employment from "wage reductions" would be eroded by matching "price reductions". Automatic price adjustments, on this reasoning, could never restore full employment to an economy mired in depression. But Keynes simply ignored the distinction between wage reductions that exceed price reductions and those that compensate for prior price reductions. While the former reductions create windfall profits for business and are "competed away", the latter simply restore profits to normal levels and are not "competed away". (Which, of course, is not to say that economic policy in a depression should be limited to encouraging wage reductions.)

So, in his final and most famous contribution to economic theory, Keynes fundamentally misunderstood the problem for which he sought to provide both an explanation and a cure. The irony is that his theories about a misperceived problem undermined the case for stabilising the price level—of which, in his earlier writings, he had been an eloquent advocate. Had his earlier arguments been heeded, the Great Depression might have been avoided or, at a minimum, rendered less catastrophic.

But there is a further irony. For in his role as an economic statesman, Keynes was the architect of the Bretton Woods system under which prices of internationally-traded commodities were, on average, virtually stable for twenty years after the end of World War II. The system was based on the limited convertibility of the dollar into gold at a fixed price of $35 an ounce and the maintenance of fixed (but occasionally adjustable) exchange rates of other currencies against the dollar. The dollar became the truly dominant international currency and was universally acceptable. Indeed, so long as the purchasing power of the dollar remained stable, it was better than gold. Still, the obligation to sell the dollar to other central banks at a fixed price of $35 an ounce provided an important guarantee that the United States would keep prices stable.

The author of *A Tract on Monetary Reform* and *A Treatise on Money* would not have been surprised that a long period of price stability should have also turned out to be an era of perhaps the fastest growth and lowest unemployment that the industrialised world has ever known.

UNFORTUNATELY, even the loose constraints the Bretton Woods system put on the United States eventually proved too confining. During a time of war and social unrest, when the belief (instilled by Keynesian policies) that the business cycle had finally been tamed was still unshaken, it was no longer politically possible to accept even a temporary increase in unemployment for the sake of price stability. Thus, elevating full employment over price stability as the chief objective of monetary and fiscal policy—Keynes's *intellectual* legacy—turned out to be incompatible with maintaining the Bretton Woods system—his *institutional* legacy.

Our experience with high inflation *and* high unemployment in the 1970s taught us, however, that abandoning price stability does not, after all, allow us to avoid high unemployment. Indeed, by the end of the decade, when rapid inflation proved

[7] Other shocks were hitting the world economy at the same time, particularly the Smoot-Hawley tariff. This tariff not only undermined world trade—it helped cripple the world financial system by making it impossible for countries that were indebted to the United States to sell their goods in American markets to earn the dollars they required to repay their debts. Holders of that debt, largely American financial institutions, took heavy losses, and in many instances failed, intensifying the financial collapse of the Depression.

[8] Hawtrey's account of the monetary history of the 1920s and '30s can still be read with great profit. See his *The Art of Central Banking* (1932), particularly the chapters on French monetary policy and the stock market crash, and *The Gold Standard in Theory and Practice* (1927; 5th edition, 1948).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be politically intolerable, the penalty for stopping it was the highest unemployment since the 1930s.

By persisting in monetary restraint, even at the cost of what would once have been politically suicidal rates of unemployment, Western governments have brought inflation down to its lowest levels since the early 1960s. Nevertheless, there is a general dissatisfaction with our current monetary arrangements that is reflected in proposals for restoring the stability of exchange rates that we had during the Bretton Woods era, or even for restoring a full-fledged Gold Standard.

Stable exchange rates would be desirable, but the objective of monetary reform needs to be more fundamental. We need a true monetary standard—one that stabilises the value of money in relation to commodities. Such a standard would create expectations of price stability that would eliminate undesirable volatility of exchange rates. Uncertainty about price levels is inevitably caused by the absence of a credible monetary standard; and it fuels currency speculation and generates the large, sudden swings in exchange rates that have become so common of late. Moreover, confidence in long-term price stability would permit a salutary reduction in long-term interest rates (since those rates now incorporate a significant premium to compensate lenders for the risk of unforeseen inflation).

GOLD HAS MUCH LESS political appeal now than it did when Keynes was alive, so there is no need for us to settle for a monetary standard that would aim, as earlier monetary standards did, at stabilising the value of money in relation to gold. If only the will were there, it would surely be within the power of monetary policy to maintain stability in relation to some appropriate index of prices. There are several possible standards that would do a serviceable job. Central banks of various countries could make a start by stabilising their wholesale price indices. A rise in the index would be a signal for a central bank to make money tighter; a fall would be a signal for it to make money easier.[9]

The mechanics of such a system are not nearly as important as making a political commitment to price stability that would require the monetary authority to give it priority over all other objectives. A monetary authority can have no higher duty, at least in peace-time, than to maintain the purchasing power of the currency it controls. For, as Keynes well understood (but later forgot), it is only when people have confidence in the future value of money—and are freed from the need to protect themselves against, or from the wish to capitalise on, the wealth redistributions caused by unforeseen changes in price level—that they can devote themselves to making the most productive use of their talents and resources.

Therein lies the only road to the full employment and prosperity that Keynes so much wanted to achieve.

[9] The Monetarist proposal for "a steady rate of growth of the monetary aggregates" has proved unworkable, for a variety of reasons. The idea was to achieve price stability by providing the economy with precisely the amount of additional money needed to offset the growth of real output. The problem with this proposal is that the quantity of money in existence reflects the public's demand to hold money. A rapid rate of growth of the money supply is *not* inflationary if it is a response to a rapid increase in the public's demand to hold money.

To attempt to enforce a rigid rule for monetary growth in such circumstances would be very destabilising. As our financial and banking system becomes more competitive, shifts in the demand for money are likely to become more frequent and larger in magnitude, and thus the only test of whether the money supply is growing "too rapidly" is what is happening to prices.

The Housewife's Tale

I went to the class to stretch myself.
That's what they say: stop the glazed stare
grabbing me as it does in Asda.

This lecturer asked me about Emily Brontë.
What I thought of her imagery.
Well, I said it made me shiver,
gave me bad dreams. A cold book, I said.
He seemed to like that and I expected a tick:
a long red tick on my paper, like the kids get.

When it came on the telly, the film I mean,
I couldn't keep my mouth shut. Something
burst in me like a bike tyre. It was garbage.

Ron told me to shut up so I knitted.
Every bloody jumper I've made is wool and hate.
A new blend. Emily made them, though,
you bet she did—and shivered in them.

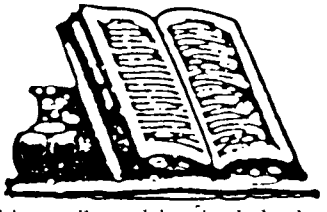
Stephen Wade

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMOIR

The Community of Learning

Arnaldo Dante Momigliano, 1908-1987—By EDWARD SHILS



ARNALDO Dante Momigliano was a great historian, famous throughout the learned world of Europe and America. He was a teacher who demanded the utmost from his pupils and inspired the best of them to try to meet his standards; those who were not the best benefitted from his kindness and from the opportunity to be close to a powerful mind and to see how it worked. He was a person of extraordinary range, variety and coherence of intellectual interests; although the ancient world, from Persia to the Atlantic and from North Africa to the Celtic North, was his subject, his conception of it comprehended its persistence and transformation in tradition into the modern world as well. He was a master of the archaeological, numismatic, epigraphic and iconological sources for the study of the ancient world, as well as the possessor of a phantastic knowledge of the literary and above all the historiographic sources, even the most fragmentary. Novels and poetry were never neglected. He read Tolstoy and Dostoievsky in Russian; he read all the works of Fontane, *en passant*.

He had a no less extraordinary capacity to set to work on a task and to complete it. His bibliography (excluding innumerable translations into languages other than those in which they were originally written) lists about 750 papers, books and book-reviews, the latter done with all the careful documentation of a paper for a learned journal, and more than 400 articles, some of them quite long, in encyclopaedias. About 400 of his papers and reviews in English, Italian and German are gathered together in the eleven large volumes of his *Contributi*. There are also three volumes of his selected papers in English, and *The Development of Greek Biography*, and his master work, *Alien Wisdom*. There are several more volumes still to come.

He seldom set a task for himself which he did not carry out. There were a few exceptions to this exercise of self-discipline; he did not publish his Sather lectures on the history of classical historiography, and as far as I know, he did not carry out his plans to write books on the history of liberty in the ancient world, or on the political ideas of Tacitus, or on the influence of antiquarian studies on the rise of sociology. Except for mealtime conversations with friends, and conversations over cups of coffee with members of his seminars, he worked incessantly in the service of a wide and penetrating curiosity.

He worked with extraordinary efficiency over very long hours every day of the week. He read with very great speed; he retained in his memory almost everything that he read; he had an unmatchable command over the entire literature, whatever topic he worked on. He read and recalled in detail all the latest literature. He read books long unread, as well as practically all new publications in the wide fields in which he was interested. He knew the reports of archaeologists, epigraphers and numismatists as soon as they were published in any journal. He wrote rapidly. There was never a lull in his programme of work. One paper was begun while the paper immediately preceding it was corrected. His many long and extraordinarily learned book-reviews were always written while one or more papers on quite different subjects were in process of composition. While working on any one topic, he read on many other subjects at the same time; everything he read was stored in his memory, to be drawn upon and clearly focused whenever pertinent.

Momigliano never claimed certainty when he was uncertain. He was, as he once said of Theodor Mommsen, capable both in the *ars nesciendi* and in the *ars sciendi*. In writing and speaking, he was at least bilingual and his written English style had a distinctive lucidity. He conveyed in his writings his own experience of discovery. One could almost see him at work reading manuscripts in Leiden or Florence. He had a knack for a telling observation—such as the opening in the Vatican of a separate room for Etruscan vases as evidence of the growth of interest in Etruscan things, or the dormancy of the Greek tradition in Italy from the failure of Italians to take notice of the temples at Paestum, which were very prominently visible for about two millennia.

He had great skill in portraiture—sometimes a full portrait, full of vivid, frequently amusing, often affectionate passages, sometimes no more than a sentence or a phrase—in which he expressed his affection and appreciation of a person who had left some mark on the growth of historical knowledge.

Practically every single one of his writings was a work of the most rigorous scholarship, Most had many footnotes, frequently containing several and often many bibliographical references, with full details about volumes and issue numbers, year of publication and pages. His memory was as capa-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cious and precise as his interests were broad and intensive, but he never allowed anything of his to be published unless all the references and quotations had been checked.

This unique store of knowledge, as precise as evidence allows, was almost instantaneously available in his mind for scrutiny and the rearrangement necessitated by an imagination of profound originality. With all his zeal to read what he had not read before, and with all his extraordinary capacity to focus his knowledge and to discipline and exercise his energy, one might imagine him to have been a machine for reading on a scale which no other individual could ever match. He retained practically all he read, and he possessed a unique capacity to mobilise the innumerable details of his knowledge into new arguments and analyses. He seldom repeated himself. Every paper contained new ideas.

BUT HE WAS NOT a reading, thinking or writing machine at all. In temperament he was warm-hearted and friendly, just as much towards the younger and most ignorant students as to the most famous scholars. He was full of amusing accounts of his experiences; he was always ready for a joke. There were always some amusing formulations in his lectures. Pomposity evaporated in his presence; he was always courteous and knew how to acknowledge the kindness and intellectual merits of others. He frequently disagreed in discussions; he invariably found unanswered questions in his numerous long book-reviews. His dissent rarely gave offence. It was, on the contrary, very instructive, pointing out unused sources and corrective bibliographical references.

He was short and broad and moved in short strides with exceptional speed and vigour. His face was broad too, as was his slightly hooked nose. His mouth was wide. His hair was scanty and tousled. His eyes were lively, he smiled frequently and laughed a lot.

He usually carried a brief-case, often a net bag or a polythene carrier-bag, sometimes several. They were filled with books, notes, manuscripts. Occasionally his fine, misshapen Borsellino was crushed into one of these bags. In dress, he was as ill-fitted as the control over his sources was exact. The knot of his necktie seldom came up to his collar, his trousers and jackets looked ample enough to clothe another person of similar dimensions. Some parts of his apparel were saved from loss through the employment of large safety-pins. Pens and pencils protruded from his breast pocket in the way that decorations mark the breast of a general of the Soviet armed forces. In the pockets of his trousers were two large key rings, each holding about fifty keys. In his inside coat pockets, there were all sorts of things—crumpled banknotes of various national currencies, airline tickets folded and folded again, diary, registration cards, and large numbers of letters, also folded many times. In one of his outside pockets there was a thick commercial receipt book with each slip numbered and carbon papers for three copies of everything; but for Arnaldo Momigliano there was nothing commercial about these books. They were the necessary instruments of his titanic, bibliographical mastery of the literature of his many subjects in nearly every European language.

His eagerness to know the latest literature was evident to those who saw him in bookshops excitedly scanning the latest arrivals, or in a library making notes on the more recent acquisitions.

The meticulous and thorough mastery of the sources of ancient history and the secondary literature, the study of all the new literature as well as rereading older works that he had not covered to his satisfaction when younger, and the unceasing production of papers took a great deal of time. Nevertheless, he managed to find time for all this and much else. In response to the request of the University Grants Committee for a detailed account of how university teachers spent their time, Momigliano wrote to Alfred Cobban, then chairman of the department of history at University College, the following account of how he divided up his day:

"Two hours of pure sleep
One hour of sleep *cum* dreams about administration
Two hours of sleep *cum* dreams about research
One hour of sleep *cum* dreams about teaching
One half hour of pure eating
One hour of eating *cum* research (=reading)
One hour of eating *cum* colleagues and talking about teaching and research
One hour of pure walk
One hour of walk *cum* research (=thinking)
Twelve and one half hours of research *cum* preparation to teach (=reading, writing or even thinking)
One hour of formal administration without thinking
—
24 (Twenty-four)"

It is true that this adds up to 24 hours, but somehow he also found time to drink innumerable cups of coffee with students and colleagues whom he met in the library or on the street. He was happy to be a guest in the homes of colleagues, and he especially appreciated participation in the Passover *seder*. He was exhilarated by seeing old friends and making new ones. He loved intellectual conviviality, whether at high table in All Souls or Peterhouse or in a modest Italian restaurant on Southampton Row.

He was courteous, kind and witty with everyone but he was especially kind to students. He also know how to get them to work. He was patient with and sometimes enthusiastic about the bright ideas of his pupils, but when it came to evidence for those ideas, he was absolutely unyielding, although always extremely helpful. He was beloved by them in return. With colleagues it was the same; he was a master of the art of instructive disagreement.

ARNALDO MOMIGLIANO'S life as a scholar began in his home in Caraglio in Cuneo. He was born into a learned, liberal and pious Piedmontese Jewish family, "in a house full of books: Italian books, Hebrew books, French books, Latin and Greek writers either in the original or in translation". He was tutored at home and also attended a village school; then he went to the University of Turin where he came under the teaching of Gaetano De Sanctis, one

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the most eminent of the modern historians of antiquity. In 1932, he became Associate Professor of Greek History at the University of Rome. In 1936, he became Professor of Roman History at the University of Turin. In 1938, he was dismissed from his post because he was Jewish and in 1939 he left Italy to take refuge in England. He settled in Oxford and remained there for eight years.

By the time he left Italy, he had published 200 books, papers and book-reviews, and about 200 articles, long and short, in the *Enciclopedia Italiana*. He continued the same pace of work in Oxford. Although he and his wife and their small daughter, now an historian of Italian language and literature at University College London, lived in extremely straitened circumstances—he had no university or college appointment—he worked almost unbrokenly with his accustomed assiduity and speed. Yet, 1939 was the only year in which he published nothing. From 1940, academic publishing was pushed to the rear; publication in the continental journals in which his work had appeared earlier was, of course, impossible. Also, settling in a foreign country was very difficult, although he quickly became bilingual and developed a characteristic, clear, subtle and often witty style of writing. He was warmly received and encouraged by the then Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, Hugh Last, who had already been helpful in the publication of the English translation of *Claudius*, and by Mrs Isobel Henderson; he formed many long-lasting and happy friendships there. He also had the good fortune—as a by-product of disaster—to share his exile in Oxford with a number of great German classical scholars—Eduard Fraenkel, Paul Maas, Felix Jacoby and Richard Pfeiffer. He had been studying the German literature of ancient history, especially the works of Theodor Mommsen and Eduard Meyer, throughout the 1930s. The German exiles in Oxford deepened his attachment to German learning.

When the War came to an end, he was invited by Benedetto Croce to accept the directorship of the historical institute which Croce had founded in Naples; he was also reinstated into the professorship at Turin from which he had been dismissed in 1938. He refused both of these invitations and decided to stay in Great Britain.

The decision not to return to Italy was a very difficult one because at the time he had no proper post. He had not ceased to love Italy—especially Piedmont—and he retained his Italian nationality throughout his life. For many reasons, despite the hardships of his life in exile, he had come to love England, too. He once wrote of Sir Anthony Panizzi, the founder of the great library of the British Museum, that he combined "love for the country in which he was born with love for the country which had given him sanctuary in his hour of need". He could have written similarly about himself.

In 1947, he was appointed to a lectureship in Ancient History at the University of Bristol and in 1949 to the readership in the same subject at the same university. In 1951, he was elected to the professorship of Ancient History at University College London, the college of which George Grote, the liberal banker and historian of Greece and Greek thought, was one of the founders. Grote was one of the authors who had inspired Arnaldo Momigliano when he was a boy. Their coming together on Gower Street was a happy omen, correctly read. For 24 years, Arnaldo Momigliano was Professor at University College, beloved by his pupils and colleagues, delighted to be in their stimulating company. Concurrently, he participated in the activities of the Warburg Institute, only a few hundred yards away from his room in University College. There he had the free run of the marvellous library and the company of Fritz Saxl and Gertrud Bing, and of other exiles from the continent associated with the Institute in its transformation of the history of ideas. Arnaldo Momigliano became famous throughout the learned world for his towering erudition, for his quickened stream of papers, and for the depth of his thought. He was welcomed everywhere in England and America for his wit and warmth of heart.

When he reached the age of retirement in London, he became an associate of All Souls College, Oxford, and Alexander White Visiting Professor at the University of Chicago. He held the White professorship for two terms every year until his death, except for one year when he was the Lurcy Visiting Professor at the same university. Over the same years, he was also supernumerary professor at the Scuole Normale Superiore of Pisa. At Chicago, Pisa and the Warburg Institute, he continued to conduct seminars which were great intellectual events. At Pisa, his seminars were on Eduard Meyer, Max Weber, Hermann Usener, Karl Ottfried Mueller, Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf and the great figures of classical learning. At Chicago he also delivered every spring term, to large audiences, a series of four or five public lectures. They covered topics like "Religion and Biography in the Roman Empire"; "Roman Imperialism and the Roman Empire"; "Some Problems of Roman Religion"; "New Paths of Classicism in the Nineteenth Century"; "Two Types of Universal History"; "Questions of Archaic Greek History"; and "The Origins of Rome". They were masterpieces in the exposition of the results of scholarly research, delivered in a delicious mixture of Oxford and Italian English—I am told it was Piedmontese—Italian-English—and they were deeply appreciated each year by about a hundred students and colleagues from many different departments.

His seminars at Chicago, every autumn term, had the same power of attraction; they dealt with subjects similar to his lectures. The high point of the seminars in Chicago, as in London and Pisa, was when the speaker finished his paper and Momigliano took over. That was what everyone was waiting for. He usually spoke for ten to twenty minutes, beginning with praise and modestly adding "a few points" and additional bibliographical indications. His commentary was often read from a manuscript which he had written while the paper was being delivered.

In the winter and summer of each year, he spent a few days in most weeks at All Souls. When the arrangement at All Souls expired, he became a Visiting Fellow and then an Honorary Fellow at Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he came for stretches of two or three days in many weeks of the term. In both Oxford and Cambridge he lunched and dined in College and worked in his rooms or in the Bodleian or the University Library. About a month of each winter was spent in Pisa. All

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the while he continued to maintain his large flat in Hammersmith which became more and more crowded by his huge library, corresponding exactly with his intellectual interests and his linguistic abilities. He was frequently on the move and was at home wherever he alighted.

He went on like this, his pace unchanged, until he was about 75 years of age when he began to suffer from cardiac disturbances. But this scarcely affected his travel between Italy, England and the United States and within each of those countries as well.

He was severely stricken in May 1987, only a short time after his last lecture. He seemed to be on the road to recovery during his stay in Chicago, first in the University of Chicago Hospital and then at the home of a colleague. He returned to London on 25 July and made little progress. He worried all the time about the possible decline of his intellectual powers—although he still managed to do some work, reading, writing a book-review and the preface to his *Pagine ebraiche* while confined to bed. There was a marked decline in the last week of August 1987, and he returned to the Central Middlesex Hospital where he died on 1 September 1987, just a week short of his 79th birthday.

ARNALDO Dante Momigliano was not only a great scholar and a great teacher; he was also a great academic citizen. In a gloomy time in the life of universities, he was the embodiment of an ideal professor in an ideal university. He made the universities of which he was a member better through the radiation of his own qualities; he caused those with whom he came in contact to extend their curiosity and their knowledge and to raise their standards. He was the heir of the greatness of the old European university of the 19th century and its transplanted adaptation to North America, and he cared for what he inherited. He did not care merely for his own work or his own subjects or his own department or his own pupils and protégés; he cared for his own university as a whole and for other particular universities.

Just as he was interested in theories but constructed no theory of his own, so he cared for the idea of the university in its embodiment in the universities in which he served; he was never drawn into general discussions about the idea of the university or even about the history of universities about which he knew more than most experts on the subject. He did not exercise his academic citizenship by serving on committees or by being an administrator or an "academic politician". Instead his intellectual and personal bearing manifested what was best in the idea of the university, together with a suggested remark here and a comment there, always wittily and earnestly put. Once, when in order to make space for new publications, the librarian of University College London, wished to dispose of the complete series of the *Byzantinische Zeitschrift* on the grounds that no one used it, Arnaldo Momigliano wrote to him to say that he himself used it frequently and that "if it were true that nobody read it, the problem would be what to do with the Professor of Ancient History, not what to do with the *Byzantinische Zeitschrift*". The *Byzantinische Zeitschrift* was saved. So it was with many other things in the life of the universities with which Arnaldo Momigliano was associated.

He had the rare capacity for loyalty and gratitude to the institutions in which he carried on his academic career. He loved especially University College London, which he described in Spinoza's words as: "*In hac enim florentissima respublica omnes cuiuscumque nationis et sectae homines summa concordia vivunt*". He loved also the Scuola Normale Superiore of Pisa and the University of Chicago, those "two institutions far from each other in space but akin to each other in their love of truth".

MOMIGLIANO began his career as a scholar with his mind focused simultaneously on the Greeks, the Romans and the Jews. These three topics remained central to his work until the very end. In 1977 he wrote,

> "In a sense, in my scholarly life, I have done nothing else but try to understand what I owe to the Jewish house in which I was brought up and to the Christian-Roman-Celtic village in which I was born. . . . If the relations between Greeks and Jews have loomed large in my research, it is partly because we Jews have become what we are by measuring ourselves against Greek wisdom. . . ."

There was, however, a shift in the balance. Although his first books were on Greek, Jewish and Roman subjects—Thucydides, Philip of Macedon, the Maccabees, and Claudius—the Jews were prominent mainly in the first decade of his career and then again in the last two decades. The study of ancient religion grew steadily among his interests. It was not just Jewish religion, but also Roman and Greek religion and the religions of the Roman Empire. Early Christianity also became more prominent.

He was interested in the expansion and resistance of the pagan religions, Judaism and Christianity, and of the civilisations in which they were embedded. That is why Hellenistic civilisation soon became the dominant theme of his numerous and specifically very different investigations. This brought him into contact with the Mesopotamian civilisation of the Near East and the Celtic civilisations of Gaul and Spain. His Trevelyan lectures at Cambridge in 1973, *Alien Wisdom: The Limits of Hellenization*, were a fulfilment of the intellectual task laid upon him by his early determination to understand what he owed to "the Jewish house" in which he "was brought up" and to "the Christian-Roman-Celtic village" in which he was born.

I DO NOT KNOW whether Arnaldo Momigliano was a believing and fully observant Jew. I myself doubt it, but I have no doubt about his piety towards his ancestors. The piety towards his Jewish ancestors had a richer pathos in it, perhaps deepened by the murder of his parents and nine other relatives in German concentration camps. His piety was no less manifest in his underlying sense of membership in a Jewish collectivity far extended in space and over time. His loyalty to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Jewish collectivity was in harmony with his loyalty to the historiographic community which was almost of the same age.

The ramifications of his service of understanding the traditions of his own upbringing culminated in an immense series of investigations, full of original insights arising out of the study of a body of evidence which no other scholar in the world could have hoped to "control" (a favourite word of Momigliano, used to refer to the study of all the primary sources which an unresting curiosity and a tireless exertion could master). Momigliano was as intent on understanding the tradition of his own historical understanding as he was keen to understand the traditions of his upbringing.

The understanding of these former traditions gave rise to a large and unparalleled series of investigations into the history of historiography. Thucydides, Herodotus, Polybius, Tacitus and countless other ancient historians, including many whose works survive only by assimilation into, and quotations and references in, subsequent historical works, and all later historians of antiquity in the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and modern times down to the immediate present—all came under his illumination. Momigliano made himself the master of these, bringing to life historians long dead, of some of whom little more than their names had remained, others of whom had rested in large dusty books practically unread for centuries until Momigliano took them up again. He brought them back into life and placed them, as firmly as austere scholarly scruple and vivid imagination allowed, in the familial line of those who have attempted to understand the history of ancient societies and civilisations. In a short passage he could reconstitute the outlook and aspirations of an historian of antiquity as he faced simultaneously the situation of the historiographic tradition in his own time, the political conditions of his society, and the sources and techniques available to him. One could almost see and hear long dead scholars speaking to each other when Momigliano wrote or spoke about them.

From a fragment of a dialogue he could realise in his imagination, and then in his vivid words, the character of the unseen interlocutor. To take a small, unscholarly example: we were once discussing Arthur Koestler shortly after Koestler's suicide. I asked him if he had known Koestler. He said that he had never seen him but that he had a very clear impression of him—it was, I think, a correct impression—because once while he was with Leo Valiani a telephone call came through from Koestler to Valiani. (The two had been together in a French internment camp in 1940.) Momigliano said that from hearing Valiani's side of the conversation, he formed a definite idea of what Koestler was like. That was the way in which he brought obscure, long-dead figures of Greek and Roman historiography, and neglected Dutchmen or Italians of the 17th century into living membership in the unbroken familial line of the historians who studied the ancient world.

I have used the words "family" and "familial" but perhaps the word "corporation" would be better. Momigliano's relationship to the historians who wrote about antiquity, the historians great and minor, contemporaneous and past, at varying degrees of remove in time from the events of antiquity, exemplified what Burke conceived of as a corporation of the living and the dead. Momigliano saw himself as a participant in the procession of that corporation. He was not egocentric in the sense of regarding himself as the culmination, to which all that had gone before was destined to lead. (He was unlike Arnold Toynbee in this, as in so many other respects.) He saw himself as one historian who, on terms of respectful equality, was engaged in a discussion with the greatest historians of the recent and remote past, with Mabillon and Muratori, with Barthold Niebuhr and J. J. Bachofen, Theodor Mommsen and Eduard Meyer, with Mikhail Rostovtzeff, with K. J. Beloch, K. O. Mueller and Hermann Usener, and with Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf. They were always present to him; they were not simply dead authors of books which could be quoted and written about. They were that—but they were also colleagues, members of an intellectual community across the epochs with the common task of discerning the truth.

Momigliano was old-fashioned enough not to be apologetic when he was speaking about truth as the objective of scholarship, however elusive the truth would always be in fields in which evidence was so fragmentary and which was as littered with forgeries as were studies of the ancient world and its historiography. Because he believed that historical truth is formed by the collaboration of many generations of independent scholars in the assessment and assembly of rigorously scrutinised evidence, he held the liberal belief—there were also other grounds for his liberalism—that only honest, morally independent minds are fit to discover the truth. Only such persons are capable of resistance to intimidation by the threat of coercion and are courageous enough to withstand the temptations of prevalent ideologies. In Italy, he was surrounded by friends who refused to espouse fascist beliefs—his teacher De Sanctis had resigned from his professorship in Rome rather than swear the oath of allegiance to the fascist régime. At the same time, he saw the intellectual ravages of fascism beyond his own small circle. He was aware of what had happened to classical scholarship in Germany under National Socialism, and he was also well aware of the persecution of classical studies in the Soviet Union, as exemplified by the treatment of its leading ancient historian, S. Lurje.

He himself and those he admired had successfully kept themselves immune from the constrictions of fascism, National Socialism, and Marxism. When Marxism became widely influential among younger Italian scholars of the ancient world, he dealt with them courteously but he did not qualify his rejection of their claims. He was very alert to the stultifying influence of Communist ideology on historical research. He was absolutely uncompromising in his rejection of any assertion or intimation that the historian could ever dispense with the critical scrutiny of all the available, surviving and newly discovered evidence.

He was, therefore, no less uncompromising in his denunciation of the most recent derogation of truth in historical research led by Professor Hayden White, who contends that historical works are narratives like any others and that this is the only way in which they are to be viewed. He rather liked

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hayden White personally but that made no difference to him. Arnaldo Momigliano was passionately consistent in his practice as a scholar, and he opposed root and branch the view of the "meta-historians" and "rhetoricians", that the assertion of the truthfulness or erroneousness of an historian's proposition is irrelevant and indeed meaningless. Momigliano's eloquent effort to set the account straight in his Lurcy lecture of 1982, "Considerations on History in an Age of Ideologies", was matched by the question which he addressed directly to Hayden White, and which I paraphrase here, at a meeting on "Historicism" at the Warburg Institute in 1974. He said: "After all, we do have these inscriptions and these artifacts. They are there. We cannot disregard them. What then are we to say about them?"

He was not content to leave the study of the ancient world as he had found it. Since he believed that there were facts which, once discovered, imposed themselves, he thought that it is one of the indispensable tasks of an historian to discover new facts. New facts raised new problems which needed new interpretations. So, although he would not renounce traditional skills in the study of the ancient world—he appreciated the achievements of scrupulous textual criticism and emendation—he thought that the study of ancient history should place its objects in wider contexts and draw on recently emergent disciplines. Thus, although he was sceptical about comprehensive theories and about explicitly formulated general categories, he was also interested in them. He thought that, used flexibly and freely by those who had mastered the particular details disclosed in the sources, they could illuminate the study of the ancient world. That was why he became increasingly attracted by the ideas of Max Weber, and why Weber's studies about the ancient economy and the history of the Jews interested him so much. At University College London, he persuaded his colleagues in the departments of history and anthropology to establish a joint lectureship and joint degree in ancient history and anthropology. In Chicago, he was the intimate of orientalists and gave a seminar together with a sociologist. In Pisa, he conducted a brilliant seminar on Max Weber.

Arnaldo Momigliano underwent painful deprivations at the hands of the Italian Fascist and German National Socialist régimes. His family was brutally killed, he himself lost his means of livelihood and he had to leave his native country where his ancestors had lived for many centuries. He lived in penury for nearly a decade.

Yet Arnaldo Momigliano and the world both gained from his exile. When just over the age of 30, he came to Oxford, he was not well known in the wider world. In Oxford he was a little known because his book on Claudius had been translated into English and published by the Oxford University Press in 1934, and he had published two and a half chapters in the tenth volume of the *Cambridge Ancient History* which appeared in the same year. Still, he was neither a member of the University nor a member of any college in Oxford and he lived in impecunious obscurity for the first years of his exile. Yet, within the intellectual life of Oxford, he gradually found a place. It was only when he became established in London that he began to be well known outside England and outside the circle of ancient historians. Whether, had he remained in Italy, he would have become as famous as he did in fact become during his career in England and the United States and whether he would have stimulated as large a circle as he did, may be doubted.

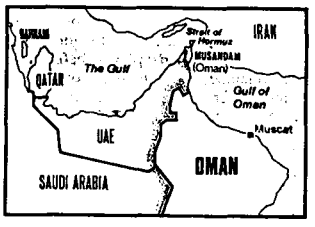
One thing, however, is certain and that is that Arnaldo Momigliano was, from his early years as a scholar, a member of the highest intellectual community of his own and past generations. He lived in the intellectual company of Barthold Niebuhr, J. J. Bachofen, Theodor Mommsen, Eduard Meyer, Mikhail Rostovtzeff, Arthur Darby Nock, Norman Baynes, Shlomo Goitein, Saul Liberman, Gershom Scholem and Elias Bickerman. Some of them he knew personally, others died before he reached maturity, others were long dead. They formed a gallery, a pantheon of the living and the recently and long dead, who belonged to a single community on whose shoulders lay the weighty responsibility of carrying on the great tradition of the critical search for truth about the ancient world. Arnaldo Momigliano belonged by right to this circle, and it was acknowledged that he did.

He received many prizes and honorary degrees and was elected to memberships in numerous academies in many countries. All these honours gave him much pleasure. They were only a very small part of the admiration, deference and affection which he received in many countries and in many disciplines from his colleagues and pupils, irresistibly drawn into friendship with him, and who were all very dear to him.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from Oman

By Anthony Hartley



IN AN OLD PRINT of Muscat a foaming sea breaks on vicious black rocks, while outside the channel into the harbour a sailing vessel plunges wildly. This seems a pirate's lair, whose forbidding coastline promises only hostility from its inhabitants. On the headlands stand forts guarding the pass and the white town behind. From this port set sail the broad-beamed, high-pooped boats with their lateen rig, that traversed the Indian ocean and made their way right down the east coast of Africa to Madagascar. For the seamen of Muscat and of Sohar (still a boat-building centre) were mostly merchants and traders, though perhaps not averse to a little piracy if the occasion offered. But the frowning appearance of their home port belies them. For centuries their craft criss-crossed the Indian Ocean exchanging the products of Arabia for those of Africa, India, Malaya, and China. The only interruption was caused by the great Albuquerque's ruthless destruction of Arab shipping and towns in the early 16th century. Muscat was sacked, and the Portuguese stayed there for a century-and-a-half, building the two fortresses on the harbour promontories, Mirani and Jalali.

The forts are still there today and so are the rocks, jutting into a placid sea. Twenty years ago the Jalali fort was still used as a prison, but now its function is purely ornamental—a scenic addition en route to becoming an ancient monument. All around Muscat are outcrops and escarpments of the same dark rock which must, one would think, make old Muscat intolerably hot in summer. Perhaps that is why the ornate new palace is only used for official events, and the Sultan, Qaboos ibn Said, prefers to live in a garden palace to the north along the coast. Old Muscat is now reached by a new *corniche* road that sweeps through the commercial port of Muttrah into the old city with its tall white houses and fly-infested cafés. The walls of the town still exist—until quite recently the gates were shut three hours after sunset and pedestrians had to carry a lantern—and the gates of the palace are guarded by sentries. There is a museum and the British Embassy—once the Consulate-General from which pro-consuls such as Sir Percy Cox exercised the Government of India's sway over the Gulf. Now, in the new area along the coast, there is also a Russian Embassy, one of whose diplomats was heard complaining that he had been taught Arabic, but found that "everyone spoke English". Oman is more relaxed about a Russian presence in the reign of Mr Gorbachov. The Soviet spy-ship that has monitored signals in the Straits of Hormuz for years seems familiar and even companionable.

Beyond the old town another loop in the highway leads to Muscat's latest architectural creation, the brand-new Albustan Hotel. Architecturally it is a pipe-dream from the *Arabian Nights*. The soaring vaults of the central hall glisten with marble and gold inlays. Its baroque interior is successful, beautiful even, once one has got used to it. However, seen from the outside, there is something wrong with the proportions of the building. Its casements, projecting from the wall, in imitation of traditional Islamic houses, are too small for the massive expanse of stone on which they are placed. It is a transportation of domestic architecture to monumental which does not entirely come off.

This compromise between Islamic tradition and the latest creations of the Hyatt Hotel chain is the result of Omani determination that new buildings should be Islamic in character. The previous "grand hotel", the Intercontinental, was criticised for its obviously international style. The architect of the Albustan ran no such risk; its Islamic intentions are evident.

The desire to perpetuate the traditional Islamic style of building is sensible for a number of reasons. Not only are the thick walls, the arcades, and the latticed windows suitable to the climate of Arabia, but a continuity of design with the old ways means that neither religious nor national sentiment is offended by the modern construction that is going on apace (though at a diminished speed since the oil price began to fall). Politically, this cultural line can serve as a symbol of the wise moderation that has presided over the modernisation of Oman—a process that has been going on ever since the accession of Sultan Qaboos in 1970. All over the "capital area" the new buildings are pleasing—particularly the many graceful new mosques, whose abundance marks the pious intentions both of the Omani government and of individual members of the great families, many of them the Sultan's ministers. The green (or blue) and gold domes and the long fingers of the minarets give colour and meaning to this long white city by the sea. At dawn there is the call of the *muezzin*, haunting and evocative to the European ear, always willing to cull romanticism from other people's customs.

THERE HAS BEEN rain in the interior this year. Along the slopes and cliffs of the Jebel Akhdar hangs a scanty greenish vegetation. This is the road to the heartland of central Oman where the Imans once ruled. On the hills along the way stand small watch-towers—a prelude to the really massive castles beyond. Underneath run the famous *falajes*, the underground channels that collect and convey for many miles water gathered from wells or rainfall. These rock tunnels or canals are of great antiquity—the Semitic root of the word occurs in Genesis in the name *Peleg*, in whose day "was the earth divided"—presumably for the purposes of irrigation. In a village or town, through an opening that leads to stone steps one can see the water of the *falaj* flowing through the rock with that indescribable accompani-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of coolness in the air which is the luxury of very hot countries. This live intrusion of moisture, insinuating itself into one's consciousness like an aroma or a physical contact, must dominate the sensibility of those who dwell in such lands. Water is their necessity and their recreation.

In Nizwa one is at the seat of the Ibadhite Imanate. The Ibadhites were originally a moderate version of the schismatic Kharijites, who sought a return to a purer and more egalitarian Islam; and in Oman they found refuge from the Caliphs who sought to exterminate them.[1] It was the resistance of the reigning Iman to the Sultan of Oman, Said ibn Taimur, which brought about the latter's famous journey in 1955 from his palace in Salala in the extreme south of Oman to the Buraimi oasis in the north. Later in the 1950s the Iman and his supporters tried to recapture the seat of their power, and it required some fierce campaigning before the dissidents were finally expelled to Saudi Arabia. The castle of Nizwa, a solid round tower set in the midst of fortified walls—rather like a medieval *donjon*—still bears the bullet marks of that troubled period.

But the scene is peaceful enough today. Nizwa is having its weekly goat market, and robed shepherds lead their bleating charges rapidly round in a circle for an admiring and sceptical ring of potential buyers and critics. Old men shout at one another and brandish bamboo sticks, whether in enthusiasm or anger it is impossible to say. From time to time a deal is struck, and the two parties repair to the terrace of the coffee shop that overlooks the market. A number of the bystanders carry ancient-looking rifles (are they police of some sort, or private individuals?) and others wear, stuck into their sashes, the giant Omani dagger, the *khanjar*, with its fat sheath and elaborate silverwork.

Nizwa is a centre for metalwork, and in the tiny cell-like compartments of the *suqs* may be found old guns with their butts heavily chased in silver, swords ornamented in the same style as the *khanjars* and the heavy silver pendants and earrings, with minutely worked patterns and filigree, which Omani women wear and which represent conspicuous wealth. There are also old silver coffee-pots whose owners, more prosperous now, have exchanged them against other more modern implements. But there is less old stuff than ten years ago. Though Oman is only just beginning to receive a few "selected" tourists, its *suqs* have been thoroughly combed by the foreigners whom oil and economic modernisation have brought with them. Brass junk from Bombay takes the place of genuine Omani work. Beyond the silver dealers lie the sellers of spices and foods. There is the background smell common to Middle Eastern markets—one third dung, one third spice, and one third putrefaction. . . .

[1] One authority writes of the nature of Ibadhism:

"Ibadhi philosophy contains elements of democracy, although in practice it has turned out conservatively traditional to the point of being reactionary. Ibadhis believe, for instance, in the election of the Iman by the whole community, that he should rule with the advice and consent of his people and that, if he loses popular support, he may be deposed. . . ."

Ian Skeet, *Oman Before 1970: The End of an Era* (1985), p. 92.

AT THE ENTRANCE to the Wadi Tanouf we eat under a tamarind, while Omani boys chatter and scramble on the burning rocks. The Wadi has some pools of water in it, and there is even some vegetation. Otherwise there are the cliff walls, torn and twisted into bizarre shapes, and, beside us, the ruins of the village of Tanouf, destroyed by the RAF during the campaign against dissident tribes in the 1950s. The brown beaten-earth houses crumble back into the tawny landscape. Only the *falaj* continues to flow alongside the old village wall, whose stones are damp and mossy where the water reaches them. A little way off, near the main road, is the factory that bottles the Tanouf mineral water, drunk all over Oman and providing a much-needed alternative to the sweet and fizzy fruit drinks sold by pedlars. So Tanouf lives again . . . but not the village. More than 30 years later, no one has attempted to return.

The fortresses of Bahla and Jabrin, once residences and defensive positions of the Imans, have survived the fighting, though a Lancaster bomber did have a go at Bahla—fortunately without making much impression on it. These crenellated bulwarks still loom massively over the desolate and treeless landscape. Their walls are massively thick, once again made of beaten earth, whose brown tints seem a mere prolongation of the ground beneath, as though the building were the result of some subterranean eruption. The dimensions are huge: Bahla, as yet unrestored and closed to visitors, has seven miles of walls around it and its town. The basic plan is the same as at Nizwa: a wall and an inner keep. Unlike Bahla, Jabrin is isolated. Only date palms and a few houses lie before its double gates. A barren horizon stretches far away. The new flag of Oman flutters from a tower. It is all a little as one might imagine a film of *Beau Geste*. I remember Tchad—there, too, one felt oneself at the edge of the world, and life seemed slightly unreal, or at any rate precarious. But this unexpected castle in the waste signifies authority. Somewhere, hidden in the Wadi or rocky cleft, there were subjects under the sway of the ruler of Jabrin. Now the old system of authority is gone, and Jabrin has undergone restoration as an historic monument of a state which can organise and afford such careful conservation.

And the work has been well done. The painted beams and the polished and fretted woodwork of the larger rooms give an idea of what the Iman's craftsmen could do. The floral motifs of the ceilings have been brought to life again, and the wooden screen-work mended. In the Iman's council chamber are hiding-places (rather like sentry-boxes concealed half beneath the floor) where his retainers could lurk, ready to fend off an attack or strike down a political rival. Life in Jabrin must have been desperately uncertain in those days, full of sudden alarms and the clash of weapons. The history of what is usually regarded as Oman proper (as distinct from the coastal plain) is bloody and complex, and this castle must have seen a good deal of it.

THE RESTORATION OF JABRIN, the work going on at Nizwa, and the promised repair of Bahla are signs of how conscious the Sultan and his advisers are of Oman's past and of their

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desire to unite pride in the country's past achievements with ambitions for its future. These great monuments are impressive buildings by any standard. Their pointed crenellations, screened windows and nail-studded doors recall other, similar bastions seen in Spain, Morocco, Cairo even. . . . The footprints of Arab grandeur, products of the same culture and the same environment, spread from East to West along a line from Muscat to Marrakech.

THE FACT OF Islam: the *muezzin* calls the prayer, and the faithful echo him from Cape Yof in Senegal to the Spice Islands, from Zanzibar to Azerbaijan. This is, I reflect, an awesome thing—above all, for those who come from a civilisation where religion has now only a residual social effect. There is much talk these days of "Islamic fundamentalism", but the great historic phenomenon, unrecognised except by experts and unobserved by Western politicians or media, is the observance by millions of people of a religion which demands that its believers should carry out every day a number of simple actions and whose cultural effect is as profound and complex as its creed is simple. In Africa, I am told, "Islamisation" proceeds apace, and whole populations are accepting the law of the Prophet and turning in prayer towards Mecca. But we hear little of this nor do we have any idea of the mechanisms through which it is taking place. Who organises the missionary effort? Who supplies the financial backing for it, or plans the direction it shall take?

All this remains obscure. It is not considered "news". Yet Africa south of the Sahara—to take that one example—will be transformed by it. For Islam provides its own brand of social discipline, capable of overcoming the cultural differences between tribes and more adapted to the existing structures of African life than are the lessons taught by devoted Christian missionaries. It is striking that, at the Lambeth Conference recently, one of the issues raised by African bishops was that of polygamy. An African embracing the Muslim faith would not have this difficulty. Already the Marabouts in Senegal can influence their flock in terms which are economic as well as spiritual. Their authority has been used to produce an improvement in cultivation—much as that of the Cistercians was to introduce more productive forms of sheepfarming in 12th-century England. But I find no one discussing these things, with all their implications for cultural and political change, in the immense pile of literature devoted to international affairs, where all the talk is of "bi-polar systems" and "integration theory". So a major force in what is meant to be "one world" goes unobserved. One result of this is that the unease which presides over the relations between Muslims and Westerners is deepened as the suspicion of the former is reinforced by the ignorance of the latter.[2]

Along the Gulf, heirs of stricter Islamic observance than their fathers are said to be waiting in the wings. When correspondents write about "fundamentalism", they usually mean that combination of religious belief and nationalism which leads to xenophobia and (from a European or American point of view) anti-Western sentiment and behaviour. But, in a strictly religious sense, the whole of Islam is "fundamentalist" in that the creed of Muslims is their way of life. The question is how strictly it is obeyed and how easily its precepts can be adapted to the conditions of 20th-century life and a world where different communities impinge on each other more than in the past. In Britain today there exists among the religious leaders of a large Muslim community a "moon-watching" committee, whose business it is to observe the heavens and fix the moment at which the Ramadan fast should begin. The answer to their question must often be obscured by the northern clouds; but, no doubt, a method has been worked out of combining the new methods of science with the old. Even in such small details Islam is faced with a task of adaptation. Much of the shape of the contemporary world will depend on how this is carried out.

AT THE END OF our journey we drive to the Wadi Nakhl, which lies on the Muscat side of the Jebel Akhdar. There, on the day of rest that marks the Ascension of the Prophet, Omanis stroll in an unhurried and dignified manner, all set for a day of conversation, food, and coffee-drinking. They contemplate the groves of date palms and the pools of clear water that flow out of the jagged cliff. Some Indian women are even submerging themselves, saris and all, in a deeper basin to the accompaniment of much giggling and splashing. Expatriate British families picnic; there is a lack of tension, a harmony between races, which is rare in mixed societies nowadays.

Nakhl itself is a small village with another *Beau Geste*-type fort, but on a smaller scale, more suited to the place's size. Here, in the early 19th century, a murderous drama took place, when a member of the ruling family of Oman was supposed to have been accidentally killed by a kinsman while they were both "playing with arms". Between the village and the wadi lie the groves of date palms, where irrigation channels run between the straight trunks of the trees, and the ground is covered with grass and mosses. It is cool under the palm fronds, and grey-white doves flash among the trees. An Indian mynah-bird cries loudly, its brilliant blue standing out in the prevailing greenish dusk. There are butterflies with pointed wings—red-black-and-yellow or black-and-white. After the heat of the rocks it is marvellous to enter into this magical kingdom of shadow and flickering sunshine where the birds paint sudden splashes of colour.

All this is rather more than "a strip of herbage", but, one supposes, might count as dividing "the desert from the sown". Certainly the escarpments of the Jebel Akhdar are barren enough. Omar Khayam expressed a supreme sensual

[2] This unease is well described by Malise Ruthven in his excellent book *Islam in the World* (1984):

> "The West—like its women—has been a simultaneous source of attraction and repulsion: admiration for its institutions and for the technical prowess that has enabled so many of its citizens to enjoy undreamed-of freedoms and opportunities; disgust at its vulgarity, its seeming callousness and spiritual emptiness, combined with a deep sense of unease that Allah, whose way has been shown for all mankind in the Holy *Quran* and the *Sunna*, should have permitted infidels to violate all but the innermost chambers of the House of Islam. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experience of dwellers around the deserts of the Middle East. For a moment one has the illusion of experiencing it too, a beauty felt with one's entire body.

OMAN AND ITS HISTORY are turned towards the sea just as much as towards the Jebel and the desert. Moreover, despite its role as "Guardian of the Straits", it hardly belongs to the Gulf geographically. It is an Indian Ocean country, and Muscat's historical experience is of trade across the sea. The great ruler Sayyid Said (1804-1856) spent as much time on the sea as he did at home, constantly travelling to Zanzibar, his African capital, and even offering marriage to the formidable Queen Ranavolana of Madagascar. From the defeat of the Portuguese to the mid-19th century, Omani naval power was dominant along the east coast of Africa and in the approaches to the Gulf.

Even today Oman has retained these overseas connections. After the massacres of Zanzibar Arabs in 1962 the survivors came back to Oman. The enclave of Gwadur in Baluchistan was sold back to Pakistan in 1958 for three million pounds; but Oman still recruits Baluchi regiments, and Baluchis are a familiar component of the racial mix in the capital area, distinguished by their martial and rather intimidating bearing.

The whole area of coastal Oman is a meeting-place for different races. Bombay is nearly as close as Basra, and a lot more accessible these days. Indians swarm into the Sultanate to do the jobs created by the sudden onset of modern life: clerks . . . accountants . . . shopkeepers . . . waiters . . . gardeners to see to the watering of the flowers and trees that grow along the main roads of the capital. With them come immigrants from even further afield—from the Philippines or the Sudan; tall men, these last, in long white robes and enormous turbans. A more ancient community are the Khojas, Shia Muslims (said to originate from Hyderabad) who live together in Muttrah in a quarter entered by a gate from the sea-front. Foreigners are advised not to penetrate into this fastness, and Omanis themselves will not do so. The excuse given is that the Khojas are "strange" or "inbred", but the original reason is, no doubt, religious antipathy. "We have *our* Shias well under control", said an Omani journalist during a conversation about the Iraq-Iran war.

Hostility to Iran, with whom there were past disputes, and which (during the imperial megalomania of the last decade of the Pahlevi dynasty) must have seemed to threaten Oman, dictated a pro-Iraqi stance during the Gulf war. So did "cultural and racial solidarity" with another Arab country. Yet when the war first began, the attitude of Oman (as of other states in the Gulf area) had been almost one of relief. For the struggle had the advantage of postponing any decision about who should be top power in the region and of burying (for the time being) Iraqi and Iranian claims to Bahrain and Kuwait. There was, I found, sympathy with Iraq, but also quiet satisfaction that two possible contenders for hegemony should have chosen to turn their expensive panoplies of modern weapons against each other. Oman was distant from the scene of operations. Only in the Musandam, the rugged peninsula off which Omani patrol boats watch over the Straits, could the war be seen at first hand in the shape of attacks on international shipping. In Muscat itself the only sign was the clots of oil washed up on the beaches from the tankers queuing up to be escorted into the Gulf.

Now the war is over, and new problems will surely be posed for Oman and other Gulf states. In particular, the appearance on the market of more Iranian and Iraqi oil, as these exhausted countries try to repair their shattered economies, may damage Oman, already hit by the fall in the world price.

WHAT OF the future of Oman? So far its modernisation has been conducted successfully, with little of the excesses that usually attend the sudden enrichment of a poor country. Its educational policy has stressed primary schools; and, now that the new Sultan Qaboos University is open, its emphasis is severely practical. This modesty in development has paid off at a time of economic recession. In foreign policy Oman has been equally cautious, putting its faith in the "Gulf Cooperation Council" which includes Saudi Arabia and the Gulf sheikdoms and whose "cooperation" in theory is confined to economic matters, though security problems are what interest the participants most.

No country possessing oil can escape the delights and poisons of that commodity, but Oman has done its best, though it occupies an important position in a highly sensitive and troubled region. The cliffs of the Musandam look out over the most costly and vulnerable traffic in the world. We have not yet seen an end to the troubles of the Gulf or to upheavals in the states along its shores. Will Oman be left to a peaceful future in which, with the help of some oil, up-market tourism and agricultural exports, it will balance its books? Or will it become involved in a whirlpool of unrest affecting countries to the north?

Since 1970 the rule of the Sultan has not been lacking in wisdom. Similar qualities will be needed to guide the country through the perils and complexities of the post-oil-rush stage of Arabia's history. The mists of the Indian Ocean and the Gulf hide the event.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

As We Like It

By Edward Pearce

THE MEMORY OF Joyce Grenfell is much cherished in England. This three-quarter-American lady, daughter of the Old Dominion, niece of Nancy Astor, stumbled into West End revue. Herbert Farjeon heard a radio sketch which she had gathered from her Women's Institute experiences, and immediately incorporated her into a major revue starring Hermione Baddeley.

Joyce Grenfell understood nuance; she had a gentle derisiveness; and she was unwoundingly funny—a very decent mimic across at least three octaves of the English social scale (shop girl, don's wife, nursery teacher, tiara'd Countess, visiting American, and unevolved old girl). The popularity sprung by pre-War review continued through wartime troop entertainment with awful ENSA, for whom she once played to five men in a tent—after being asked by the matron if she didn't mind plague. There were the handful of post-War films with Alistair Sim and the young George Cole, then the one-woman shows like *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure*, some hugely popular television performances, and finally the elevation of a semi-highbrow quiz (*My Music*) into golden ratings and adult acclamation. When she died from cancer, Joyce Grenfell was lamented.

Now one of our most intelligent actresses, Maureen Lipman, has turned Joyce Grenfell and her material into a one-woman show, *Re: Joyce!*, an awful pun in which Joyce would have delighted. The undertaking is exceptionally difficult—not merely a sustained act of impersonation, but beyond that a maintaining of the subject's own impersonations, her Shirley, Mrs Fanshawe, and Countess of Cotely.

At both the technical level and that of sympathy she succeeds beyond all reasonable hopes; "Joyce Grenfell lives" is the happy message of a brilliantly attuned performance. Nothing like this can work without sympathy, and sympathy has got Miss Lipman across her real problem. Most stagers-of-other-personalities are not themselves already sharply defined. Alec McCowan's Kipling is a case in point, Edward Dukes's Jeeves another. But Maureen Lipman is a thumping public presence in her own right, a high- and strong-minded left-of-centre Jewish elder sister, knowledgeable about retail trade, who also does a marvellous instant-ageing transformation into a Jewish mother. She is established as a rebellious, questioning iconoclast, and casts accordingly. Maureen Lipman is on her way, if her present burst of creative acting long continues, to qualifying for a show about Maureen Lipman after she dies. Which God forbid.

Joyce Grenfell was something very different—what used to be called a lady, even if she did have American connections and went on the stage, my dear. She had something of the charm of an Anglican lay abbess, a sort of non-snobbish quality which showed the upper classes in a dim but affable light and which would gently dissuade a profanity at twenty paces—the representative of old values at their best. The sketches have mellowed and acquired all sorts of nostalgic warmth, and they lack the edge of either amateurishness or prejudice which, 30 and 40 years on, the revues of that period would expect to give off. An extreme gentleness and a yet more extreme sensitivity prevent any of her characters, however much they may have their legs pulled, being despised or derided. So much English (and I mean English) humour of the *Punch* sort, with its litany of housemaidisms, got its laughs from social contempt and now, in Hanslick's phrase, quite stinks in the ear.

Not Joyce Grenfell. "Useful and Acceptable Gifts" has a Women's Institute lady, a bit posh, going on in the way of wartime frugality about the quite useless things which, with a little trouble and to no point at all, can be got up. . . . "Shirley's Girl Friend" sends up the shop-girl Shirley, but does so lovingly. Miss Lipman, the Labour Party enthusiast, needed no doubts about playing either that or "The Countess of Cotely", which is *sympatico* about the heraldic folk, but just as mocking. "A Terrible Worrier", despite the jokes, is actually flecked with sadness.

What comes across, oddly enough, in a funny and entirely pleasurable evening at the Fortune Theatre, is Joyce Grenfell's compassion and soft-voiced religious instinct. For revue material directed at West End audiences, there is a great deal of charity and tenderness here. It is perhaps what has given the work life beyond the ephemeral span of high-quality light entertainment. Here is a human being with wide eclectic sympathies, a perfect ear for verbal idiosyncracy, and a generous spirit. It takes talent and affinity to conjure up that spirit. Maureen Lipman has done just that. It will suffice.

ONE WOULD LIKE TO applaud, among the lighter moments of the London Theatre, any return of Sherlock Holmes from the Reichenbach Falls. The gentleman with the Red Indian profile, tweed cape, deer-stalker, and meerschaum pipe is an international icon, and the original Holmes stories are still compulsively readable. The anti-hero of Orwell's *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, Gordon Comstock, in his economic and personal crisis finds himself able to read only Shakespeare and Sherlock Holmes. After a while he can only manage Holmes. We all know the feeling. But as someone unkindly remarked, after his return from the titanic struggle with Moriarty in the Swiss mountains, Holmes, though he lived on,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was never the same man again. As much can be said in spades for Jeremy Paul's feeble attempt to make this ghost walk, spiking his text with a thin solution of psychoanalytical theory.

Half of this barrel-scraping and rather desperate entertainment is a retelling of the story, which all Holmesians know, about the return; the second is a cack-handed pitch at establishing a theory which everyone has at some stage toyed with: that Holmes and Moriarty are one person, two faces of Eve, good working schizoid copy. Why not? We are out of copyright and into open season. But the notion must stand up, must work dramatically, and have some sort of compulsion.

The whole affair is impossibly limp, dependent as a literal dialogue with no additional parts to distract from Holmes and Watson, or pile up overheads, upon exposition rather than dramatic development, and clutching for life to the props and impedimenta of the Sherlockian canon, Persian slipper, tobacco pouch, violin, cocaine, and the rest of it. To this end the apartments in Baker Street are lovingly and in the way of old-fashioned impresario's theatre, got up in Bisto-brown, turn-of-the-century, comfort-inducing authenticity. But this is a production whose props dominate the show. *Kleider machen Leute* if you like, but this is ridiculous.

It is unfair that so thin a piece should have been inflicted upon actors perfectly adapted to the twin parts. Edward Hardwicke's Watson is intended to be a little sharper than the usual Doctor, to whom the results of deduction usually come like Lady Bracknell's account of marriage for a young girl, a surprise pleasant or otherwise as the case may be, and he is agreeably at home with the role. Jeremy Brett is a classic Holmes, aquiline, sonorous, and masterful, as fixed and certain in its way as a character from Chinese opera. There is no complaint about the actors—but if this is a vehicle for them, nothing works apart from the brake and the chassis.

Like Gordon Comstock, the West End appears engrossed in both Holmes and Shakespeare with the appearance of the Renaissance Theatre's season at the Phoenix. *Hamlet* and *Much Ado* are offered also, but the first production out was a welcome version of *As You Like It*, a play grown rather unfashionable in its lightness and optimism. Also everyone has been overawed by the twenty-year-ago Rosalind of Vanessa Redgrave, which—like Olivier's Richard III—scooped the market.

However, Mrs Thatcher should be pleased. The Renaissance Company represents a challenge from the private sector to the (lightly) subsidised National Theatre and the increasingly eccentric and self-indulgent Royal Shakespeare Company. It is enhanced by giving direction to actors of distinction. Here the guiding voice from the stalls is that of Geraldine McEwan, whose instinct is for sensible anachronistic dress, speed, and heightened comedy.

Kenneth Branagh is the big new British property, the young star for whom a career at the very highest level is being projected. What Simon Rattle (of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra) is for music, Branagh with the Renaissance Company gathered around him seems poised to be for the theatre. His Touchstone is something of a thug, given to shooting the cuffs of a marmalade-coloured ensemble given to a bazaar by either a bookie or Evelyn Waugh. The entire setting is rough-and-readily Edwardian, plus-fours, hunting pink, and rat-catcher's outfit, with Celia and Rosalind before the travesty having their hair up in the bowl-shaped circlet one recalls from sepia pictures of great aunts in 1910.

Branagh's performance is very fine indeed, suggesting a manic music-hall comedian on the run. If it is not quite the best Shakespearean comedy performance of the year (which belongs by right to the even more inventive Ian Talbot, with his dazzling Nick Bottom at Regent's Park), it is masterly enough to justify most of the hype. The production as a whole has pace and many flashes of distinction. Richard Easton's Jacques, a languid, drooping exquisite clean out of Cambridge at its most knowing, was particularly attractive, but in the way of actor-managership no one else casts a shadow to distract us from the star. I am sure this is unintentional, since Mr Branagh is quite good enough to need no company of Dan Quayles to enhance his stature. Tam Hoskyns's Rosalind is good light comedy, and David Lloyd Meredith's twofold Duke dignified enough for the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury. There are no spectacular inadequacies, but the company is in orbit rather than flight—always a mistake, even in the presence of great actors.

Still, we have a great deal to be grateful for. Miss McEwan has managed a measure of good humour and zip, though why wonderful melodies had to be ditched for limp ballads in the songs is not clear. The production is otherwise faithful and vigorous; the pastoral dawdle of Shakespeare in a laid-back mood is usefully accelerated. There are enough good things here to raise even higher expectations for future productions.

By contrast with Shakespeare's contemporaries or the Restoration, the English 18th century has been treated as a thin period. Fielding, who drove the government to institute 200 years of censorship, is still lost; Colman unrevived; Cibber a curiosity. Yet ten years ago an obscure piece by John O'Keefe, *Wild Oats*, was a deserved hit in the West End. In *The Way to Keep Him*, by the boulevardier and lawyer from Johnson's circle, Arthur Murphy, that unrelenting trawler after new repertory Sam Walters of The Orange Tree at Richmond has come up with something just as pleasing. A sentimental comedy of manners with a streak of melancholy, it has enough wit and a sufficiently spry grasp of sonata form to suggest that by stopping at Farquhar and leaving off until Sheridan we may be missing something.

The usual high standards of The Orange Tree are maintained with performances of notable elegance from Michael Elwyn as Lovemore, skittering excess from Robert Daws (Sir Brilliant Fashion), and an actressy pussy-cat of the most endearing sort from Belinda Lang (Bellmour). The debut of Anna Mazzotti in the triple role of three confidential maids—respectively plain-spoken, altitudinous, and French—was outstanding in its charm, indicating the appearance of a new comedienne almost as interesting as this cool and dry old comedy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Rise & Fall of Great Powers

I ENJOYED Anthony Hartley's elegant and measured reflections upon my book *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* in the July-August ENCOUNTER. Since he focuses his critique upon my (tentative) remarks about the future of the USA—remarks which have drawn a far more excited response from American politicians and media than this author ever expected—I hope you will permit me to offer a few supplementary observations for your readers' benefit.

The first is that the book clearly points out that the USSR's *relative* decline is occurring far faster than the USA's and that the Soviet superpower is much less well prepared than America to meet the challenges of the early 21st century. (This news has come as a staggering revelation to US television and radio interviewers, who have been informed that "the Kennedy Thesis" is solely about the collapse of the American republic.) Yet if this point is correct—and if Gorbachov is turning ever more towards Russia's internal problems—then clearly the USA has been given a certain breathing-space to put its own house in order.

But that very act of getting-the-house-in-order may nowadays be a lot more difficult than is generally assumed. The USA possesses great resources and strengths, and clearly is no spent force. But the fast-accumulating federal deficit; the yawning current account gap (a more significant measure than the monthly trade figures); the low savings ratio, and less-than-satisfactory investment in commercial R&D; the decline in native-American engineers, and in the share of patents issued to American nationals; the near-crisis in the public school system . . . all these *long-term indicators* of the future wealth and strength of the USA are perhaps worth taking more seriously than Anthony Hartley's sanguine review suggests.

FINALLY, if the complexities of the modern age have broken (or at least seriously undermined) the link between military strength and political clout—as I understand Mr Hartley to be saying—then surely that raises even further doubts about the global influence of the USA, let alone of the USSR?

Militarily, the two superpowers are still way ahead of the field (though less so than 25 years ago). By all other criteria—financial strength, industrial competitiveness, social coherence, ideological appeal, cultural creativity—their lead shrinks substantially, and may in fact no longer exist. A "peacefully plural world" is as welcome to myself as it is to Mr Hartley. But it would be an illusion to think that such a system would not mean a *relative* diminution in the position which the two military Superpowers have occupied since Yalta.

PAUL M. KENNEDY
Department of History
Yale University

Woodhouse & Waldheim

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Case of Captain Warren" (ENCOUNTER, September-October) C. M. Woodhouse, after having speculated at some length, accuses Kurt Waldheim of the "fabrication of a mendacious report on baseless evidence", thus causing Captain Warren's death and becoming an "accessory in the murder" of Captain Warren. In several instances he attributes particularly sinister motives to Dr Waldheim, but at the same time he admits to be—to use his own words—"prejudiced in this case".

The documents which Colonel Woodhouse uses as a base for his allegations and speculations have already been extensively studied by the international commission of military historians and by other precedented, detailed examinations; all of them differed markedly from Woodhouse's conclusions. While Colonel Woodhouse agrees that the intelligence-unit report in question (dated 8 May 1944) contains many correctly reported details, he feels that the description of the purpose of Captain Warren's mission was intentionally false and that Dr Waldhem was to blame for that. It should be emphasised that Dr Waldheim himself never interrogated any prisoners—a fact that Colonel Woodhouse also does not dispute. Consequently, Dr Waldheim cannot be held responsible in any way for the contents of the interrogation reports. It would have been completely contrary to all standard practice for the drafter of the summary report to deviate substantially from the basic interrogation reports and to introduce personal speculations such as those alleged by Colonel Woodhouse.

IN ADDITION to his conjectures, Woodhouse is gravely mistaken in assuming that the report in question was received by the German High Command on 14 May 1944. The date stamp of receipt in the top corner of the document is actually that of the Mountain Corps Group Joannina, which originally had captured the commando group but had no authority in the matter after this group had been transferred to headquarters of Army Group E. When the report was actually received by the German High Command and what kind of decision was taken on its basis cannot be ascertained. Therefore no substantive or direct link between the recepit of this report by the High Command and Captain Warren's death "on or soon after May 15" can be established, as Colonel Woodhouse tries to do. According to an account from a fellow prisoner, Captain Warren was not seen again after he was taken from his cell following a failed attempt to escape. In the light of available information one can only speculate about the circumstances of Captain Warren's tragic death.

IT IS QUITE understandable that Colonel Woodhouse feels personally very concerned about the fate of one of his wartime friends and officers, committed to his charge during the fight against Nazi Germany. However, with all due respect to his personal interest and involvement, this should not justify unsubstantiated allegations.

FRIEDRICH HAMBURGER
Austrian Embassy
London

JUST AS Achilles gave voice to his grief over the death of his friend Patroclus (*Iliad*: 18, 316), C. M. Woodhouse laments the death of his friend Warren in his article (ENCOUNTER, September-October 1988). Little though ENCOUNTER may lay claim to status equal to that of the *Iliad*, a lament at the loss of a dead friend would in the normal course of events deserve respect, were it not for the fact that in grieving over the loss of Warren, Woodhouse gives way to his feelings.

Mr Woodhouse quite rightly reproaches Channel 4 for its television extravaganza, *Waldheim: A Commission of Enquiry*. He also rightly points to the inordinate sums of money that the producing companies invested in this trial by television. One can also sympathise with the honesty with which Woodhouse admits to being prejudiced in this case which concerns his friend Warren. However, his claim that Waldheim was "an accessory in the murder of my friend" must be rejected outright.

The allegations levelled against Dr Waldheim have been subjected to international enquiry on an unprecedented scale. An international commission of military historians was set up, the media launched their own investigation, and I

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too have contributed with my article "A Head of State at Issue" published earlier this year in Berlin. Thus far nobody has accused Dr Waldheim in a manner comparable to Mr Woodhouse who, moreover, bases his argument on documents that are far from new, with all due respect for his feelings towards his friend.

The vicious campaign against Dr Waldheim that is being waged at great expense does not only concern the geographically minor, but culturally major country of Austria, an important factor in the East-West relationship, and its Head of State. It also concerns—and this should not be ignored by those on the other side of the Channel—the former soldiers of the German *Wehrmacht*, the German people at large, and thus the Federal Republic of today—even if our Government, for its own good reasons, has not stated so publicly. Thus, the affair is of concern to one of Great Britain's partners in the European Community and the Atlantic Alliance—and the Governments of the Common Market and NATO should recognise this.

Achilles' grief was moving and his revenge challenged the ire of the gods (*Iliad*: 24, 3). However, he did not besmirch his arms with malice towards his (erstwhile) enemy; his sword remained clean.

JOSEPH H. KAISER
Professor of Law
University of Freiburg
Brussels

In Defence of "the Green"

EXCEPT for one missing factor I find Melvin J. Lasky's analysis of "The Ideas of 1968" (ENCOUNTER, November) utterly convincing. By turns illuminating and hilarious, the article puzzles a bit as to why in the end one has to take the entire phenomenon so seriously—for only one element in the whole "psychodrama" (Aron's phrase for it, I seem to recall) made a serious contribution to our life today; and that comes a little short in the critique of adolescent romanticism.

I refer to the expanded awareness of the ecological and environmental issues which burst upon our consciousness in that time. We have all become friends of the earth now. I realise that some of the political expressions of this concern (like the Green political party in West Germany) are extreme and obsessive, and some of the intellectual formulations (the erratic predictions of the "Club of Rome") have proved to be a little embarrassing. Still, the fact of the real dangers we are manufacturing for ourselves—poisonous pollution, pure and simple—came to the fore in those days and has never gone away (and never can). Even Mrs Margaret Thatcher has now joined the Environmentalists.

FOR THE STUDENT radicals it may well have been just another stick to beat "the system", and to prove that a ruthless, exploitative bourgeoisie was setting a death-trap for civilisation. But did it not turn out to be the only lasting legacy? Industrial society has certain imperatives and narrownesses which have to be confronted. As Lasky writes: "Young people may have been 'mystical' in their defence of a tree or a river or a mountainside, but their enthusiasm for bits of endangered nature proved to be infectious. . . ." And we should be glad of it! As I write, a ship carrying Italian toxic wastes has been floating around the Atlantic and the North Sea, from Nigeria to Scotland, trying to dump its poison somewhere, anywhere. Should we be merely alarmed in "moderation" and deal with it quietly "bit by bit"?

In point of fact the ecological-environment issue has subsequently been taken up by the radical and dissident groups in Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe. At the moment the Hungarians are demonstrating in tens of thousands, not only for a post-Communist pluralism with civil liberties and human rights, but also against the specific depredations against "nature" (in this instance, building a monstrous dam and a hydroelectric power-station on the Hungarian-Czechoslovak section of the Danube). This is not "Rousseau" coming alive, but Reason.

I am also glad to note that, in the West, over-30 Right-wing writers can get as worked up about these issues as did under-30 crusaders in the old days. In the Tory *Daily Mail* (London, 14 September 1988), the conservative columnist Lynda Lee-Potter reported on one such crusade:

> "'I make no apologies for this emotional plea', said actor Sir Michael Hordern as he stood in Stockcross Hall, Berkshire, to fight for the survival of his village, for the beautiful countryside around it, and for the continuation of the kind of rural life that is being wiped out at ever increasing speed. . . .
>
> More than that they will destroy not only the countryside but people's spirit and the vibrant soul of a community. Sir Michael ended his impassioned speech with lines from the poet Gerald Manley Hopkins including the words:
>
> *What would the world be, once bereft*
> *of wet and wildness? Let them be left,*
> *O let them be left, wildness and wet.*
> *Long live the weeds and wilderness*
> *yet.*"

In both instances of East and West, the real issue gets intertwined with general political and ideological commitments. The Western students wanted to make a "revolution" (and anything the status quo did or represented was rejected). The Eastern dissidents—who had absolutely no sympathy for the unreal slogans of Paris, Berlin, or Berkeley—want to displace the neo-Stalinist systems which make their lives miserable. And they are also tempted to rise to the defence of clean air and pure water as a stick to beat a truly insupportable status quo and to rid themselves of the "dirty system".

All in all, twenty years on from the '68 onset of moral outrage on "Green" issues, there has developed a more healthy and constructive awareness of what should be done to save the space in which we live.

STEPHEN HAY
Bournemouth

Fourth Estate

ELIE KEDOURIE ("Does 'B' stand for Bias?", ENCOUNTER, September-October 1988) says he is uncertain about the origin of "The Fourth Estate" as a sobriquet for the Press—today the media.

The notion does not, as Andrew Mango supposes, come from the United States. It is out of Thomas Carlyle's essay on hero-worship, from the chapter on "The Hero as Man of Letters". The passage reads:

> "Burke said there were three estates in Parliament; but in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all. . . ."

Carlyle, himself a man of letters, might be excused for making a hero of the journalist. He did not have quite as much experience as we have had, showing the 20th-century journalist to be fully as arrogant, corrupt, mendacious, tyrannical, prejudiced, and nastily arbitrary as any politician. Nor did Carlyle see (as we have seen) the journalist compound those faults by his answer to the question *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* In America and increasingly in Britain and elsewhere, the profession's reply is: *No one in the world outside our ranks.*

Some defenders of the media, like Suzanne Garment writing in *Commentary* (December 1987), assume a complacent air when confronted with this, and say, well, journalists allow themselves to be influenced by all kinds of people. This not only begs the original question, but opens the profession to another damning indictment: that they are willing to whore the immunity which

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they demand and (in America) largely receive, courtesy of a stupidly interpreted constitutional amendment.

In Britain, the scandal over the television programme *Death on the Rock*, in which a reporter—not for the first time—broadcast lies to his audience, shows the natural consequence of such attitudes in the journalistic community, even in a country where certain constraints on the media do exist. As I have said in these pages before: if those constraints are increased here, and created in the United States, the profession of journalism will have only itself to blame.

HERB GREER

Manchester

Ellmann's Joyce

IN A TIMELY and interesting essay on Richard Ellmann (ENCOUNTER, July-August), Park Honan, himself a biographer, praises Ellmann as "the best literary biographer to have written in English in our century". "No one would call his *Joyce* or *Wilde* 'academic'", he observes,

> "Yet he was an academic professional, leaving a post at Evanston in Illinois to take a chair of English at Oxford. . . ."

At this point a correction is called for. Ellmann left Evanston in Illinois not for Oxford but for a post at New Haven in Connecticut (Yale, that is). The list has the appearance of being complete and specific. Honan notes that Ellmann, "shortly before he died . . . was teaching during autumn terms at Emory in Georgia". This detail may leave some readers wondering just what there was at Evanston in Illinois to detain Ellmann. Following an assistant professorship without tenure at Harvard, Ellmann accepted a professorship at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, where he remained for eighteen years. The work for the *Joyce* was done, and the book published, during those years.

MOODY E. PRIOR

Evanston
Illinois

AUTHORS

Michael Worton is a lecturer in French language and literature at University College, London. He is currently preparing a volume of short stories.

Sir Alfred Sherman was the co-founder of the Centre for Policy Studies (1974), and has been Chairman of Policy Search Ltd since 1985. His publications include *Crisis Calls for a Minister for Denationalization* (1980), *The Scott Report* (1981), and *Local Government Reorganization and Industry* (1970), as well as numerous contributions to newspapers and periodicals.

Frank Redpath was born in Hull in 1927. After wartime service in the Army, he became a journalist for the Amalgamated Press and then a lecturer in Further Education. Now retired, his first collection *To the Village* was published in 1986 by the Sonus Press.

Jean-François Revel, the French philosopher and critic, writes a regular column for *Le Point* in Paris. His most recently translated work, *How Democracies Perish*, was published in 1985 by Weidenfeld (London) and Doubleday (New York).

Colin Style is a freelance writer, who, born and brought up in Zimbabwe, now lives in Devon. He last published two collections of poetry: *Musical Saw* (Zimbabwe, 1981), and *Baobab Street* (Johannesburg, 1977), which won the Ingrid Jonker prize for the best first collection of poems in English published in Southern Africa.

Stephen Wilson received his medical education at the Royal Free Hospital and subsequently trained at the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, London. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Psychiatrists, and Consultant and Clinical Lecturer at Oxford University. He is particularly interested in the relationship between psychology and the arts, and has contributed widely to journals. He has a psychotherapeutic practice in the city of Oxford. This article is an expansion of a footnote to the paper, "Character Development in Daniel Deronda", International Review of Psychoanalysis (1984), No. 11, p. 199.

Jeremy Siepmann undertook his musical training in New York and London, where he also lectured for the Worker's Educational Association and London University. He now teaches mainly young, professional musicians, also contributing many articles and reviews to journals, including *The Listener* and *New Statesman*. As a broadcaster, he has written and presented more than seven hundred programmes, including the award-winning "The Elements of Music" series (BBC World Service, 1984).

Anthony Gardner is Associate Editor of *Harpers & Queen*. He was born in Dublin and educated at St Catherine's College, Oxford, where he got a double first in English. He is currently completing a novel.

David Glasner was Senior Research Fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research and now holds a post in the Bureau of Economics at the Federal Trade Commission in Washington. His book, *Free Banking and Monetary Reform*, will be published by Cambridge University Press in mid-1989.

Edward Shils is Professor on the Committee of Social Thought at the University of Chicago, and Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. The University of Chicago Press has published four volumes of his collected works.

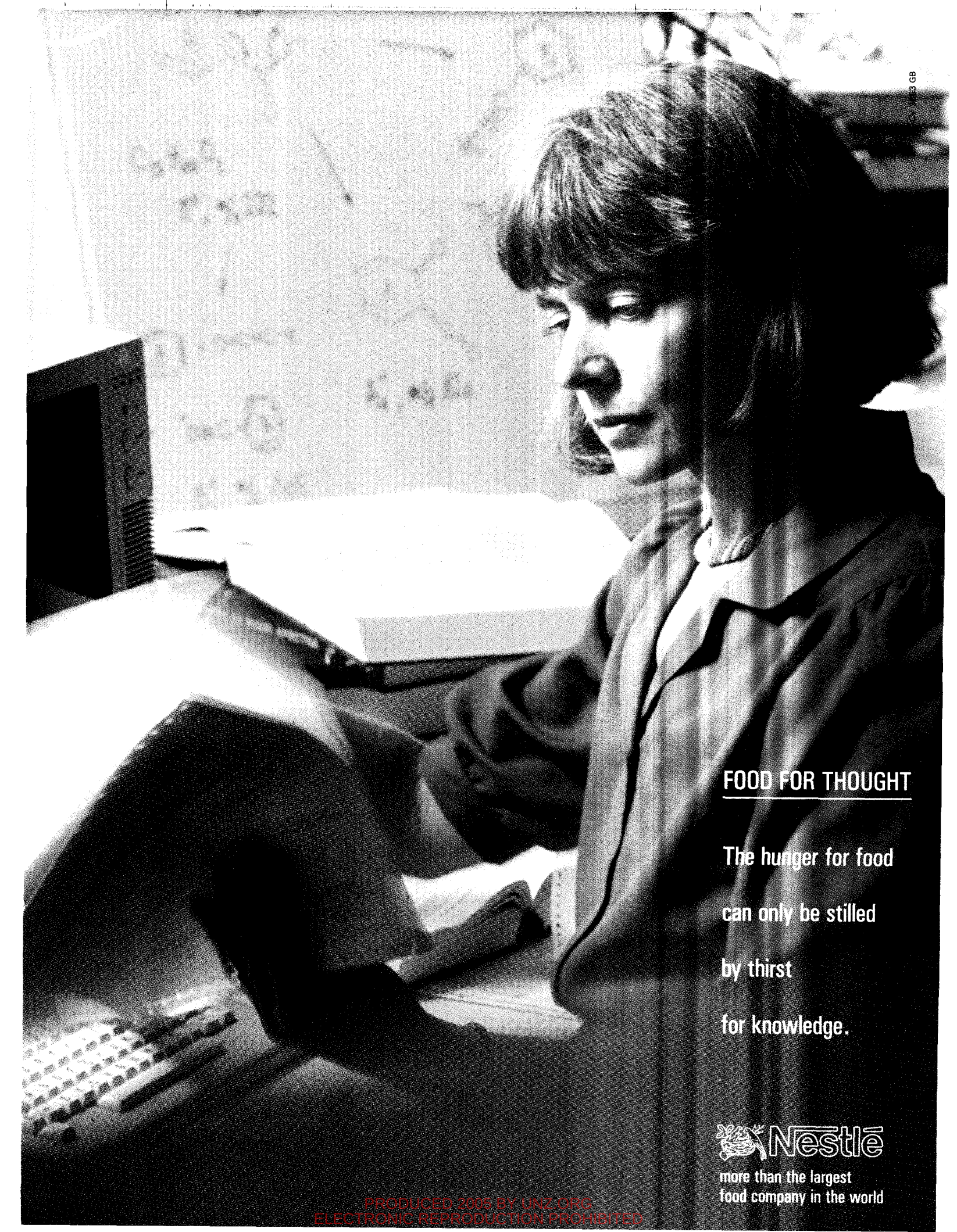
Anthony Hartley is the author of *The State of England* and *Gaullism: The Rise and Fall of a Political Movement*. He was editor of the monthly *Interplay* in New York and has served as a political analyst for many British papers, including *The Guardian, The Economist*, and *The Sunday Telegraph*. His frequent contributions to ENCOUNTER include "The Remoulding of British Politics" (September-October 1987), "The 'Cold War' for Beginners" (February 1988) and "End of the American Empire?" (July-August 1988).

Edward Pearce is a columnist for *The Sunday Times*, the author of two volumes of sketches of Parliamentary personalities, *The Senate of Lilliput* and *Hummingbirds and Hyenas* (Faber, 1983, 1985). His latest book, *Looking Down on Mrs Thatcher*—published in 1987 by Hamish Hamilton—includes several of his ENCOUNTER articles.

ED. NOTE: Melvin Lasky is at present on sabbatical in Berlin.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
Thamesmouth Printing Group plc,
17-21 Hovefields Avenue, Basildon Essex

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPLAINING SCIENCE

Science as a Process

An Evolutionary Account of the Social and Conceptual Development of Science

DAVID L. HULL

Truth for truth's sake is not the only driving force in science. As Hull shows here, bias, personal commitments, and self-interest are the norm. As President of the Society of Systematic Zoology, and associate editor of its journal, he has witnessed the intense and often bitter competition between two groups of zoologists who each sought to dominate and redirect the science of systematics. From his experience of this struggle, Hull demonstrates how scientific knowledge grows not *despite* such fierce competition but *because* of it. "A pioneering work that will be cited for a long time to come."—Ernst Mayr, Harvard University

Illus. Clothbound

Science and Its Conceptual Foundations series

The Whale and the Reactor

A Search for Limits in an Age of High Technology

LANGDON WINNER

Considering a wide range of issues, theories, and social movements, Winner shows that choices about the kinds of technical systems we build and use are political decisions involving profoundly important assumptions about power, liberty, order, and justice. "The philosopher's equivalent of superb public history. In its pages an analytically trained mind confronts some of the most pressing political issues of our day."—Ruth Schwartz Cowan, *Isis*

Paperback

The New Politics of Science

DAVID DICKSON

With a new Preface

This incisive account of how science today "gets done" warns of the dangerous links between scientific funding and political considerations. "Provocative ideas that will force even those who are familiar with America's science policy to reassess the conventional interpretations of recent trends."—Philip M. Boffey, *New York Times Book Review* "A marvelously informative, original work that should be studied by everyone from the rank of second-year student up."—E.O. Wilson, Harvard University Paperback

Explaining Science

A Cognitive Approach

RONALD N. GIERE

In this comprehensive, interdisciplinary analysis grounded in the principles of cognitive science, Giere sees scientific fields being shaped by the cognitive choices of individual scientists who decide—according to their personal, professional, and social interests—among rival theoretical approaches. "His passionate desire is to understand science, not to shackle it with the chains of elegant philosophy."—*Sci Tech Book News*

Illus. Clothbound

Science and Its Conceptual Foundations series

Mathematics and the Unexpected

IVAR EKELAND

With a Foreword by

Felix E. Browder

"This is the task I have set myself to accomplish: to sum up, in a few pictures, the mathematics of time which is the common background of much of contemporary science," writes Ivar Ekeland. So well did he succeed, that the French edition of this work was awarded the Jean Rostand prize for scientific writing directed to the layman. "A Bergsonian meditation on time, one informed not only by a deep understanding of mathematics and the history of science, but also by an appreciation of literature and art.... [It] will amuse more than one sort of dilettante."–Jim Holt, *New York Times Book Review*

Illus. Clothbound

The Great Devonian Controversy

The Shaping of Scientific Knowledge among Gentlemanly Specialists

MARTIN S. RUDWICK

Acclaimed as a masterpiece, this book recreates a scientific debate of the 1830s and 1840s about the dating of certain puzzling rock strata and fossils. It is an outstanding portrayal of the way scientific communities formulate, debate, and resolve their controversies. "[It] could become one of our century's key documents in understanding science and its history."–Stephen J. Gould, *New York Review of Books*

Paperback

For information on these or on any of the thousands of our other books in print, write to:
5801 Ellis Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60637, USA

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED